Hootenanny

a Songbook of radical campfire Songs

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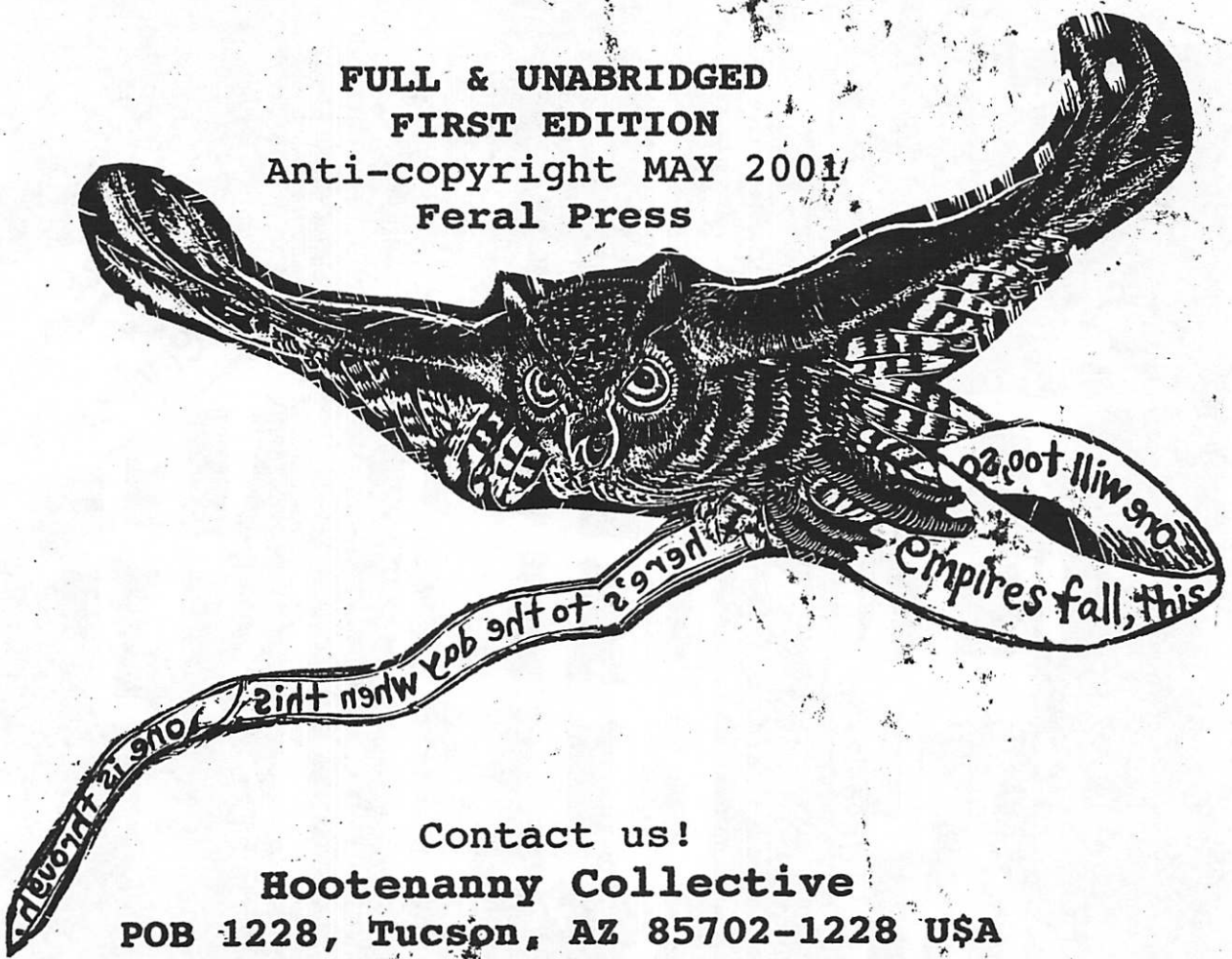
a songbook of radical campfire songs

Edited by the Hootenanny Collective

FULL & UNABRIDGED
FIRST EDITION
Anti-copyright MAY 2001
Feral Press



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☆ acknowledgements ☆

thanks to the scores of musicians and artists who make this book what it is; thanks to the Fund for Wild Nature for their grant toward this project, and for their support of lots of amazing grassroots groups; an overwhelmed and grateful hug to all the friends who helped the editors veer away from impending songbook-induced doom many a time; and a booty/Earth shakin' break-beat to the spirit of musical resistance itself, which infused and inspired this endeavor.

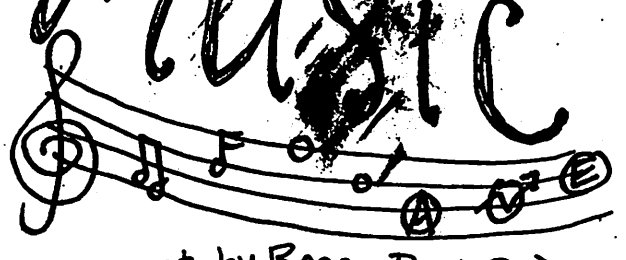
NO thanks to elevator, supermarket, wonder-bread McMuzak™; no thanks to MTV and other profit-driven pacifiers of the corporate "music" world; no thanks to the disempowering audience/performer fame mentality; no thanks at all to domestication and Ortega (tastes great, less filling, causes cancer); and a sincere and very wicked curse on the pillagers of the wild and the usurpers of freedom.

"No thanks to the treadmill, no thanks to the grindstone, there's plenty of dissent from those rungs below, the clockwork of destruction hanging low over our heads, always a smokestack cloud or a slow-walking death." ~Uncle Tupelo

though the situation is dire and tragic
we're taking back our music cuz

Music is ☆ **MAGIC** ☆

-Casey Neill



<cover art by Roger Peet>

A DEDICATION

for all things still wild & free for hanging on;
for those in cages, plotting & carrying out grand escapes;
for all our ancestors of protest music, who sang their
stories in the face of silence, before the mediocrity of
the conquistadores; for the plants, critters & human
folk who fight for liberation.

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GREETINGS!

Welcome to *Hootenanny*, a radical 'zine-style songbook of campfire and frontlines songs. The concept behind this book is that song and struggle go hand in hand. Resistance music keeps us going through thick and thin, while inspiring new folks to come along.

A good number of the songs here are ecological, Earth First! tunes. There are also lots of social-justice style ditties. And yes, we are of the love-songs-can-be-political ilk! A few songs in this book are by "popular" artists because their messages and melodies are good and many people know them. But most importantly, many of the songs herein aren't recorded on any album—you'll only find them at a late-night community jam, at a blockade or on the back of a freight train. These are the songs that most need to get out to people, and we're hoping the distribution of Hootenanny will be broad and diverse for that reason. Hootenanny is anti-copyright and not for profit. Arrrr, maties...Pirate away! Use blank space to write your own songs in as you collect them!

The songs here are given to you in a typical folk music form: Guitar chords are written above the lyrics, indicating where chord changes should happen. You continue playing a chord until the next chord is indicated.

We haven't included written music, so if you don't know a song's melody and rhythm, knowing the chords will only help you slightly. We figure people will just have to open up and sing and play 'round the fire more so they can learn and memorize these songs. Feel free to find *Hootenanny* editors (or meet people while trying) at Earth First! and other activist events and ask us to sing you a melody. Ask anybody. You'll track down what you're seeking and much more. Our passing along of tunes as oral culture is part of the music we make. Of course, as the folk process allows, you can make up new ways to play these songs without ever hearing them.

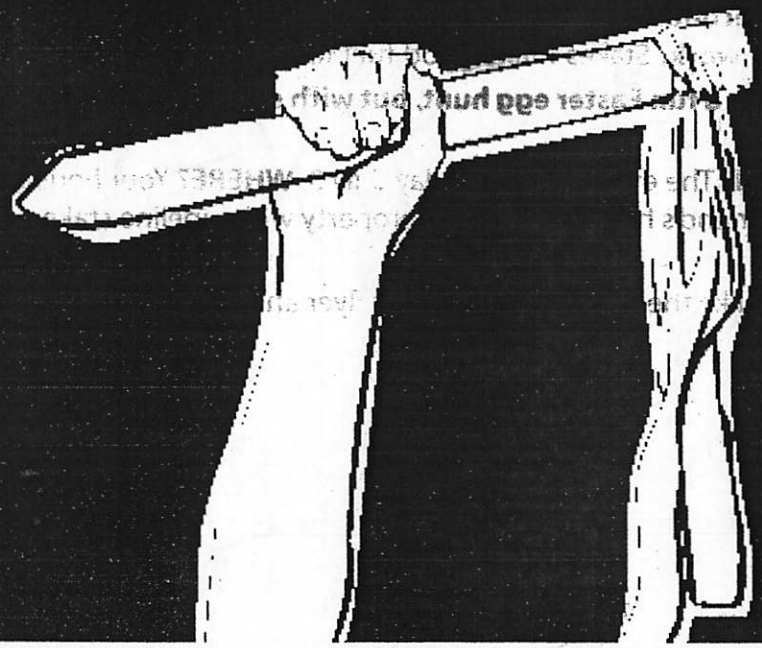
For interested folk, we hope to make a helpful campfire recording that can accompany the book and show songs' melodies and styles, as the popular folk songbook *Rise Up Singing* did. We may also add some written music to future editions. Stay tuned. Have a visit to our work-in-progress website for more songs and inspiration that couldn't fit here. If this mammoth of a book weighs ya down, please check out our smaller Ramblers Edition.

Apologies for any poorly-photocopied art or wayward chords! *Hootenanny* is dynamic, ever-changing, so please contact us with any suggestions, art, songs or rotten fruit. We want this book to be a well-worn home for your musical self. Write in swapped songs and doodles wherever you can fit them. Spill food, drink and candle wax on the pages. Fiercely live out this grand hootenanny called life.

Yours for music and revolution,

Yer humble hootenanny hacks

STAKE OUT



Do you oppose natural gas drilling and its threats to our environment? **Are you or your neighbors finding wooden stakes in your property indicating that a gas pipeline will soon cut through your yard?** Do you wish there was something that you could do? Well, let's

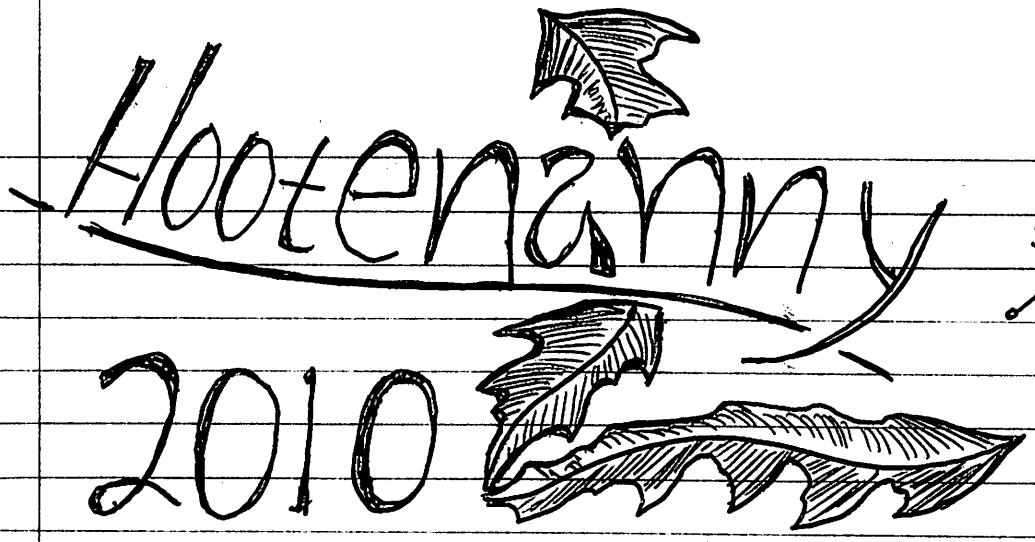
PULL OUT ALL THE STAKES!

WHY? Because it's a great way to take out frustration! **It'll help the local economy by giving contractors, hired by gas companies, more work.** Stakes make good fuel for a post-stakeout bonfire. **It's like a fun Easter egg hunt, but with stakes instead of eggs.**

WHEN? The evening of Saturday, July 3. **WHERE?** Your house, your friend's house, any public property with pipeline stakes.

If you like the idea, photocopy this flyer and pass it around!

Hootenanny 2010



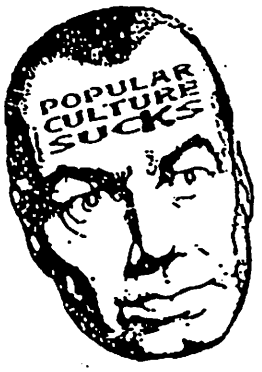
Okay, so we threw this together last minute 'cuz it's so important to get music in circulation. And even more so, music you can play, learn from, teach with, and feel empowered & supported by.

So, we bring you this handly updated, pretty much original 2001 Hootenanny from the Finger Lakes Region in Central, New York.

We added a couple songs & graphics, And.... check this out, we're hoping to put out a whole 'nother Hootenanny. But it ain't gonna happen w/out a collective process. Besides, we should prob get in touch w/ the original curators of this fantastic document, I guess we're just assuming they aren't down w/ copyright in' radical songs.

....participate, send songs, throw down....
www.fingerLakesEarthFirst.org

225
By New Model Army

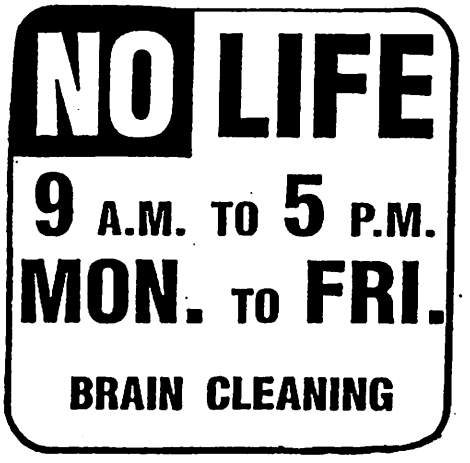


Rationality is a
CURSE
since it can cause humans
to forget the natural
order of things ~
·russell
means.

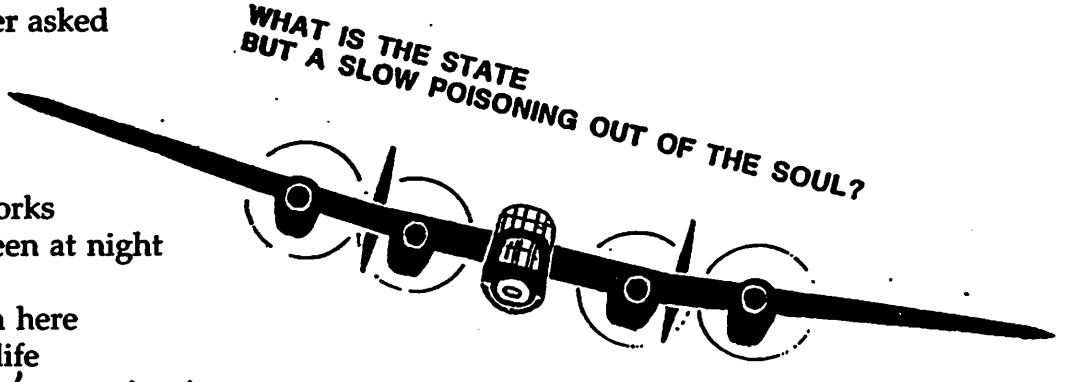
D
She stares at the screen

At the little words of green
Am G D
Tries to remember what to do next
D
There's a trace of frustration

That crosses her face
Am G D
Searching for the keys she should press
F
And I would help her
D
If I only know how
C F
But these things are a mystery to me too



D G
And it seems that the corporate
Am G
Eyes they are watching
D G
She fears for her job
Am G
And the moments are passing
D G
I stare at her nametag
Am G
And think to myself
D C
Both you and I, we never asked
D
For any of this



So let's take a walk
Up past the chemical works
Where the sky turns green at night
And we'll talk about
'Bout getting away from here
Some different kind of life
But even in the freshest/mountain air
The jet fighters practice overhead

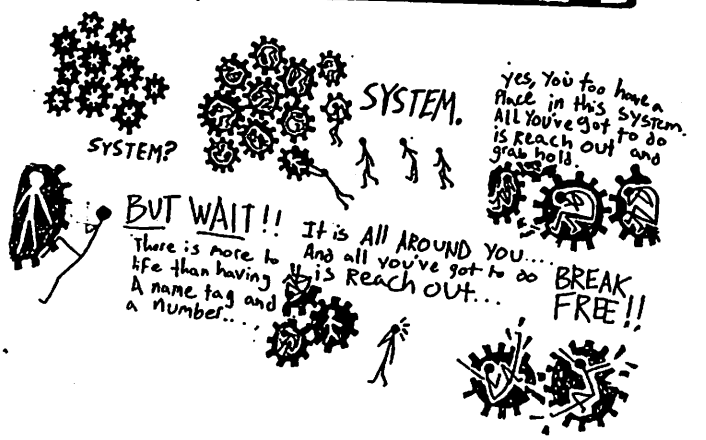
And they're drilling these hills
For uranium deposits
And they'll bury the waste

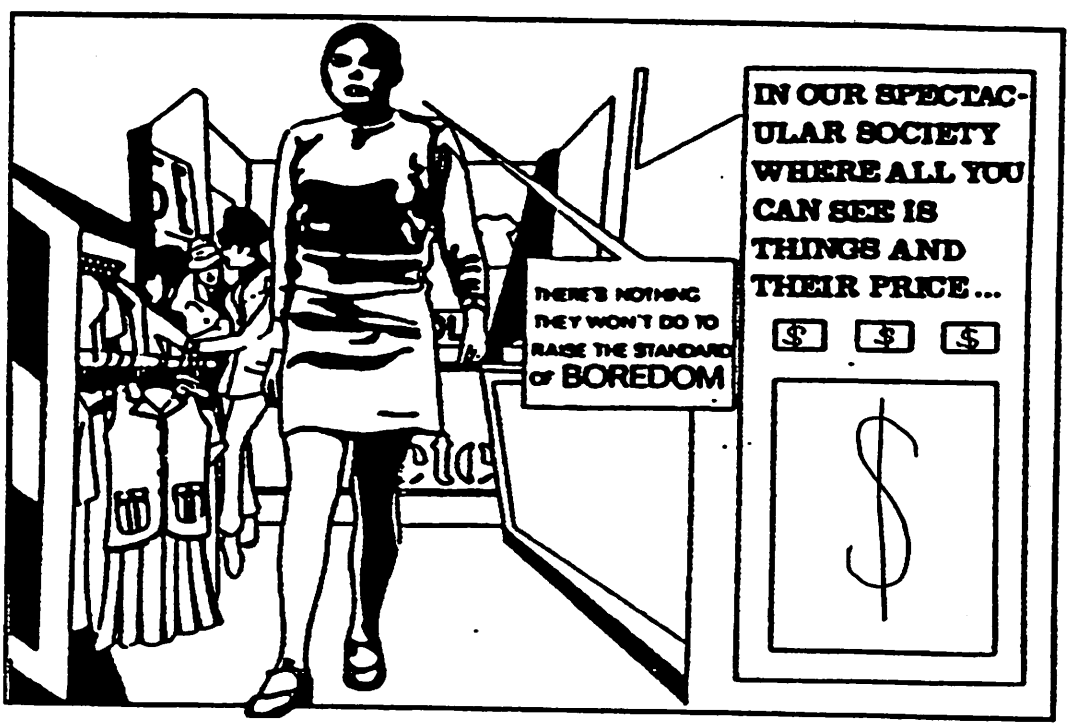
For our children to inherit
And though this is all done
For our own benefit, I swear
We never asked for any of this

Well, this golden age of communication
Means everyone talks at the same time
And liberty just means
Some freedom to exploit
Any weakness that you can find
We'll turn off the TV/just for a while
Let us whisper to each other instead

And we'll hope that the corporate/ears do not listen
'Lest we find ourselves committing
Some kind of treason
And filed in the tapes
Without rhyme, without reason
While they tell us that it's all
For our own protection, I swear
We never asked for any of this

D C D
Oh I swear we never asked for any of this
I swear we never asked for any of this
I swear we never asked for any of this


SYSTEM?
SYSTEM.
yes, You too have a Place in this System. All You've got to do is Reach out and grab hold.
BUT WAIT!!
There is more to life than having a name tag and a number...
It is All AROUND YOU... And all you've got to do is Reach out...
BREAK FREE!!


THERE'S NOTHING THEY WON'T DO TO RAISE THE STANDARD OF BOREDOM
IN OUR SPECTACULAR SOCIETY WHERE ALL YOU CAN SEE IS THINGS AND THEIR PRICE...
$ $ $
$

A MIGHTY LOVE
By Casey Neill

C G D
She threw down the bridle and spit out the bit
C G D
Took the blinders off of the brow
C G D
No longer roped to the drudge of the cart
C G D
No longer yoked to the plough
Am C
Sayin', "cut all your fences and take to the hills
Am C D
Let your mane run free in the breeze
Am C
Aw, who woulda thought and who woulda dreamed
Am C D
We'd be livin' through times like these"

CHORUS:
C G D
And these are the dreams we're dreamin' of
C G D Em
For a fierce embrace, a mighty love,
C G D G
A fierce embrace, a mighty love

INSTRUMENTAL: C-G-D-Em-C-G-D-G

Some will tell you love it burns colder
After the spark has died down
Though closeness grows and embers glow,
That first passion cannot be found
Oh but let us forget all such talk
And I'll hold you like never before
Humble to each other yet free in ourselves
Stoke the fire 'til the furnaces roar

CH

BRIDGE:
Bm A
When I was a child they said, "son, quit daydreaming"
Bm A
As if it was some kind of sin
Bm A
As if their cold world of numbers and ledgers
B E
Was more important than fantasy and vision

D A E
On a summer on a porch in the Whiteaker
D A E
A twelve-pack of Henry's and a sack full of songs
D A E
With strings all a-ringin' and drums all a-poundin'
D A E
We sang for the future and for times long gone
Bm D
And we sang for the rock and we sang for the river
Bm D E
And for those who answer the call
Bm D
And we sang for our lovers and sang for our friends
Bm D E
And we sang for nothin' at all

CH:
D A E
And these are the dreams we're dreamin' of...
D A E F#m
For a fierce embrace, a mighty love,
D A E A
A fierce embrace, a mighty love
} x2

A WOMAN WALKS
By Alicia Littletree (This song has a cool slide from Fmaj7 to G. Press your pinky down on the high E string for added effect.)

C Fmaj7→slide→G
I think, Oh no, here it is,
G
That same old situation
C Fmaj7→slide to G
Here he's testing the waters,
G
While I'm just having a conversation
C Fmaj7
This plot hasn't changed since I was
G
Thirteen years old
C Fmaj7
But now the script is worn out,
G
And the story's been told

CHORUS:
C G
It's damned when you don't
Am G
And it's damned if you dare
C G
A woman walks two ways
Am G
With every step she takes
F
And always...
C G
It's twice as long...
C - Fmaj7 - G
Getting there

This man isn't listening to
A single word I say
'Cause to him this isn't talk...
It's foreplay
Now I'm caught in his crosshairs
And I'm puttin' on shy
Until I can escape
That look in his eye

CH

And after all of these years
Of soaking up lies
Buying their lines before I
Believe my own eyes
I get to feeling so empty...
Like a deep well sucked dry
I keep asking myself how...
We've got to keep asking why

CH

C G
A woman walks two ways,
C G
She travels twice as far
C G
Along the way we learn how to
C G
Fight twice as hard
F C G
And nothing can stop us...
C - F - G
From getting there

ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE
By Kate Wolf

A D A
I've been walking in my sleep
F#m D
Counting troubles 'stead of counting sheep
A F#m
Where the years went I can't say
D E A
I just turned around and they've gone away

CHORUS:

A
Gone away
D A
In yesterday
F#m D
And I find myself on the mountainside
A F#m
Where the rivers change direction
D E7 A
Across the Great Divide

I've been siftin' through the layers
Of dusty books and faded papers
They tell a story I used to know
One that happened so long ago

CH (It's gone away...)

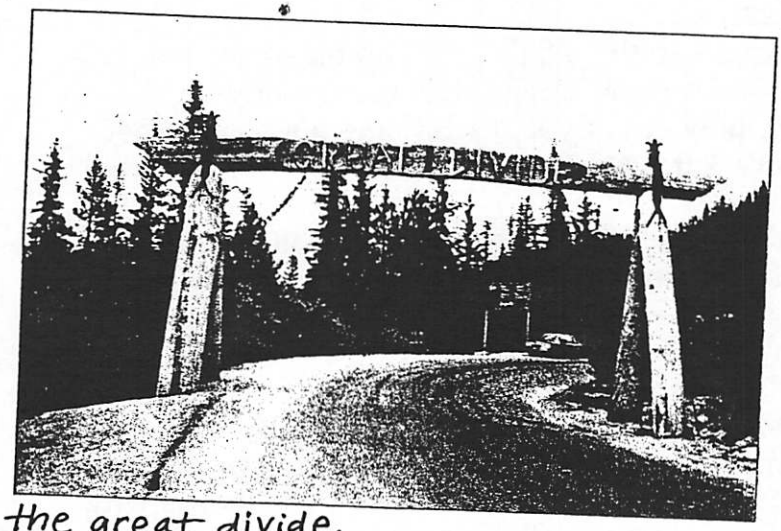
Well I heard the owl a-callin',
Softly as the night was falling,
With a question and I replied
But he'd gone across the borderline

CH (He's gone away...)

The finest hour that I have seen
Is the one that comes between
The edge of night and the break of day
When the darkness rolls away

CH

pals - utah phillips & kate wolf



the great divide
in the canadian rockies

ALL USED UP
By Utah Phillips, anarcho-hobo Wobbly extraordinaire!

C
I spent my whole life making somebody rich
F G
Busted my ass for that son of a bitch
C F
And he left me to die like a dog in a ditch
G C
And told me I'm all used up

CHORUS #1:
F C
He used up my labor, he used up my time
F G
He plundered my body and squandered my mind
C F
And gave me a pension of handouts and wine
G C
And told me I'm all used up

My kids are in hock to a God you call work
Slaving their lives out for some other jerk
My youngest in Frisco just made shipping clerk
And he don't know I'm all used up

Young people reaching for power and gold
Don't have respect for anything old
For pennies they're bought and for promises sold
Someday they'll all be used up

CH #2:
They use up the oil, they use up the trees
They use up the air and they use up the sea
Well, how about you, friend, and how about me?
What's left when we're all used up?

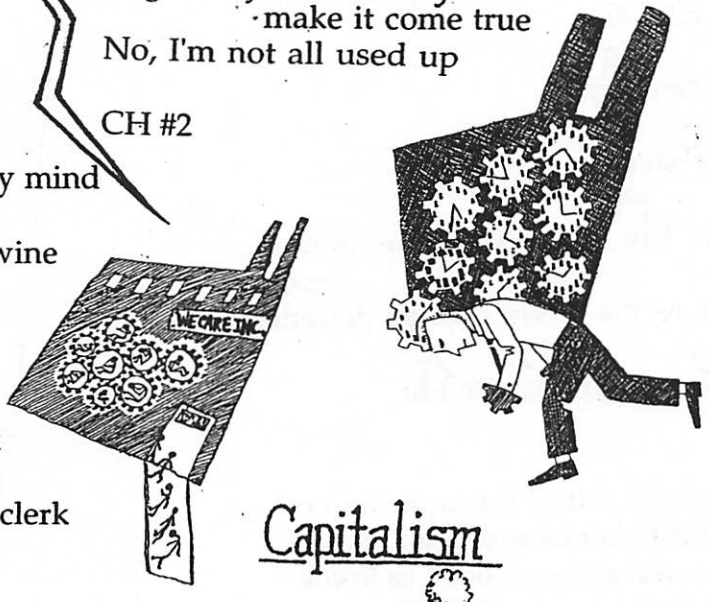
I'll finish my life in this crummy hotel
It's lousy with bugs and my God what a smell
But my plumbing still works and I'm clear as a bell
Don't tell me I'm all used up

Outside my window the world passes by
It gives me a handout and spits in my eye
And no one can tell me, 'cause no one knows why
I'm livin', but I'm all used up

Sometimes in my dreams I sit by a tree
My life is a book of how things used to be
And kids gather 'round just to listen to me
And they don't think I'm all used up

And there's songs and there's laughter
and things I can do
And all that I've learned I can
give back to you
I'd give my last breath just to
make it come true
No, I'm not all used up

CH #2



Capitalism

DUMP THE BOSSES
OFF YOUR BACK

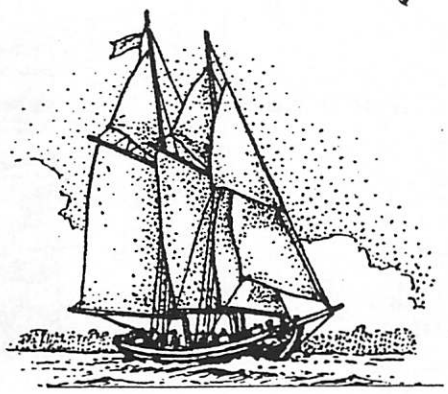
ALL THE WAY OUT THERE
By Katya Chorover
(Fondly nicknamed "The Recon Song" in some night-time hiking circles.)

Em
May the shoes that you walk in
D Em
Be weathered and worn
Em C
Shoes that you walk in
D
Be strong...
Em
May your feet take you far
D Em
As you walk on your journey
Em C
All the way out there
D Em
And all the way home
Em C
All the way out there
D Em
And all the way home

May the seas that you travel
Be filled with wonder
Wind's constant breath
Fill your boat's heavy sail
May you always remember
The land that you come from
All the way out there
And all the way home
All the way out there
And all the way home

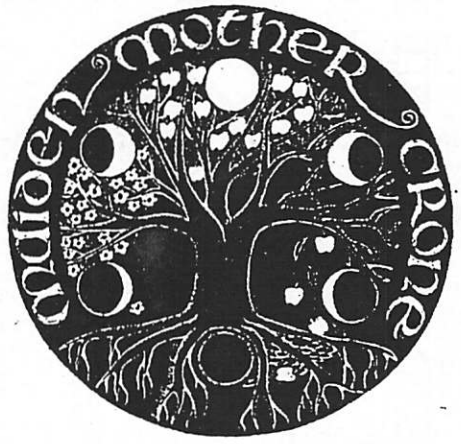
May you walk with the fathers,
The mothers, the daughters
Walk with all of
Your sons...
May you walk with the power
Of the elders behind you
C D Em
And the generations to come
C D Em
And the generations to come

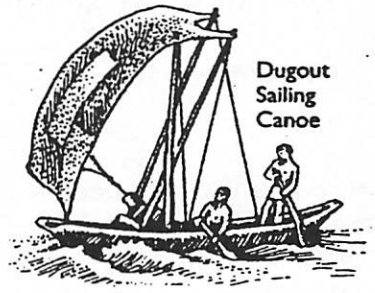
Em
Yes 'n', all the way out there
D Em
And all the way home



Em C
All the way out there
D
And all the way home
Em
All the way out there
D Em
And all the way home
Em C
All the way out there
D
And alwaaaays...
Em D-Em
Coming ho--o--ome...

Em—C—D
Em—D-Em
Em-C-D-Em
Em-C-D-Em




Dugout Sailing Canoe

THE ALLIGATOR SONG
By David Rovics

C
Everybody's getting cancer
G C
At a geometrical rate
C
Maybe it's something you drank or breathed
D7 G7
Maybe it's something you ate
C
Perhaps this doesn't concern you
F Fdim
Hey, we've all gotta go sometime
C
But maybe I can tell you something
G7 C
To make you change your mind

CHORUS:
F G
The alligator dicks are shrinking fast
C Am
Soon they'll all be through
F
Yeah, the alligator dicks are shrivelin' up
G
And it will happen to you
F C
It will happen to you, boys
G Am
It will happen to you
C
The alligator dicks are shrivelin' up
G7 C
And it will happen to you

They're an indicator species
Like canaries in the mine
They're the first to kick the bucket
When things might otherwise seem fine
So let's be frank and honest
As the situation begs
Boys, what are you gonna do
About that thing between your legs

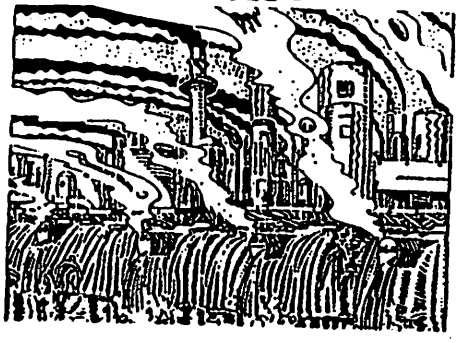
CH

I'm not beating around the bush
I'm making you a promise
Say goodbye to Long Dong Silver
Hello to Tiny Thomas
You can forget about Viagra
Boys, what I mean is
It's all a matter of minutiae
When you've got a half-inch penis

CH
PCBs in the water
Pesticides in the ground
Radiation in the wind
There's poison all around
So if you care about your love life
And that good old in-and-out
We've got to stop pollution
That's what it's all about

CH

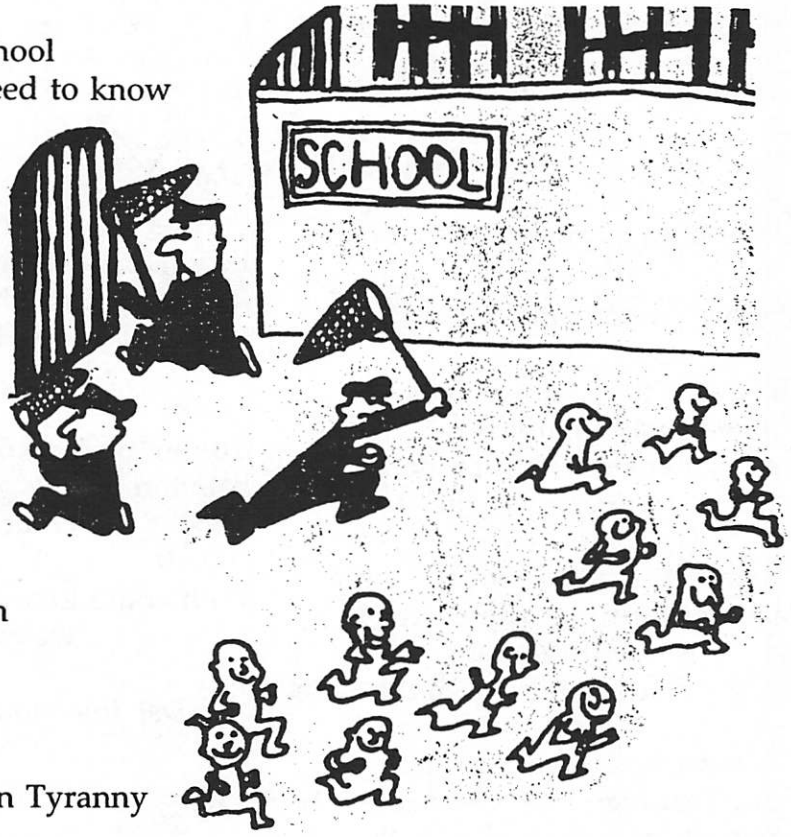
IN AWORLD
INCREASINGLY
TOXIC



WE ARE ALL
IMMUNE
DEFICIENT

21st Century Illness
can make you sick

AMERICAN TYRANNY
By Tenaya Wallach
(Sing acapella. Performed by Copper Wimmin, an acapella trio from Sonoma County, CA with a sound like Sweet Honey and the Rock, but also very much their own.)



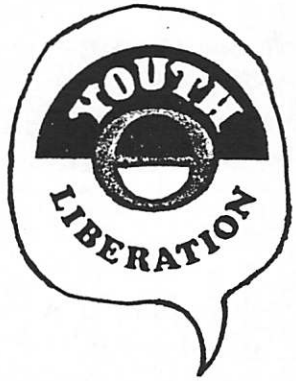
They wasted my time in highschool
Teaching me things I'd never need to know
I learned about the real world
On my own
When all they wanted me to do
Was waste my precious soul

They told me to go to college
So I could get a high-paying job
They told me that money
Would be my freedom
When all they wanted me to do
Was sell my precious soul

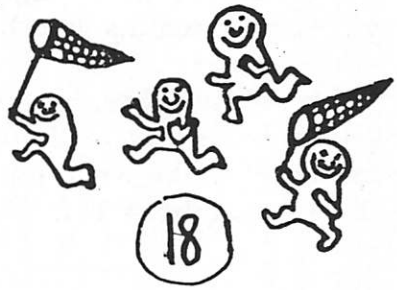
Oh but now I see
It's a setup, the American Dream
The more you have
The more you want
The more you get
The more you need
And I'm so tired of the American Tyranny

They told me I had to pay my own way
So I started working sixty hours a week
Struggling to hold four jobs
At a time
When all they wanted me to do
Was lose my precious mind

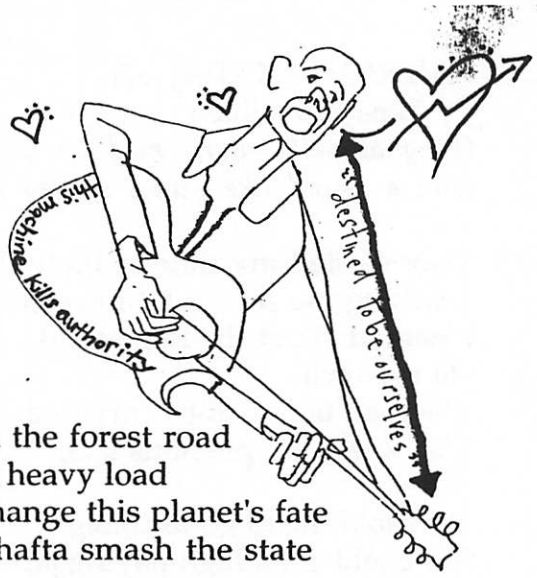
Oh but now I see
It's a setup, the American Dream
Go to school
Because you have to
Go to college
Just to get a job
Go to work
'Cause you have to pay the bills
And I'm so tired of the American Tyranny



They tell us these things make us happy
Fulfilling
Their prepackaged dream
Their corporations make billions
Off the consumers they've trained
Off the consumers they've trained



ANARCHIST LOVE SONG (Green And Black)
By Bonnie & Clyde



CHORUS:

G C G
Grab your slingshot, we may not come back
G D G
We're gonna paint the town green and black
G C G
'Cause you and me, babe, we gotta date
G D G
You make me wanna smash the state

We might toss a few paint bombs
Don't implicate me to anyone
Tell your other lover you'll be home late
Tonight we're gonna smash the state

Skippin' hand in hand down the alley
Wheatpastin' about the Mumia rally
Governor signs, we'll retaliate
Take back the power and smash the state

When I'm with you, I have no fear
You give me courage like a homebrew beer
You're the best buzz in the lower 48
Girl, you make me wanna smash the state

Glad we snuck into that Zapatista movie
That Marcos guy is so damn groovy
Dumpstered popcorn made my belly ache
It's the price you pay when you smash the state

Soy Delicious from the corporate store
Run back in and steal some more
Fill up a cart and we'll fill our plates
Some vegan food before we smash the state

CH

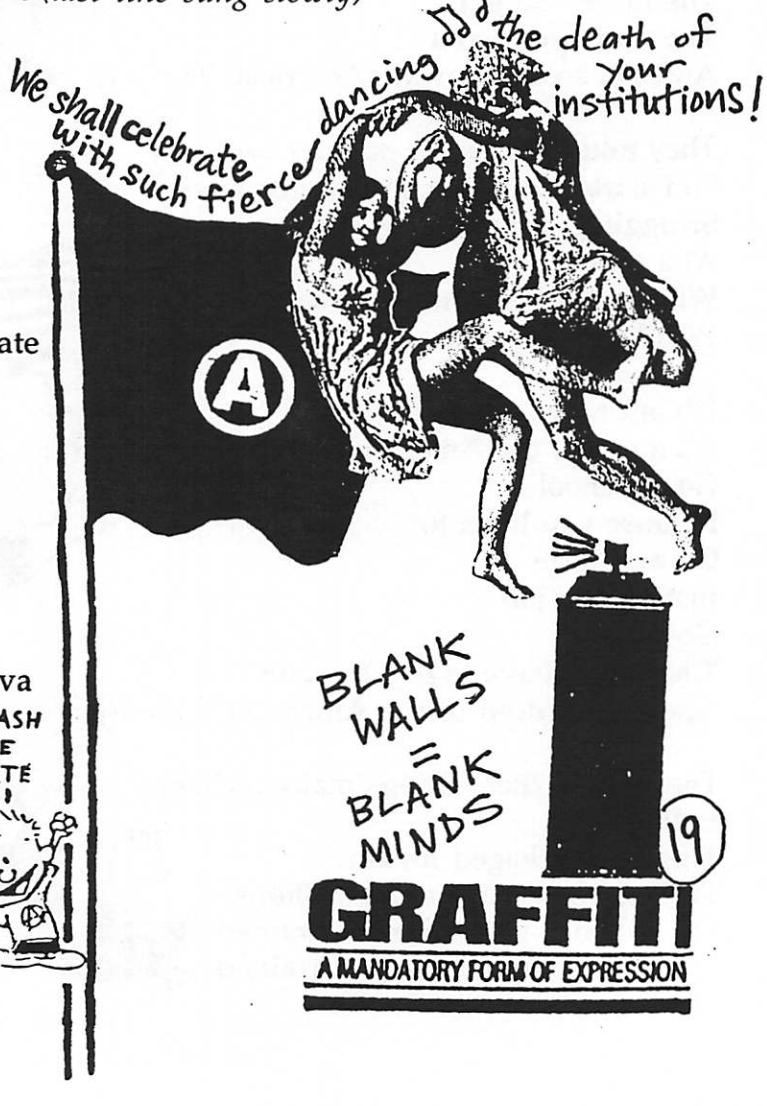
Back at the squat, let's make some molten lava
Ya sure look sexy in that balaclava
Yer eyes make my heart palpitate
They make me wanna smash the state

Let's hop on our bikes, head outta town
If we see a billboard, we'll burn it down
Them flames make we wanna fornicate
Light up the night and smash the state

Further on down the forest road
Ecosystem's gotta heavy load
If we're gonna change this planet's fate
We're all gonna hafta smash the state

(Soft)
Comin' on back into the heart of town
Babylon always gets me down
May be the end of the world, but it ain't too late
(Hard)
With some love and rage,
we're gonna smash the state!

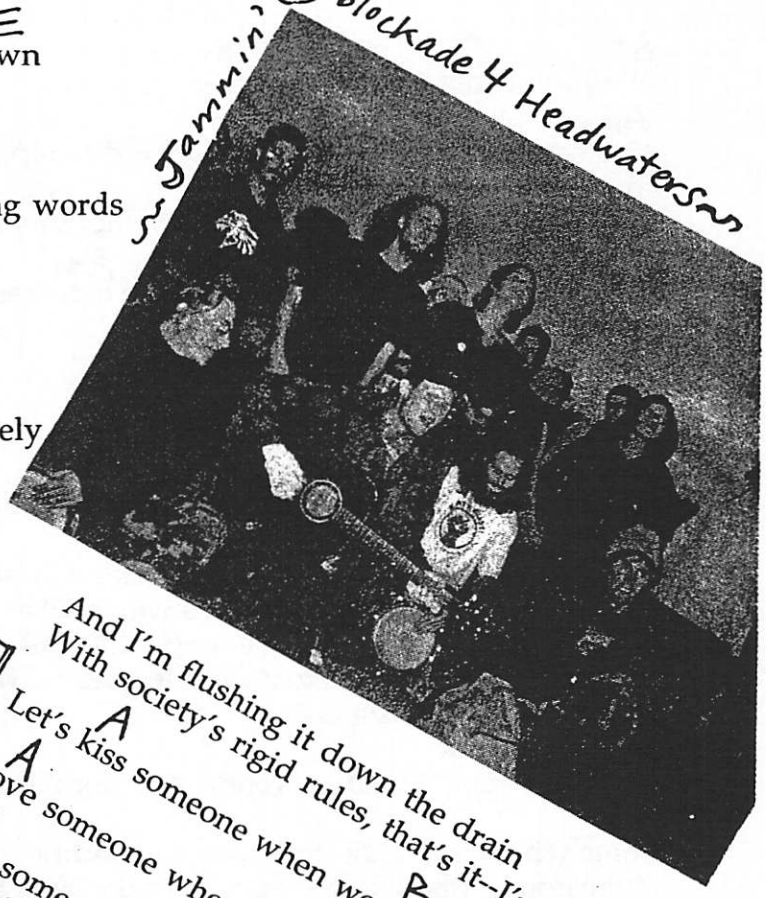
CH *(last line sung slowly)*


We shall celebrate with such fierce dancing the death of your institutions!
SMASH THE STATE
BLANK WALLS = BLANK MINDS
19
GRAFFITI
A MANDATORY FORM OF EXPRESSION

ANGER IN MOTION
By Casey Neill

Intro – play B chord as opening tension-building drumroll sort-of chord

B
Well I've bitten my tongue a thousand times E
Tried to keep things in, pent up and pushed down A B E
The problem gets worse than it's ever been A B
We paint on our pretensions to avoid conflicting words C Em
While our ire grows and grows D
Vendettas become absurd E
Action and reaction, looks exchanged vindictively B E
When all the while they could've been set free D E



CHORUS:
F# E
I want to move like anger in motion
F# E
I'm not suppressing my emotions anymore
F# E
It's time to clear the floor of all this crap
A B
That complicates my life
A E
I am sharpening my knife
A B
I am sharpening my knife

And I'm flushing it down the drain
With society's rigid rules, that's it--I'm through
A B
Let's kiss someone when we want to kiss someone,
A B
Love someone when we want to love someone,
A B
Hug someone when we want to hug someone
A B
And say fuck you when we want to say fuck you
A B E

People want to see change, yeah they say it has to come
But then they get mad and don't understand a riot in the slums
We don't like your tactics man, they say "just don't break the law"
When the law itself is exactly where you'll find the flaw
If you don't offend someone then nothing has been done
To sabotage the man with the gun

CH

JAM: E-F# – G(barred)] (x3)
barred E, then barred B & hold 'til next verse

So I'm taking off my plastic smile and I'm quitting acting school
No more will I be a cog or a tool
They pour industrial effluent into our children's brains
But I'm taking your consumer cancer

ANGOLA
By Casey Neill

Am G Am
1967, three men and a few drinks
Am G Am
Heated words at the filling station and it happened before you blinked
Am G Am
Oscar Meeks, the station owner, lay shot down in a pool of red
C E Am G Am
And the cops of Louisiana sought the men behind the lead
Dm C
Hayes Williams was arrested
Dm C
Hayes Williams, he'd been there
Am C E Am
And it's welcome to Angola, a living nightmare

To the dark holds he was taken, shackled, beaten and confined
They'll lock up your body but it's worse what they do to your mind
Rats in the hallways and roaches on the wall
Fellow inmates all a danger and the guards worst of all
In the state of Louisiana
Color is a crime
So you better get used to Angola and doin' hard time

Some who raised their voices about conditions so severe
Were gone without a murmur, yeah they just be disappeared
Hayes collected information, Hayes filed suit
Hayes was a marked man in an orange prison suit
But the judge ruled in their favor
For human right they were controlled
So you better get used to Angola, kiss goodbye to your parole

Thirty years in a hellhole, a ward of the state
Thirty years since he was brought there in 1968
The men who fired the shots that night both had been let go
With Hayes still inside and growing old
In '97 he got a retrial
In '97 they set him free
And it's farewell to Angola state penitentiary

His six month old baby is a woman full grown
His aged parents they have now passed on
The neighborhoods look different, change comes so suddenly
In this world on the outside it ain't easy bein' free

Dm C
'Cause they can't take back the beatings
Dm C
Can't take back the years
Dm C
Can't give him back his youth
Dm C
Can't give him back his tears
Dm C
Hayes Williams, here's to you
Dm C
May you find peace one day
Am C E Am
And never dream of Angola again in all your days
Am C E ——— Am
And never dream of Angola again...

ANNA MAE
By Larry Long

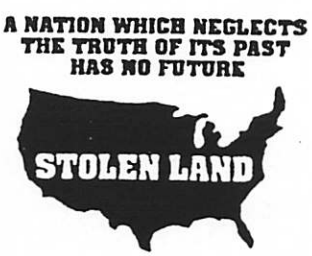
C G F Am
From the womb of Nova Scotia in the land of sunrise
C G F C
Used to work building cars on the assembly line
F C F C F G
When she heard a warrior speak of a better day to come
Am C G F Am
She quit her job and traveled west...to the land of the setting sun

Survival school she organized and gathered history
Cookin' food and choppin' wood for the elderly
When she left, she left behind two children young
Asking forgiveness from...the creator when the day was done

CHORUS:
C F C F
Anna Mae, Anna Mae, Anna Mae, Anna Mae
C G
We can hear your spirit call
C F C F
Anna Mae, Anna Mae, Anna Mae, Anna Mae
C G
When the rain begins to fall
F Am
We can hear your spirit call

On a trail of broken treaties, Anna Mae, she took a stand
Building bunkers at Wounded Knee, defending sacred land
Slippin' in, slippin' out behind the lines with supplies late at night
While the grandfather shielded her...from the swat man's gun site

In the month of June in Oglala, the FBI did come
On the very same day that the BIA sold the land of the setting sun
In a fire fight they killed Joe Stuntz and this is what they said,
"Before the year is out...Anna Mae, we will see you dead."



CH

100 miles from Pine Ridge Town, a body was found
With a turquoise bracelet on her wrist, frozen to the ground
Standing by the FBI could not identify
The body of this woman who...they hauled in one too many times

So they took the turquoise off her hand, and cut 'em off at the wrist
Sent her hands to Washington, they said for finger-prints
The doctor said that she was drunk, fell down, and simply froze
So the FBI buried her...with the name of Jane Doe

BRIDGE:

F Am
Oh.....Anna Mae

F Am
Oh.....Anna Mae

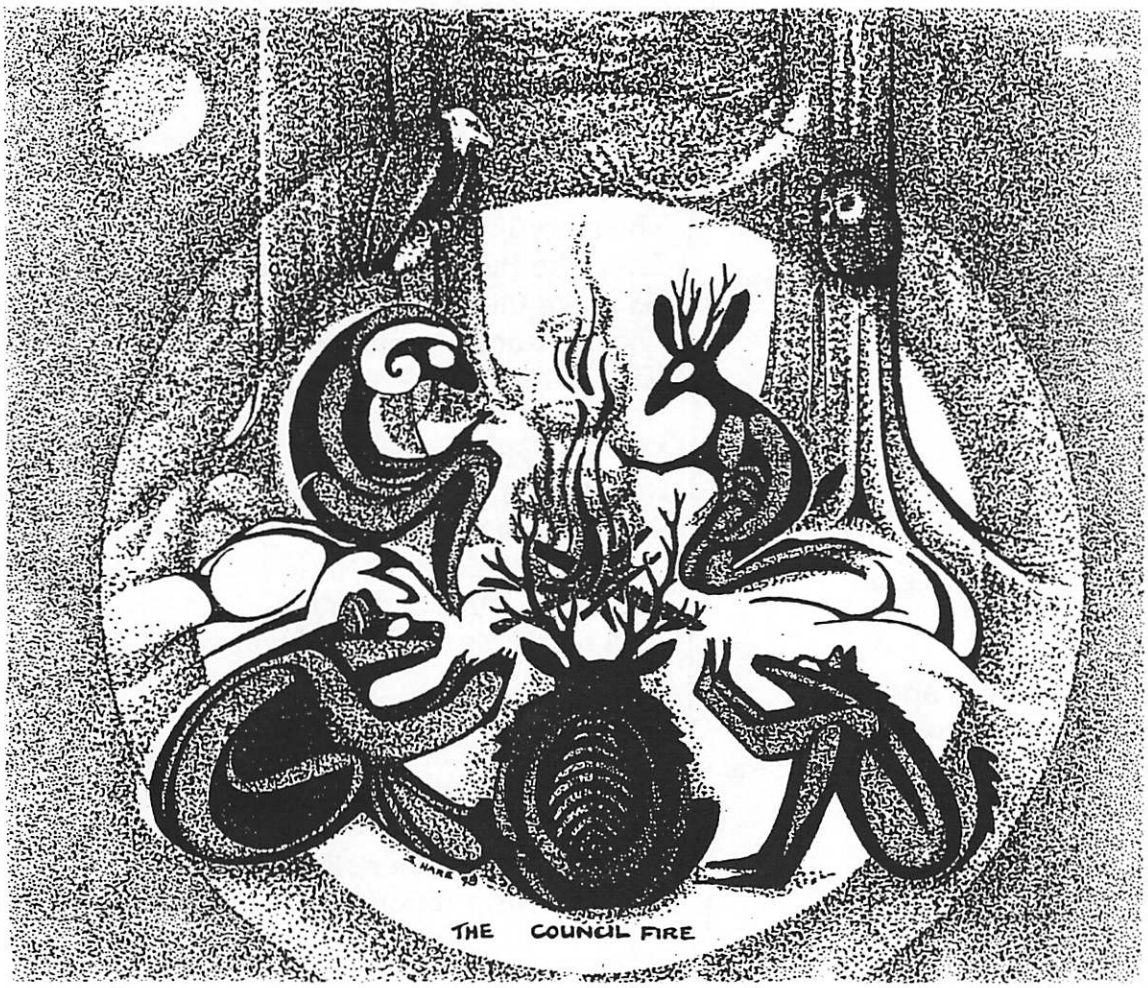
CH

"Homicide!" the people cried, for their Anna Mae
Forcing the FBI to bring her from the grave
What they found was a bullet hole in the back of her head
While the FBI put one more notch...in their gun for one more dead

An Oglala wind blew last night to the sound of the drum
Heard the voice of Anna Mae, speaking in a Mic Mac tongue
There's no force made by man that can stop the driving rain
And where people fight for their land...you will still find Anna Mae

CH

BRIDGE *(x2)*



APPALACHIA
By Dragonfly
(Play lively!)

G C9
Up in old New England
G C9
The winters are long
G C9
The ponds are frozen over
G C9
And the winds blow strong
F
There's no leaves left on the trees
C9 G C9 G C9
The branches blow about in the breeze

But now I live here
On Cascadia's Westside
They've been goin' after all the old growth
And there ain't no place to hide
They're takin' down every last stick
Now the forests, they ain't so thick

CHORUS:

G C9 G C9
(But) Appalachia is my North-woods home
G C9 G C9
And I dream of Appalachia wherever I roam
F C9
From the rocky shores to the alpine meadows...
G - C9 G - C9 G
Wherever I go (wherever I go)

This sad tale's all about
Willamette Industries
They plunder and profit
By clearcutting all the trees
They've stripped the hills of Oregon
So now they're movin' on

They took their entire milling operation,
Put it in a truck, sent it down to the southeast
Where they're chippin' up all the hardwoods
In a gluttonous feast
The forest has been suffering
From the ravages of the timber beast

CH

But my friends've been blockin' the road
To the George Washington National Forest
There were some people chained to the dragons
And the Freddies could not ignore us
The loggers' trucks were blocked
Right where the activists were locked

Now don't forget
That the father of this country
Made himself famous
By choppin' down the cherry tree
There's a forest in his name
It's being clearcut just the same

CH

From Georgia to Maine
The story is the same
They use their feller-bunching Earth-rapers
To make their pulp and paper
They're dumping mercury and lead
'Til all the shell fish are dead

My bioregion runs
Like the Appalachian Trail
And I'm not stopping
'Til all the CEO's are in jail
The Earth will be liberated
And new Free States will be created

Because an eco-logical
Revolution is here
Industrial collapse
Will soon be near
Appalachia will be rising
And the corporations will be capsizing

CH

ARIZONA POWER LINES
By Darryl Cherney

Am
Now there's a nuclear demon
F
A menace to our time
G Am
And it travels in the deserts on the Arizona power lines

Mark David and Mark Baker
F
And Margaret Millet, too
G
They looked up at those towers
Am
Oh, they knew what they must do

CHORUS:
F Am
Oh.....ain't it grand?
G Am
Out in the desert with a blow-torch in your hand
F Am
Oh.....take it slow
G Am
It could all come crashing down on you, you know

Now the FBI was watching
So they sent in Michael Tate
A phony Vietnam Veteran
Vowed to guard the fascist state
He won their trust and friendship
To his flaws they all were blind
'Til those flares lit up the skies above,
The Arizona power lines

CH

They arrested Dave Foreman
They said he was behind the scheme
They jailed a founder of Earth First!
But they did not stop the dream
So if you walk Ed Abbey's desert
And see a little flame that shines
Won't you say a prayer for the next who dare
The Arizona power lines

CH *(repeat last line)*

THE ATOM

By Casey Connor, music by Simon & Garfunkel

(Performed by Insect Ballet (Casey Connor, Susan Appe), to the tune of Simon and Garfunkel's "The Boxer." This parody was part of a recording of political parodies put together by the Acapella group Samsara and friends, made for the Pacifica radio show "Democracy Now."See also "I Wanna Log Your Land" on pg.119 Live/Work, Live/Work pg.139& "The Prison Industry" on pg.172)

C Am
I am just an atom and my story's seldom told
G
I have squandered nanoseconds
C
On a campaign full of mumbles such are promises
Am G F
It's all rhetoric, still a proton likes electrons
C G
And they offered me a deal, oh lie lie lie...
C Am
In their manufactured Cold War they told me I was the best,
G
That I'd fight for truth and justice
C
And they sure loved my wave-particle duality
Am C F
I was naive! I agreed to speak to neutrons that were waiting in the hall
G F Em Dm C
I was mighty proud, feeling several angstroms tall

CHORUS:

Am G
Lie lie lie, lie lie lie lie lie lie lie, lie lie lie,
Am G F C
Lie lie lie lie lie lie lie, lie lie lie lie lie

They said "It works just like the sun except that lots of people die"
"It's an instrument of peace except that
All it does is feed our bloated war machine"
Free energy! yeah, except for all the startup costs and cleanup costs
And storage costs and health-care costs and environmental costs and political costs
I asked only for a reason, I went looking for some sense
But I got no answers,
Just a dogmatic waffling about "security"
They are two-faced! the peace-time dividend was spent
On guns to start a brand new race, oh not again...

CH

C Am
Now I'm laying out my electron shells and wishing I was gone,
G Dm7 G7 G C
Going home...where the Lawrence Livermore labs aren't beating me
Em Am
Depleting me... going home
C Am
In the clearing on Vieques stands the general in charge
G
With his face lost in a daydream
G7 C
Of Space Cowboys and Indians
Dm7 G7 C Am
But suddenly I wake up and I know what I must do
G F
I am leaving, I am leaving
C G
I will not fuse for you! Oh no, no, no...

CH (x2)

ATOMIC POWER
By The Louvin Brothers
(The band Uncle Tupelo covers this one.)

A
Do you fear this man's invention
D A
That they call atomic power?

Are we all in great confusion?
E
Do we know the time or hour?

A
When a terrible explosion
D A
May rain down upon our land

Leaving horrible destruction
E A
Blotting out the works of man

CHORUS:
A
Are you, are you ready
D
For that great atomic power?
A E
Will you rise and meet your savior in the air?
A
Will you shout or will you cry
D A
When the fire rains from on high?
E A
Are you ready for that great atomic power?

There is one way to escape
And be prepared to meet the Lord
When the mushroom of destruction falls
There is a shielding sword
He will surely stand beside you
And you'll never taste of death
For your soul will fly to safety
In eternal peace and rest

CH

AY YI
By Tenaya Wallach
(Sing Acapella. Performed by Copper Woman.)

Ay yi, they buried my mother
Ay yi, her body lies under
Ay yi, your cities and your roads
Ay yi, they buried my mother

Ay yi, they poisoned my mother
Ay yi, her blood flows impure
Ay yi, waste is thrown into her rivers
Ay yi, they poisoned my mother

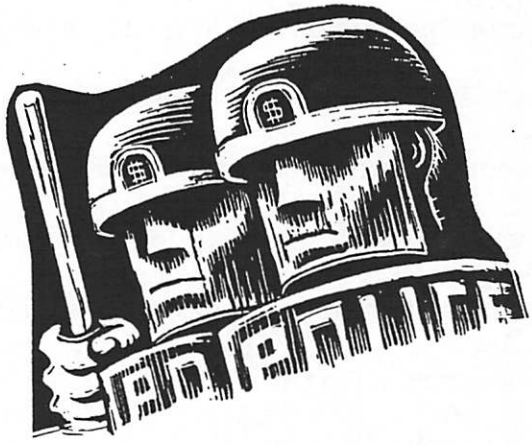
Ay yi, they've forgotten my mother
Ay yi, her gifts are unused
Ay yi, we have lost all we have learned
Ay yi, they've forgotten my mother

(Repeat first verse.)

BALLAD OF ABNER LOUIMA
By Stephan Smith

Dm F
Early one mornin' when the sun was down
C Am
Flatbush part of New York town
Am
Hey ho, there ain't no foe
Dm
All one body got to heal and grow

Dm F
Abner Louima, his name,
C Am - Dm
This is how he came to fame
Dm F
When a club closed for the night
C Am - Dm
People broke into a fight
Dm F
Justin Volpe, policeman,
C Am
Brought to the ground by an unknown man
Am
Hey ho, there ain't no foe
Dm
All one body got to heal and grow



Volpe grabbed Louima, why?
Said he was just standing by
Beat him in the car to the seven-o
Put him in a cell for an hour or so
Then drag him from his holding cell
And do what no tongue can tell
Hey ho, ain't no foe
All one body on the judgment day

Some say hate's what caused this crime
Some say Giuliani time
But blame hate or mayor or blame police
All of us must hold the peace
Hey ho, ain't no foe
All one body got to heal and grow

I ask Louima how he feels
All he says is "time to heal"
Hey ho, ain't no foe
All one body got to heal and grow

So Abner in the hospital for a while
Four policemen bound for trial
Near ten thousand marched today
Some set to fight and some to pray
Hey ho, there ain't no foe
All one body got to heal and grow

Well I asked my mama, here's what she say:
"All one people on the judgement day
Hey ho, there ain't no foe
And all one body got to heal and grow"

BALLAD OF ACCOUNTING
By Ewan MacColl
(Karan Casey does a wicked rendition of this. Ewan also wrote "Manchester Rambler," a tune all ramblers should look up.)

Bm A
In the morning we built this city, in the afternoon walked through the streets
Bm A
Evening saw us leaving
G A G
We wandered through our days as if they would never end
Bm A
All of us imagined we had endless time to spend
Bm A
We hardly saw the crossroads and small attention gave
Bm D Bm
To the landmarks on the journey
A Bm
From the cradle to the grave
A Bm
Cradle to the grave
A Bm
Cradle to the grave

Did you learn how to dream in the morning, abandon dreams in the afternoon
Wait without a hope in the evening
Did you stand there at the traces and let them feed you lies
Did you shuffle off behind them wearing blinkers on your eyes
Did you kiss the foot that kicked, did you thank them for their scorn
Did you ask for their forgiveness
For the act of being born
Act of being born
Act of being born

Did you alter the face of the city, make any change in the world you found
Did you observe all the warnings
Did you read the trespass notice, did you keep off the grass
Did you shuffle off the pavement just to let your betters pass
Did you learn to keep your mouth shut, were you seen and never heard
Did you learn to be obedient
And jump to at a word
Jump to at a word
Jump to at a word

Did you ever demand any answers, the who and the what and the reason why
Did you ever question the set up
Did you stand aside and let them choose while you took second best
Did you let them skim the cream off and then give to you the rest
Did you settle for the shoddy and did you think it right
To let them rob you right and left
And never make a fight
Never make a fight
Never make a fight

What did you learn in the morning, how much did you know in the afternoon
Were you content in the evening
Did they teach you how to question while you were at the school
Did the factory help you grow, were you the maker or the tool
Did the place where you were living enrich your life and then
Did you mix among the standing
Of all your fellow men
All your fellow men
All your fellow men and women

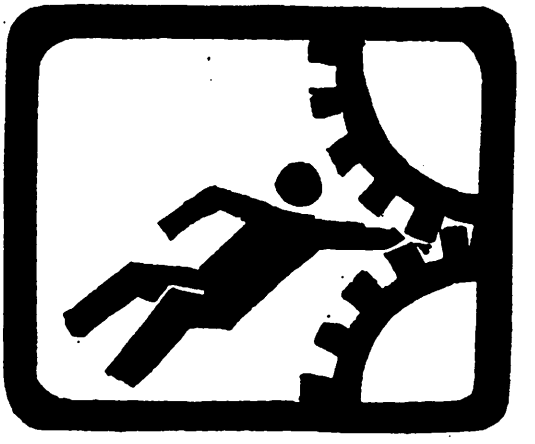
THE BALLAD OF BILL POSTERS
By Paul Gill & Becky Taylor

(The legend "bill posters will be prosecuted" appears bold in just about every empty shop window in every town in England. "Bill poster" is the term used for an unauthorized advertisement (for clubs, gigs, demos, etc.). It has been a long-running joke that Bill Posters is innocent. The novelist Alan Sillitoe, writing in 1965, cast him in an inspiring role: resourceful underdog, working class hero, always one step ahead of the pursuant authorities. "The Ballad of Bill Posters" has good ol' Bill illustrate the scope of grassroots resistance in England in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; "Captain Swing" was the umbrella name given for rural workers in East Anglia who smashed the new machinery that threatened agricultural livelihoods and similarly, the name "Ned Ludd" referred to textile workers in the Midlands. Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, both in London, have consistently been the settings for rallies and demonstrations, often turning into running battles with the police. Hundreds of people were transported to Australia and elsewhere for poaching rabbits or deer from "private" land (often enclosed common land). A large part of Windsor Castle (a residence of our illustrious royal family) was destroyed by fire in the early 1990's. That this was an act of arson is pure fantasy on our part. This song is available on the cassette "Solid Ground" by Paul Gill.)

D A
On every street corner they spell out his name
Bm G A
And the boarded shop windows all herald his fame
D Bm A
That they'll catch him and bring him to justice they claim
G A D
Bill Posters is that man

At the scope of his mischief we only can guess
And he's no need to hide as they can't put a face
To the acts of defiance we read in the press
They'll never take our man

CHORUS:
A D
Bill Posters, Bill Posters will be prosecuted
A D
For years upon years he has been persecuted
A D
But they'll never catch him, let no one dispute it
G A D
Bill Posters, he's our man



DANGER ! TECHNOLOGY AT WORK

He was out with Ned Ludd, Captain Swing and the rest
At Hyde Park and Trafalgar he has stood with the best
He was there when the strikers were put to the test
Bill Posters was that man

Making deals with bosses is alright for some
But when the courses of talks and inquiries have run

And it's actions, not words, that'll get the job done
Bill Posters, he's your man

CH

It's only the rich man he'll do any harm
As he walks their estates, pheasant under each arm
Or tickles the trout from the private fish farm
Bill Posters is that man

He's the brick through their window, the car overturned
Where was he the night Windsor Castle was burned?
He will carry the fight on until they have learned
From Bill Posters, our man

CH

He's the one in the crowd with the egg in his hand
To hurl at the smug politicians who stand up and
Promise the earth, whilst flogging the land
Bill Posters is that man

An industrial Robin Hood wielding a wrench
He'll disable the digger, he'll take down the fence
If it's criminal damage with moral intent
Bill Posters, he's your man

CH

Our Bill, well he'll give it his very best shot
To bring down the rich, to get rid of the lot
A saint, a hero, a martyr he's not
He's Bill Posters, our man

You've heard of his name, now you've heard of his deeds
Of more people like Bill the world has a need
It's time for us all to take up the creed
Of Bill Posters, our man

CH *(x2, then repeat last line)*

RECLAIM
THE
STREETS
Taking over a motorway and holding a party, reclaiming traffic-filled high streets and allowing you to be realistic and demand the impossible.
JUST PURE
CREATIVITY
COURAGE &
CHEEK
0171 281 46 21
DIRECT ACTION-YOU KNOW IT MAKES SENSE

BALLAD OF THE FISH TOMATO
By Laurel Luddite
(Come now friends—to the fields!) C* C shape slid up two frets (index finger on third fret)

CHORUS:

G C
You can run to the mountains when the rain of fire falls
G Am
You can still find canyons where you can escape it all
G C C*
But if Monsanto and Novartis bring their ugly plans to seed
C G
There'll be nowhere that you can go to escape their greed

G D
Beneath the peak of Mt. Diablo, fields of cornstalks rising high
C G
Hold a hidden deadly secret somewhere deep inside
G D
In the dry stalks and the drying ears a genetic nightmare waits
C C* G
For cross-pollination to set it free from monoculture gates

And on the banks of the San Joaquin along the old levee
Another cornfield rises high from "Roundup-Ready" seed
The farmer sprays his biocides, not worried 'bout the crop
While downstream from his doorstep the salmon runnings stop

CH

G D
Now Monsanto makes big promises of food and health and fun
C D
Novartis says it'll feed the world (mutant food for everyone!)
G
But if we can thank these companies for
G (one strum & dramatic pause)
Agent Orange and NutriSweet
G (pause)
Cancer rates and LSD
G (pause)
Five hundred dead in Texas City
C
Then we can do without their plans
D G
And without their mutant seed!

Across the sea in Europe now,
they got a good idea
Of how to stop this gene-ocide,
and now it's happenin' here
By dark of night or broad daylight
the people take a stand
And tear up every mutated crop by hand!

CH

THE BEAUTY OF THIS LAND
By Leora Hava

G D C G
Sun rising over the ridge
G D C G
A new day begins, I'm ready to cross any bridge
G D C G
I take a walk amongst the trees
G D C G
And soak up the beauty surrounding me
G D
From the stillness of the land
C G
To the flowing of the water
G D
From the rainbow with no end
C G
To the sun where life begins
G D C G
As the clouds drift by with the blowin' of the winds
G D C G
Come walk with me my sisters, my brothers, my friends

CHORUS:
D C G D C G
Let's walk together, hand in hand
D C G
And we will surely see
D C D C D C G
The beauty, the beauty, the beauty of this land

Rain fallin', hills turn green
Wildflowers bloomin', many colors in the spring
The birds are singin' sweet melodies
Sharin' their message of beauty with me

CH

I take a walk at the setting of the sun
And celebrate the beauty as the darkness comes
Moon waxin' and wanin' night to night
Silhouettes and shadows changin' dark to light

CH

VISUALIZE
INDUSTRIAL COLLAPSE

BELLY OF THE BEAST
By Marshall Lough

Am G Am
America, you were never America to me
Am G Am
You stole the land and you killed from sea to sea
Am G Am
You linger now like a bad memory
Am G-Am
Here's a mirror of your history

On Gory Island prison windows stare
Shackles dangle in the early morning air
Africa weeps -- her children are not there
Stolen away to American despair

CHORUS:
C G Am
But the Spirit, she is stronger
C G Am
And her song, it lasts longer
C G Am
And the struggle feeds our hunger
C G Am line
In the belly of the beast (x2)

The government says everything has changed
Everyone is equal and no one's to blame
But the prison walls are bursting with Africa's pain
And chain gangs are swinging on the Georgia plains

To vote is a joke, when both parties are white
Belief in the system is a hangman's delight
Like sheep to the slaughter unless we fight
For the noose is getting tighter in the hands of the right

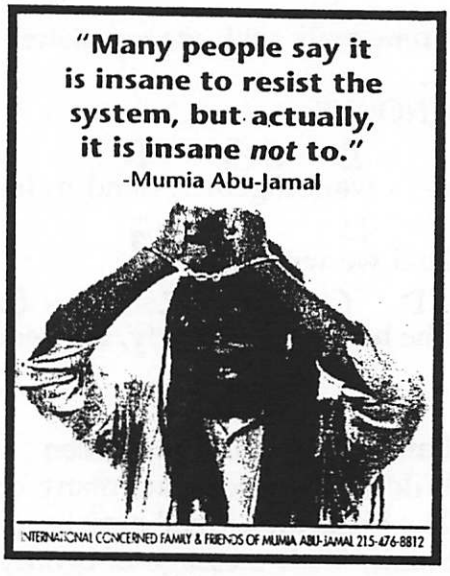
CH

Somewhere back in the 1970's
Black Panthers organized to change history
Some became the MOVE family
They were killed, jailed, and bombed for trying to be free

Now Mumia's on death row -- he's pounding at the door
He wants you to know he's a prisoner of war
Listen to his words and you'll know what's in store
For a storm is a-brewin' in the ranks of the poor

CH#2:
But Mumia, he is stronger
And his voice, it lasts longer
And his struggle feeds our hunger
And we'll fight until he's free *(x2)*
In the belly of the beast *(x2)*

(Sing first verse again acapella, then sing CH#2)


"Many people say it is insane to resist the system, but actually, it is insane *not* to."
-Mumia Abu-Jamal
INTERNATIONAL CONCERNED FAMILY & FRIENDS OF MUMIA ABU-JAMAL 215-476-8812

BIG DRILL
By Bedlam Rovers

B E B E
Ohhhhh Columbus
B E B E
Sailed the high seas so treacherous
E Emaj7 C#m B
And in the squares, the heads did roll
E Emaj7 C#m B
Sunday mornings, and the bells do toll
E Emaj7 C#m B-E-B-E
They toll for you, what did ya do?

Ohhhhh Columbia
In the sky over Florida
Someone said they saw the flag in your plume
And I was scared 'cause I saw it too
Now the rain does know, I hope you don't explode

Ohhhhh General Custer
Did it take all the strength you could muster?
Someone said you died like a porcupine
And someone said you died with piss in your pants
I heard it in a song, I guess you were scared

Ohhhhh Los Alamos
Where great scholars turn their minds to toast
Splitting atoms and pulling hair
Cancer clusters from people who care
About our safety, about the enemy

JAM

Ohhhhh Antarctica
Not the timber of South America
Maybe rocks or maybe oil
But a mile of ice to reach your soil
It takes a big drill, a really big drill
It takes a big drill, a really big drill
It takes a big drill, a really big drill...

BLACK BOYS ON MOPEDS
By Sinead O'Connor

D A G
Margaret Thatcher on TV
D A G
Shocked by the deaths that took place in Beijing
D A G
It seems strange that she should be offended
D A G
When the same orders are given by her

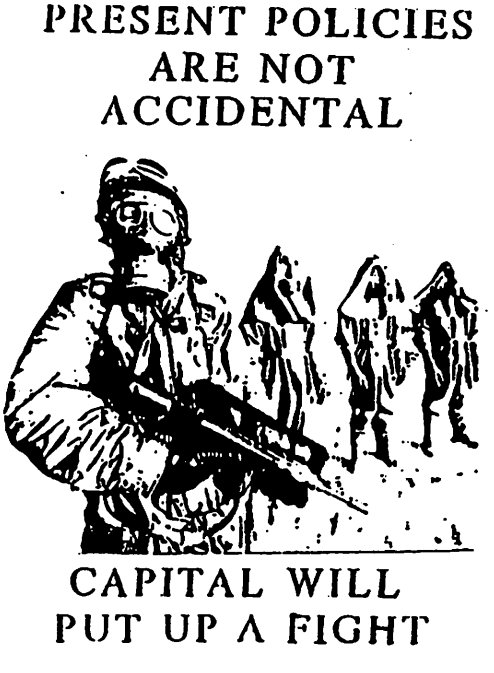
I've said this before now
You said I was childish and you'll say it now
Remember what I told you
If they hated me they would hate you

CHORUS:
D A G
England's not the mythical land of Madame George and roses
D A G
It's the home of police who kill black boys on mopeds and
D A G
I love my boy, and that's why I'm leaving
D A G
I don't want him to be aware that there's any such thing as grieving

Young mother down at Smithfield, 5 A.M.,
Looking for food for her kids
In her arms she holds two cold babies
And the first word that they learned was "please"

These are dangerous days
To say what you feel is to make your own grave
Remember what I told you
If you were of their world they would love you

CH



BORN AGAINST
By $eth!
(Punk as fuck!)

E A G C
I hope my song offends you
E A G C
'Cause that's what it's supposed to do
We need some opposing opinion
On this farce that you call god
I used to be a christian
Until I saw there was no god
And now I must laugh at you
'Cause you're running blindly in circles
And if you want to argue
Only "fuck you" will leave my mouth
Your basis for fact is pure fantasy
And I'm not in a Disney movie

CHORUS:
C A G E
I'm a born again pagan
C A G E
And your god doesn't mean shit to me
I'm a born against christian
And your god doesn't mean shit to me

And stop trying to save me
From burning for eternity in hell
I won't burn 'cause there's no hell
Another wet dream in christianity's brothel
And if there was a god
Where is he right now?
Come on, pal, show your face
Even an angel will suffice
And if he turned out to be true
I'd simply have to kill him
Overthrow god and the kingdom of heaven
No one should be the ruler over anyone

CH

Fuck you, god, you made a shitty fine mess
Famine, poverty, war and distrust
And don't tell me that it's satan
You're one in the same with a plastic party mask
In a thousand years will your name be Mickey Mouse
Another bunch of idiots following your mess
Your book on its own is a written contradiction
One page this and another page twisted
And I must say to you
You're pretty popular 'round here
But I caught the lies before they caught me
You did a pretty good job of con-man

CH

God Wants to Know

God would like to thank you for your belief and patronage. In order to better serve your needs, He asks that you take a few moments to answer the following questions. Please keep in mind that your responses will be kept completely confidential and that you need not disclose your name or address unless you desire a direct response to your comments or suggestions.

1. How did you first find out about God?
   - ☐ newspaper
   - ☐ television
   - ☐ word of mouth
   - ☐ Divine Inspiration
   - ☐ other:

2. Are you currently using any other sources of inspiration, security or guidance in addition to God? Please check all that apply:
   - ☐ none
   - ☐ tarot
   - ☐ fortune cookies
   - ☐ horoscopes
   - ☐ self-help books
   - ☐ biorhythms
   - ☐ insurance policies
   - ☐ lottery
   - ☐ television
   - ☐ advice columns
   - ☐ sex
   - ☐ alcohol
   - ☐ other:

3. God generally employs a limited amount of Divine Intervention to keep a balanced level of felt presence and blind faith. Would you prefer (circle one):
   - A. more Divine Intervention
   - B. less Divine Intervention
   - C. current level of Divine Intervention just right
   - D. don't know

4. God also attempts to maintain a fairly balanced level of disasters and miracles. Please rate on a scale of 1–5 His handling of the following:

a. disaster (flood, famine, war)	b. miracles (recovery from disease, heroic rescues, sports upsets)
1. unsatisfactory	1. unsatisfactory
2. poor	2. poor
3. average	3. average
4. good	4. good
5. excellent	5. excellent

5. Do you have any additional comments or suggestions for improving the quality of God's services? _____

Thank you.

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BREAK-UP SONG
By Solstice

Em G Am C
So you're building a better tomorrow out of the redwood forests
Em G Am C
And you're building a better tomorrow out of the Gulf Stream waters
Em G Am C
And you're building a better tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Em G Am C Em-G-Am-C/D
What is this better tomorrow? "tomorrow" is a word you don't know
Your future space stations don't house people
They only house power
Will future generations be born dependent
Upon your products? no,
Your science diet will incite a riot

And more than a riot this time

BRIDGE:
A# D D C
Will we sit by and let Mother die?
Em G Am C
Am I a part of the Earth or am I a product?
A# D D C
I won't sit by and let Mother die
Em
No I won't, no I won't, no I won't
Em-D-G-C
For this I pledge
Em-D-G-C
To sabotage
Em-D-G-C
The grand
Em D G
Machine you've made
C D Em-G-Am-C
To destroy her
Em G-Am-C-D-Em
To plunder her

CHORUS:
Em G Am C
And this is a break-up song, break-up song
And this is a break-up song, break-up song
We're breaking up with you, Babylon
Em G Am-C/D
This is a break-up song

Though we were offered a slice of the pie
Still we're defectors, defectors
New mercenaries, we're the canaries
In the coal mine and we don't intend to stop our song
Just yet, not just yet
Your shafts are fragile as never before
And gravity will bring your mountain down
With a little help, with a little help
From the canaries in the coal mine
We're the canaries in the coal mine
We're the canaries in the coal mine, coal mine
Coal mine, and we don't intend to stop our song

BRIDGE

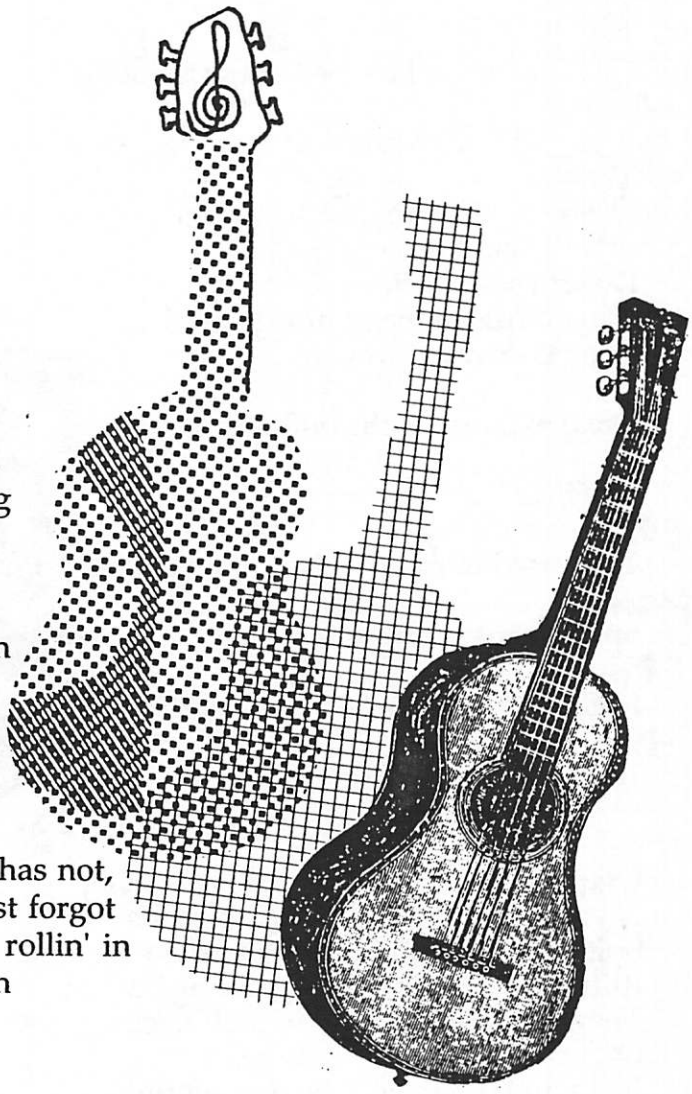
'Cause we'll support anything, anything that'll throw
Your throne into the sea
We'll get behind anything, anything that'll sink
Your battleship
Community, autonomy, community, autonomy
There's no such thing until you are, 'til you are,
'Til you are, 'til you are usurped
By the canaries in the coal mine
We're the canaries in the coal mine
We're the canaries in the coal mine, coal mine,
Coal mine and we don't intend to stop our song
Just yet, not just yet

CH *(Last line twice)*

BRING IT ON
By Stephan Smith

G Em
C'mon everybody, wherever you are
C Am
From every nation, from near and from far
G Em
A story as old as the wind and the rain
C Am
Is risin' up from the surface again

CHORUS:
Em G
Singin' oh yeah, bring it on
C G
Yeah...bring it on
G D G
All wind and all rain come and sing me a song



Once again the water runs over the dam
The men at the gates are doin' all that they can
To bring down the wool, to cover our eyes
While clouds of dark color are fillin' the skies

CH

Well the time sure has changed, but the story has not,
And it changed so darned much that we almost forgot
But the wind's finally blowin' and the clouds rollin' in
Some folks will shudder while others will grin

CH

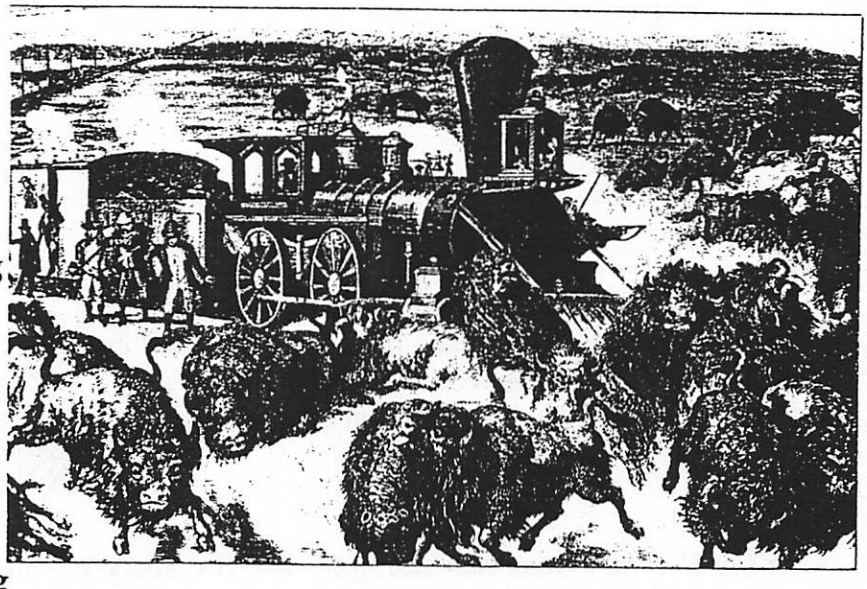
So to all you who think that this story's too old
Your dreams are all frozen and your hopes have been sold
And if you should ask me where I got this song
I'll tell you it's one that we've known all along
And if you should want to hear it again
Just go take a walk in the wind and the rain

CH

THE BUFFALO SONG
By Timothy Hull

E D E
One fine day when the land was young
A D
A young boy watched the wagons come
E D E
Oxen teams on the westward ho
A D E
Into the land of the buffalo
Eastern seaboard, settled towns
Wagon ruts in the prairie ground
Canvas-covered wagon homes
A D E
Great expanse of the buffalo

CHORUS:
F#m A E
They used to roam sixty million strong
F#m A E
Spirit chant, spirit song
F#m A E
Flesh and breath and blood and bone
D E
Life for the people of the buffalo



One fine day when the land was young
A young man watched the railroads come
Spitting steam on the westward ho
Rifles out the windows, shooting buffalo
They made quick work of their decree
Of ownership from sea to sea
Flags and bibles and the blessed right
To gun 'em down in cold blood in the morning light

CH #2:
Gun 'em down they did so well
Name by name, the people fell
'Til the buffalo were all but dead
And the people's lives were shattered as they wept and bled

INSTRUMENTAL:

One fine evening when winter had come
An old man told a story
A tale from when the land was young
And the world was in her glory
From the Pleiades to the Black Hills,
To the Trail of Tears we're walkin' still
The glory days to Wounded Knee,
The buffalo, the people and the history

CH #3 (x2):
I dreamed I saw their shapes again
I dreamed they had returned again
The saddest tale I have ever heard
The killing of the tribes and the buffalo herd

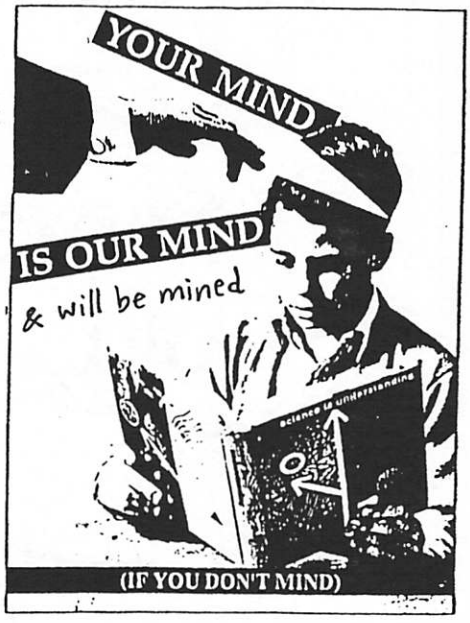
BULLSHIT
By Larry Lucas and Dakota Sid Clifford

D A
People on the planet got a look in their eye
G D
Everybody's lookin' like they're ready to cry
D A
Can't see the sun 'cause you can't see the sky
G D
And everybody's livin' a lie

Me and Uncle Rumple, we've been wonderin' why
Everybody's stoned, ain't nobody high
Chompin' and a-chokin' on the gospel pie
And everybody's got an alibi

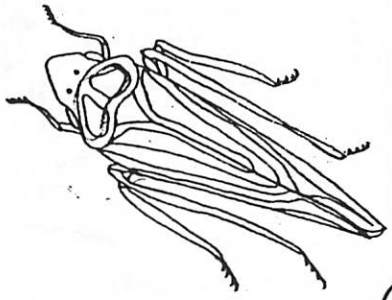
CHORUS:
G
It's all bullshit!
D
It's all bullshit!
A D
Just a little bit of that good ol' white man jive
G
It's all bullshit!
D
It's all bullshit!
A
And it ain't foolin' me

It ain't foolin' you
D
It's just a two-bit bullshit lie!



People gettin' greedy, gotta have more
Livin' on time they can't really afford
Treatin' Mother Nature like a grocery store
And nobody's keepin' the score

Now me and Uncle Rumple, we've been there before
We wonder what the hell people doin' that for?
They gotta make a little money so they make a little war
And they do it in the name of the Lord



CH (...good ol' military jive...)

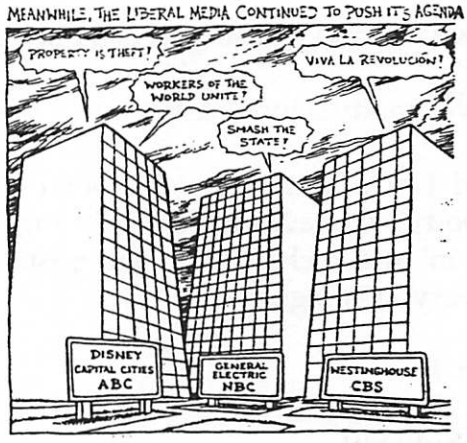
The Federale Government is robbin' us blind
Local politicians, they ain't far behind
A poor man's money buys a rich man's wine

(44)

And they got ya workin' overtime

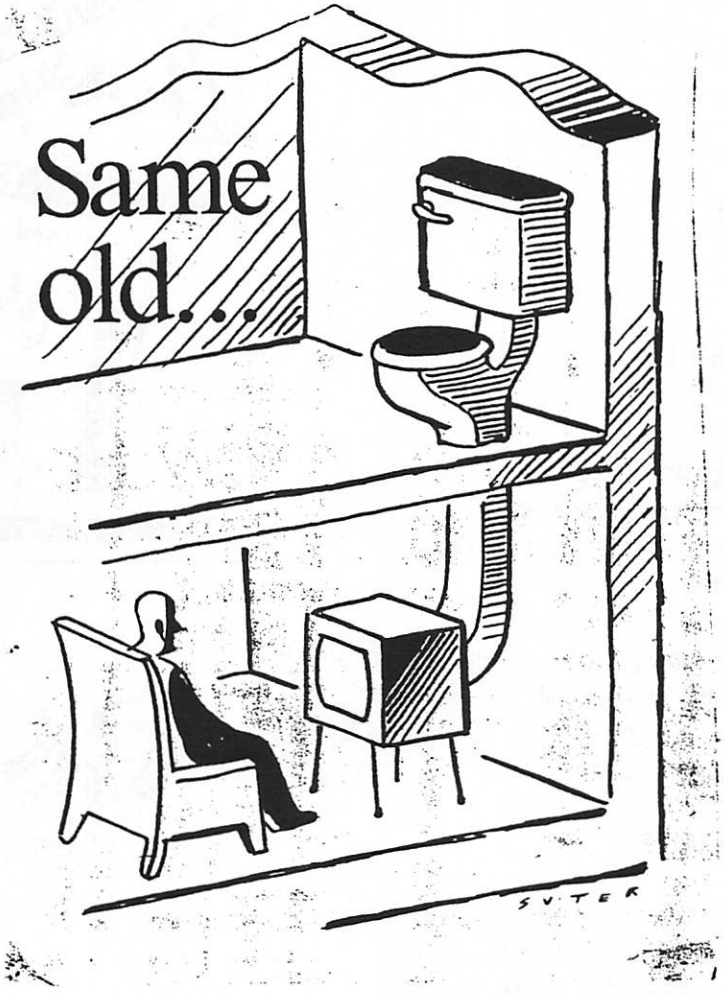
Now freedom is a word they hold up tall
To make you think you're gettin' something for it all
But the wolves are gonna howl and the pigs are gonna fall
And the truth is on the bathroom wall

CH:
And it says: bullshit!
It's all bullshit!
Just a little bit of that good ol' corporate jive
It's all bullshit!
It's all bullshit!



And it ain't foolin' me
It ain't foolin' you
It's just a two-bit bullshit --
Everybody's doin' it --
A two-bit bull-shit lie! D-A-D

(Note: Hootenanny editors apologize to all pigs for being used to describe humans' bad behavior. Pigs are cuter, smarter, and more sane than humans.)



BURN THEM DOWN
By the Elves, Music by Ben Harper

G
Let us burn them from coast to coast
Em C
Burn 'em up like a piece of toast
G
Burn 'em hot and burn 'em long
Em C
Save the lynx before they're gone

CHORUS:

G
If you don't like our fire
Em
Then don't come around
Em D C-G
'Cause we're gonna burn them down
Em D C G
Yes we're gonna burn them...dow-ow-own

Our tactic's what we choose to do
And if we're harmin' no life it shouldn't bother you
Your style is who you choose to be
All tools in the box are alright with me

CH

Fire is a gift of the Earth
And what's of the Earth is of the greatest worth
So before you knock it, try it first
You'll see it is a blessing and it's not a curse

CH (*end by shouting "Burn Them Down!" where the do-ow-own usually is*)

BURNING TIMES
By Charlie Murphy and Deena Metzger and Caitlin Mullin

Am G Am G Am
In the cool of the evening, they used to gather
D Am
'Neath the stars in the meadow, circled near an old oak tree
Am G Am G Am
At the times appointed by the seasons
D Am
Of the Earth and the phases of the moon
Am G Am G Am
In the center often stood a woman,
D Am
Equal with the others and respected for her worth
Am G Am G Am
One of the many we call the witches,
D Am
The healers and teachers of the wisdom of the Earth
Am G Am G Am
And the people grew through the knowledge she gave them
D Am
Herbs to heal their bodies, spells to make their spirits whole
Am G Am G Am
Hear them chanting healing incantations,
D Am
Calling forth the wise ones...celebrating in dance and song

CHORUS:

Am D Am G Am
Isis Astarte Diana Hecate Demeter Kali Inanna
Am D Am G Am
Isis Astarte Diana Hecate Demeter Kali Inanna

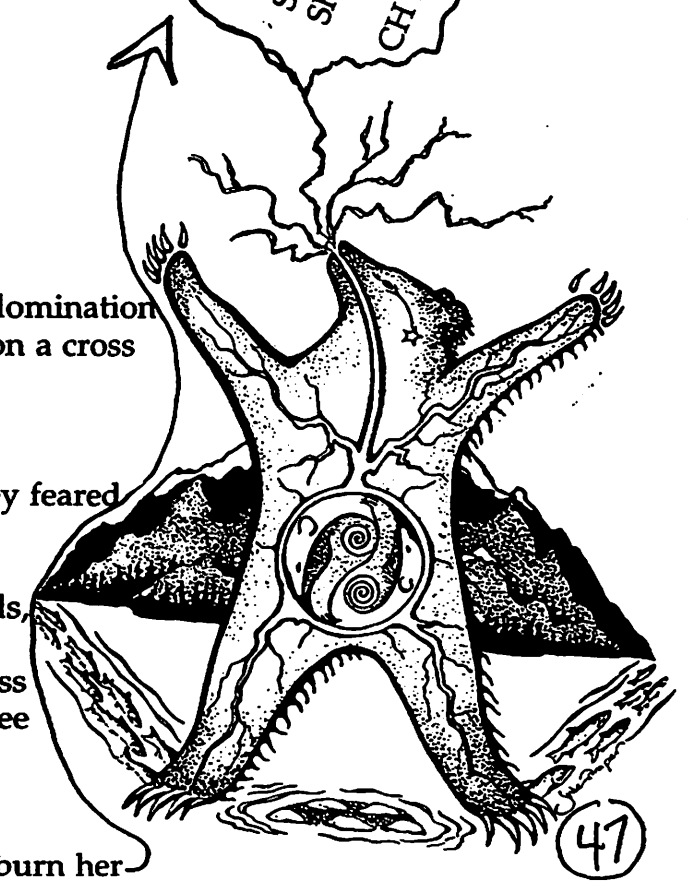
There were those who came to power through domination
And they bonded in the worship of a dead man on a cross
They sought control of the common people
By demanding allegiance to the church of Rome
And the pope declared the inquisition
It was war against the women, whose powers they feared
In this holocaust against the nature people
Nine million European women died
And the tale is told of those who, by the hundreds,
Holding together, chose their deaths into the sea
While chanting the praises of the Mother Goddess
A refusal of betrayal...women were dying to be free

CH

Now the Earth, she is a witch, and the men still burn her

Stripping her down with mining and the poisons of their wars
Still to us, the Earth is a healer, a teacher, our mother
The weaver of the web of life that keeps us all alive
She gives us the vision to see through the chaos
She gives us the courage...it is our will to survive

CH (x2)



BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE
By Buffy Sainte-Marie
(When people ask, "What happened to the North American Indians in the 1880 s?", you can pretty much point to the robber barons of the time who needed to make a fortune in oil, gold, and other precious metals. Simple greed in the hands of a powerful few who manipulated the media and politicians. When people ask, "What happened to the Indian movement of the sixties and seventies?", you can pretty much point to the same motives a hundred years later, with uranium added to the list in very big print. The shocking information in this song is not new, but strung together; the events tell a story that most non-Indian people don't know. Dedicated to Leonard Peltier and the memory of Anna Mae Aquash and Joseph Stuntz.)

INTRO:

D A
Indian legislation on the desk of a do-right Congressman
D G
Now, he don't know much about the issue
A
So he picks up the phone and he asks advice from the
D Bm
Senator out in Indian country
G A
A darling of the energy companies, who are
Bm F#m A
Ripping off what's left of the reservations. Huh.

Verse
A Bm
I learned a safety rule, I don't know who to thank
A Bm
Don't stand between the reservation and the corporate bank
A F#m Bm
They send in federal tanks, it isn't nice but it's reality...

CHORUS:

D-C-G
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee
D-C-G
(Rest it) Deep in the Earth
D-C-G
(Won'tcha) Cover me with pretty lies
D-C-G
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee. Huh.

Verse
They got these energy companies that want to take the land
And they've got churches by the dozen tryin' to guide our hands
And sign Mother Earth over to pollution, war and greed
(Get rich...get rich quick!)

CH

We got the federal marshals, we got the covert spies

We got the liars by the fire, we got the FBI
They lie in court and get nailed
And still Peltier goes off to jail
(The bullets don't match the gun!)

CH

My girlfriend Annie Mae talked about uranium
Her head was filled with bullets and her body dumped
The FBI cut off her hands and told us
She'd died of exposure
(Yeah right!)

CH

We had the Goldrush Wars, aw, didn't we learn to crawl?
And still our history gets written in a liar's scrawl
They tell ya "Honey, you can still be an Indian
D-d-down at the Y on Saturday nights"

CH

OUR HEROES HAVE ALWAYS KILLED COWBOYS

1886 - Yanozha, Chappo (Geronimo's son), Fun & Geronimo

CALEB MEYER
By Gillian Welch
(Give this song its intense, droning vibe by leaving the B string open on the Am chord, and the high E string open on the D chord. Capo sixth fret.)

INTRO: Am . . .

Am
Caleb Meyer he lived alone
G
In them hollering pines
D
And he made a little whiskey for himself
Am
Said it helped to pass the time

Long one evening in back of my house
Caleb come around
And he called my name 'til I went out
With no one else around

CHORUS:
Caleb Meyer your ghost is gonna
Wear them rattling chains
But when I go to sleep at night
Don't you call my name

"Where's your husband, Nellie Cane
Where's your darlin' gone?
Did he go on down the mountainside
And leave you all alone?"

"Yes my husband's gone to Bowling Green
To do some business there"
And Caleb threw that bottle down
And grabbed me by my hair

CH

He threw me in the needle bed
Across my dress he lay
Then he pinned my hands above my head
And I commenced to pray

I cried my God I am your child
Send your angels down
Then feeling with my fingertips
The bottle neck I found

I drew that glass across his neck
Fine as any blade
Then I felt his blood pour fast and hot
Around me as I laid

CH *x2 (second time, play only Am as you sing it through)*

CAMPFIRE
By Celilo, music by Mike Williams
(To the tune of "Highway" by Mike Williams [See page 109.])

Am C
Gila River is high
Am C
My camp is far above the shore
G D
And the coyotes laugh
Em D
In the growing of the moon
C G
And I think 'bout rattlers
C G
And I think 'bout bears

CHORUS:
Em D C G
And this campfire is my friend
D G
Oh my sycamore's burning
Em D C G
As long as I've got a song in my heart
D C
I'm as free as a hawk above this canyon
D C G
Swift as the trout named for this river...

Ponderosa smells sweet
Vanilla skates along the breeze
And the wind picks up and tears
Through the canyons and the trees
And it sounds like a highway
And it sounds like rain

CH (...Oh my cottonwood's burning...)

Mexican gray wolf ran here
I dream her tracks in the sand
But our people drove her off
In their greed and their fear
Paying men on horses
With bullets and guns

CH (...Oh my juniper's burning...)

Green fire stalks the night
Pads softly near my bed
And I soar in my sleep
With the wind above my tears
And she looks at me
And she walks away

THE CARIBOU POLKA
By Dennis Fritzinger, with help from Robert Hoyt
(Acapella, to a lively Polka beat.) This can also be played on guitar, but we opted for acapella

We went up to Albany
Tryin' to set some rivers free
Said cancel contracts—that's a fact—
We want the ecosystem back
At the Statehouse, what'd we hear?
Polka music in our ear
We danced, it's no joka
Doin' the Caribou Polka

CHORUS:
Do the Caribou Polka,
The Caribou Polka,
A caribou is what I am
Do the Caribou Polka,
The Caribou Polka—
Polka hole in the dam

We were blocked, and so we drowned
Our bodies stank like smoka—
No more Caribou Polka!

CH

Of course it was all in fun
Let you guess what next we done
All decided to revive
One by one we came alive
Spontaneous, it was no plan
Poked a hole in that dam
Gave a victory croaka
An' did the Caribou Polka!

CH *(three times, repeat last line twice more on final chorus)*

We grazed to the left and right
That music gave us appetite
Grabbed our partners, danced around
Messed up our migration ground
All at once the music stopped
Right back down again we dropped
Exhausted we could croaka,
Doin' the Caribou Polka

CH

Once more the music did begin
We found we had our second wind
Danced 'til sweat rolled off our backs,
More fun than recitin' facts
Angry at the Gov.'s flimflam
Thinkin' 'bout that dadgum dam
We gave ourselves a soaka,
Doin' the Caribou Polka

CH

The dam in place, we couldn't wait
We came here to migrate
Reflectin' pool was in our way,
Dam across it plain as day
We forded it an' then we found

THE CART
By Ferron
(A haunting song about the ever-changing nature of Nature. The chord progression is repetitive, and it sounds great with harmonies.)

Em
The strap that holds
C G Em
The cart in reign
C G Em
Has been let loose
C G Em
By wearing thi-in
C G Em
By wearing thin
C G Em
By biting through
C G Em
The shift in power
C G Em
Leans to you-ou

CHORUS:
C D
And the cart is on
Em
A wheel

I've wept with joy
For the things I've done
And I've wept as hard
For what I left undone
What I left undone
What I couldn't deem mine
What I thought was yours
So I drew the line

CH#2:
And the cart is on
A wheel
C D
And the wheel is on
Em
A hill

I heard someone fall
I saw another one flail
I saw an arm dig deep
Where there was no ra-ail

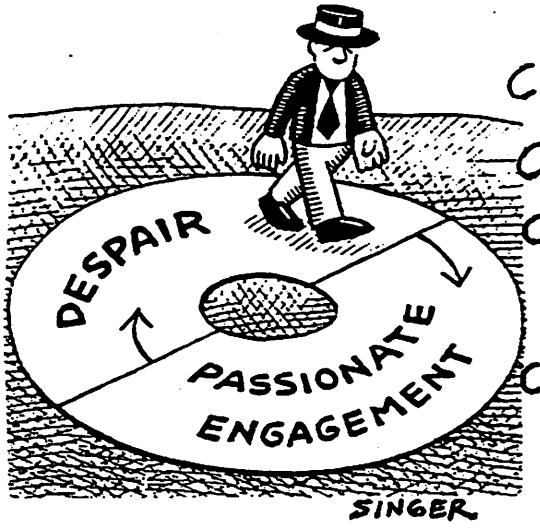
Pygmy Legend
A boy finds a bird with a beautiful song and brings him home. His father doesn't want to feed a mere bird, so he kills it. With the bird he killed the song, and with the song, himself. He was dead, completely dead, forever.

Well there is no rail
And there's no "because"
Though the body be strong
The spirit is law-aw

CH#3:
And the cart is on
A wheel
And the wheel is on
A hill
C D
And the hill is shifting
Em
Sand
C D
And inside these laws
Em
We stand

If we are lives
And souls to keep
If we are love
I hope we do not slee-eep
I hope we do not sleep
I hope we stay our ground
Hold fast to the mother
As she spins us 'round

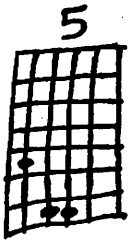
CH#3
Em
Hold fast to the mother
C G Em
Hold fast
C G Em
Hold fast to the mother
C G Em-C
Hold fa-ast
G Em
Hold fast
C G Em
Hold fast



CASCADIA

By Laurel Luddite

(All barre chords, punkrock feel. Each number refers to the fret where the A string is played by the first finger, while the third finger bars D and G two frets later. For instance, chord "5" has the first finger on A on 5th fret, third finger on D and G on 7th fret. Low E string is always open. Someday I'll learn what these chords are officially called [anyone feel inspired to write in?], but this works for us folkies!)



5 6 5 3 5 6
Cascadia rise in the dark of the night
5 6 3
When mist the mountain hides
5 6
Bear arms of barricades
3 5
And your body an ancient Fir
6
Unsheathe your claws and teeth again
3 5
Your soft heart to defend
6 3 5
But hold us close, the ones who wish you well

3 5 6 5
O-o-oh, when the 'dozer came
6 5
It ripped a road through a living thing
6 5 3 5
The forest connected through roots that they destroyed
3 5 6 5
O-o-oh, when the 'dozer comes again
6 5
We will arm ourselves with what it takes to win
6 3 5
In true defense, smashing sticks against the State
6 3 5
The monkey wrench, the match, our burning rage

(all quiet and emo-ish) fingerpicking
5
This will call for shadows
3 5
And the dark of the night
5
Running through shadows,
(raging again)
3 5
Cascadia rise!

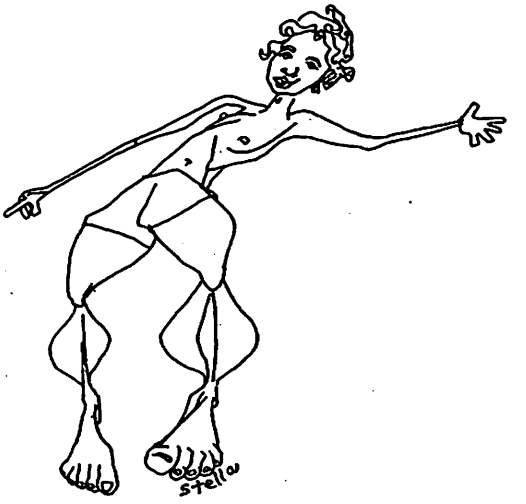
Children rise to the branches above
In our hearts, hatred grows from love
To see forests undisturbed,
The wisdom of the mountain's earth
destroyed in the last
days of the
Earth

CHESAPEAKE
By Kale Kalloch

G D C9 G D C9
I am a rolling stone, I am the Chesapeake
G D C9 - G - D - C9
I am not a fool
G D C9 G D-C9
And when I offer what I have to share
G D C9 G D-C9
I do it with my heart and so-o-oul

CHORUS:

D C9 G
You ask me what the hell am I thinking
D C9 G
I haven't had a clear thought all day
D C9 G
You want me to make you promises
D C9 G D-C9
I don't know how long I can staaaaaay



Big legs small tits
and
tall woman all the time
gophigyer

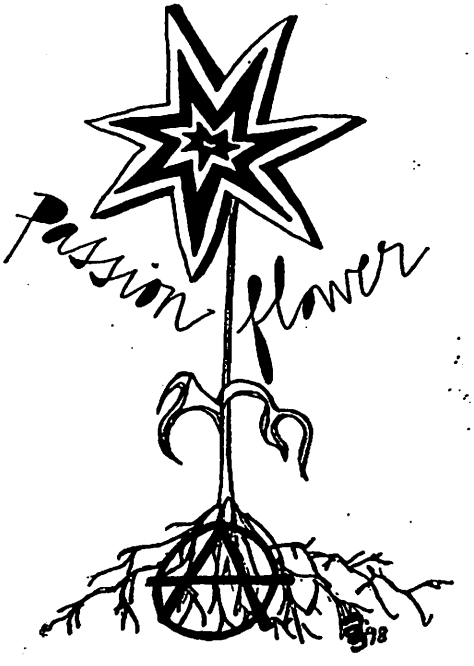
I am a riverboat, I am floating along
Full of smoke and music and laughter
I just might pick you up, I might float away
And I might not come back 'til some far away day

CH

I am not a mountainside for you to climb
I think I'm more like a river
I bring you fish and leave you shivering
I will not ask you for anything

CH

(Repeat first verse)



THE CLEARING
By Katya Chorover
(Capo on second fret)

(Fingerpicking)

G C G
Where have you gone, my darling young one?
G D
When was the moment you decided to run?
C G C G
Well the race is a long one and it might grind you down
C G D G
So I'll meet you in the clearing at the out skirts of town

G C G
Where have you gone, my darling young one
G D
The city's so quiet seems nobody's home
C G C G
Well the streets are all empty, in the night air
C G C G
But in the silent darkness, some mystery calls us
C G D G
To howl and remember, the wild ones out there

(Begin strumming, same chords as second verse)
Oh where have you gone, my darling young one?
The pavement shifts quickly beneath firing guns
And the babies are growin' to the reckless sounds
Of the TV blaring, talk radio daring
People to hate and forget to care

(First verse chords)
Oh where have you gone, my darling young one?
This is the moment I am choosing to run
Well the race is a long one, and it might grind me down
So I'll meet you in the clearing at the out skirts of town

(Second verse chords)
Yes that's where I'll find you, my darling young one
We'll dance till dawn and greet the rising sun
And if I didn't have you this world might grind me down
So I'll meet you in the clearing and we'll dance 'til the morning
Oh I'll meet you in the clearing at the outskirts of town

COAL TATTOO
By Billy Ed Wheeler
(Hazel Dickens does a great version of this on her album "A Few Old Memories".)

Am G Am
Travelin' down that coal-town road
C G Am
Listen to those rubber tires whine
Am C Am
Goodbye to buckeye and white sycamore
C G Am
I'm leavin' you behind

CHORUS:
C G C
I've been a coal miner all my life
C G F-G
Layin' down track in the hole,
C F C
Got a back like an ironwood bent by the wind
C G Am
Blood veins blue as the coal

Somebody said, "That's a strange tattoo
You have on the side of your head"
I said, "That's a blue print, left by the coal
Just a little more and I'd be dead"
And I love the rumble and I love the dark
I love the cool of the slate
But it's on down the new road lookin' for a job
It's the travelin' and lookin' I hate

CH

I've stood for the union, walkin' the line,
Fought against the company
Stood for the U. M. W. of A.
Now who's gonna stand for me?
I got no house and I got no pay
Just got a worried soul
And this blue tattoo on the side of my head
Left by the number nine coal

CH

Someday when I'm dead and gone
To Heaven, the land of my dreams,
I won't have to worry on losin' my job
To bad times 'n' big machines
I ain't gonna pay my money away
For pensions and hospital plans.
I'm gonna pick coal where the blue heavens roll
And sing with the angel bands

COLD MISSOURI WATERS

By James Keelaghan

(A true story of 13 Forest Service smoke jumpers who died fighting a forest fire, and how one man lived by climbing inside a fire circle he lit and letting the forest fire jump over him. Novel by Norman Maclean: "Young Men and Fire.")

C G C G
My name is Dodge, but then you know that
C G D
It's written on the chart there at the foot-end of the bed
C G C G
They think I'm blind, that I can't read it
C G D
But I've read it every word and every word it says is death
Em C D
So confession. Is that the reason that you came?
Em C D
Get it off my chest before I check out of the game
Em C D
Since you mention it, there's 13 things I'll name
Em D Em
13 crosses high above the cold Missouri waters

August '49, North Montana
The hottest day on record and the forest tinder dry
Lightning strikes in the mountains
I was crew chief at the jump base, I prepared the boys to fly
Pick the drop zone, C-47 comes in low
Feel the tap upon your leg that tells you when to go
See the circle of the fire down below
15 of us dropped above the cMw

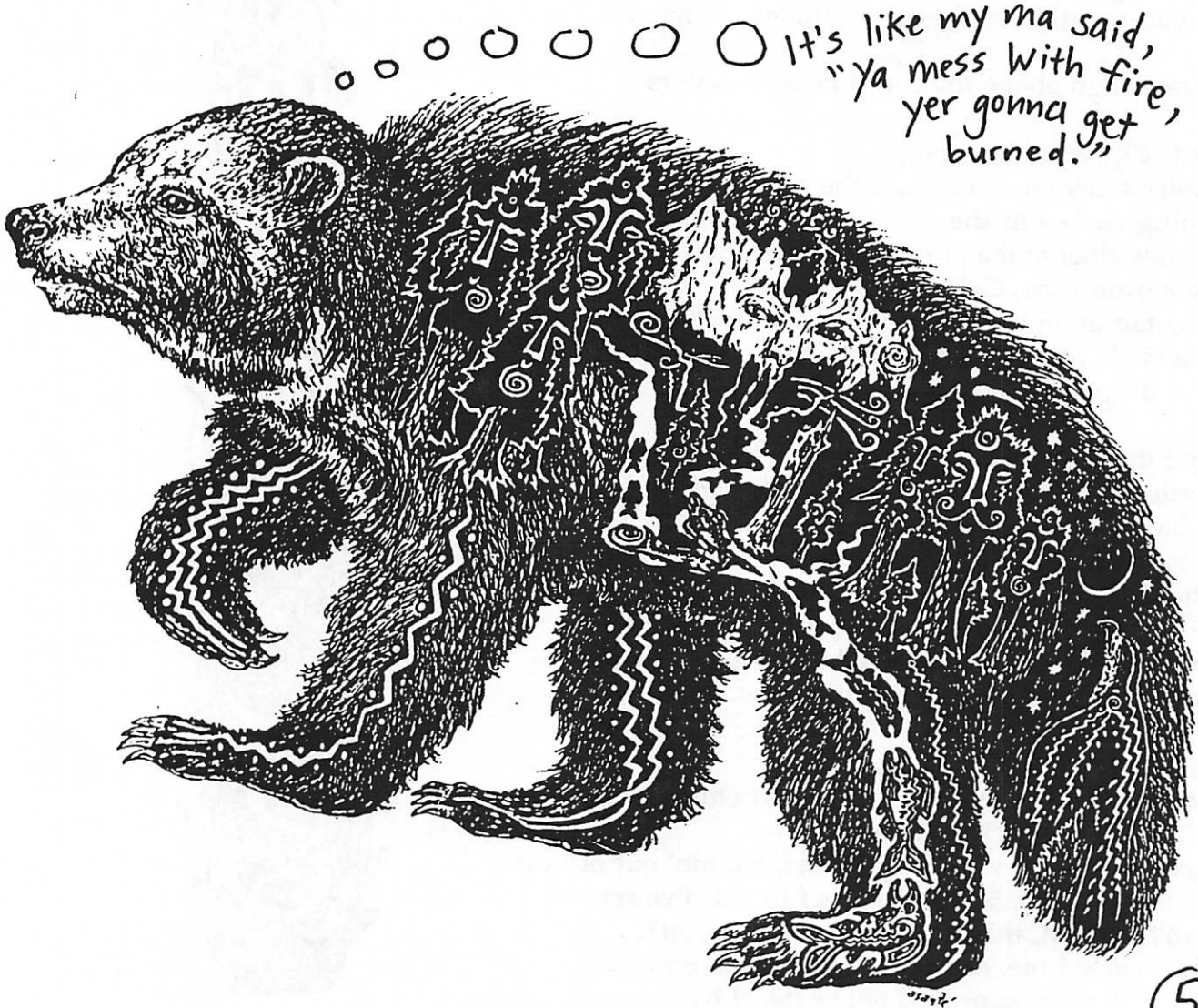
Gauged the fire, I'd seen bigger
So I ordered them to side-hill and we'd fight it from below
We'd have our backs to the river
We'd have it licked by morning even if we took it slow
But the fire crowned, jumped the valley just ahead
There was no way down, headed for the ridge instead
Too big to fight it, we had to fight the slope instead
Flames one step behind above the cMw

Sky it turned red, smoke was boiling
200 yards to safety, death was 50 yards behind
I don't know why, I just thought it
I struck a match to waste-high grass, runnin' out of time
I tried to tell them, "step into this fire that I've set
We can't make it, this is the only chance you'll get"
But they cursed me, ran for the rocks above instead
I laid face down and prayed above the cMw

And when I rose like the phoenix

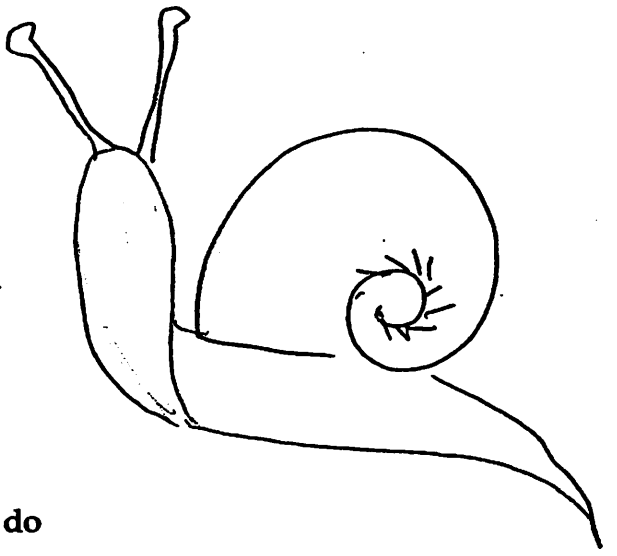
In that world reduced to ashes there were none but two survived
I stayed that night and one day after
Carried bodies to the river, wondered how I'd stayed alive
13 stations of the cross to mark their fall
I've had my say, I'll confess to nothing more
I'll just join them now, those that left here long before
13 crosses high above the cMw

13 crosses high above the cold Missouri shore



COLLARD GREENS AND SNAILS
By Antonia Lamb

G C
Times are getting harder, things are getting rough
D G
Folks out here are talking, 'bout how life is tough
G C
But out in my backyard is the answer to our prayers
D G
You and I can always eat collard greens and snails



CHORUS:
G C
Yum, yum, yum—collard greens and snails
D G
Go out to the backyard and pick yourself a pail
G C
Collard greens and snails, gettin' thin as rails
D G
You and I can always eat collard greens and snails

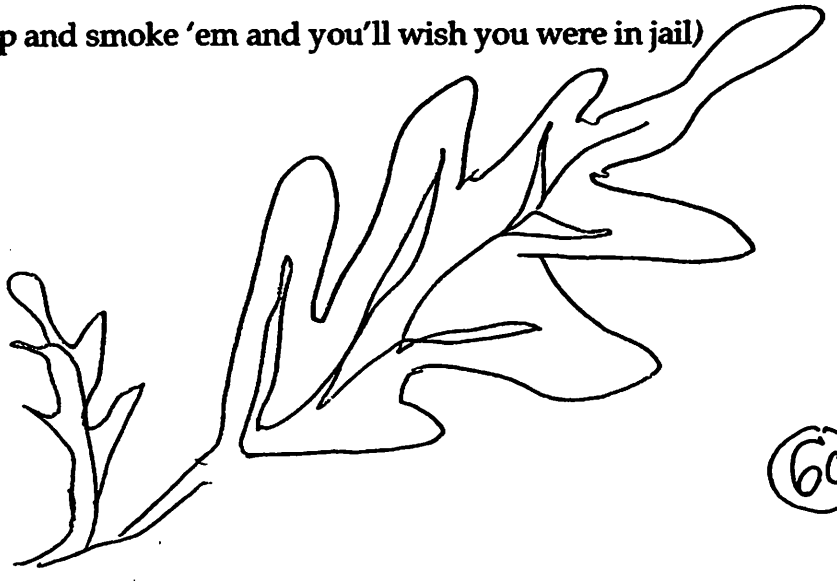
Store-bought food, it costs too much, I wonder what to do
Tried to grow a garden but the only thing that grew
Right out in our backyard, the supply that never fails
You and I can always eat collard greens and snails

CH (second line: Roll 'em up in cornmeal and fry their little tails)

Stuff it smoke, it costs too much, decided to grow my own
Everything was going great and all my seeds were sown
But out in my garden, the crop that didn't fail
Sixteen keys of collard greens and seven quarts of snails

CH *(second line:* Roll 'em up and smoke 'em and you'll wish you were in jail*)*

CH *(first version)*



COMMON ENEMY
By Blackfire
(Blackfire is a Native Dine (Navajo) punk band. This one is to a marching beat, sung like you live in a country that steals your land, rapes your mind and your people, forces you into poverty while it strips away your self-sufficiency, denies your identity, and continues to commit genocide.)

D# = open D

INTRO: D - D#-F

D D#-F-D D#-F
Arm yourselves with the truth, we're marching out of 500 years of lies
D D#-F-D D#-F ⟨D-D#-F-F#⟩ x2
Burning that bridge to the ground, it's been crossed one too many times
There's no money in our culture for your system, so all eyes turn to the youth
Their minds imprisoned, their thoughts convicted in schools ⟨D-D#-F-F#⟩ x2
D D# F F#
The voice of reason is sore from screaming
Tolerance mutes the cries now no ones listening
How can you live in the shadow of these lies?
Your life is outweighed by the greed in their eyes

Instrumental: D-D#-F ⟩x3 , D-D#

D D#-F D
They fear you so they shelter you with lies, to keep you from the truth of liberty D#-F
Kept us in the dark, now we got a light, we got a common enemy!
The voice of reason is sore from screaming, tolerance mutes the cries now no one's listening
How can you live in the shadow of these lies? Your life is outweighed by the greed in their
D-C-D#-D in their eyes D-C-D#-D in their eyes eyes
D-C-D#-D
in their eyes

D C D# D D C D# D
It's written in blood and on the walls
The bigger they are the harder they fall
What good is action when you only react
How can you tolerate the lies when you know the facts?

CHORUS:
D D# D D#
Unify, Defy!
D#
We got a common enemy ⟨D-D#-F-F#⟩x4
Unify, Defy!
We got a common enemy
(section x2)

(verse chords)
Why do we settle for lies when we know the truth
Why do we step aside when we witness the abuse
Why do we compromise when they've taken everything
Unify, Defy!...We got a common enemy

(First verse twice)

Unify, Defy!
Unify, Defy!
Unify, Defy!
Unify, Defy! We got a common enemy!

Instrumental: D-C-D#-D x4

Unify! Defy!
Unify! Defy!
Unify! Defy!
D C-D# D
UNIFY!

COMPANY TOWNS
By Katya Chorover

F C
From the hills of West Virginia
G Am
Come the stories of the mines
F C
Of the coal dust and the darkness
G Am
And of those who lost their lives
F C
There's a song they know so well there
F C
About the company slavery
G
They've sung in strikes for generations
Am
But still they're not free

In the streets of Detroit, Michigan
The wind blows frigid off the lake
And the factory lies empty now
No trucks and cars to make
Well the company packed it up and went
To some warmer kinder clime
While working men and women and their kids
Are left behind

CHORUS:

F C
(So you see) The company came in and they claimed
Am
This town as their own
G
They built supermarkets and banks and
Am
Streets filled with homes *(Variation: High-priced homes)*
F Am
They provided the goods the people had to buy
G
Did they think they were doing us a favor

Slicing up our lives

Like we're pieces of
Am
A company pie

And in the forests of the northwest

And the mill towns in the rain
This pattern we've been seeing
Seems it's always the same

The company liquidates their assets

Leaves a desert in our hills

And the work is getting scarcer

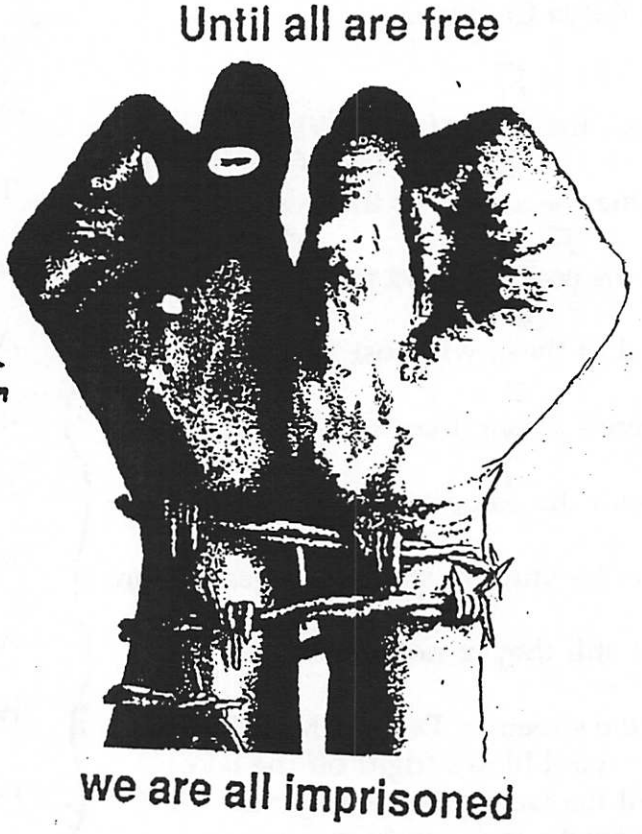
As they're closing down the mills
F C
They pile their freighters high with lumber
G Am
Asia bound, where profits please
G
And the people watch and wonder

Why we line the big boys' pockets

With the last of our old growth trees

CH

CONCRETE AND BARBED WIRE
By Lucinda Williams



G G
This wall divides us
C G
We're on two different sides
C G
But this wall's not real
C G
How can it be real?
G D G G
It's only made of concrete and barbed wire

CHORUS:
C G
Concrete and barbed wire
C G
Concrete and barbed wire
G D G
It's only made of concrete and barbed wire

G C G
Back in Algiers, my darlin' broke my heart
But he can't seem to break down this wall
With two strong hands he couldn't move it all
And it's only made of concrete and barbed wire

CH

G C G
Down in Opelousas, dogs are at the gate
And they're mean, Lord, they're mean
There's a wall between us, but it's not what it seems
It's only made of concrete and barbed wire

CH

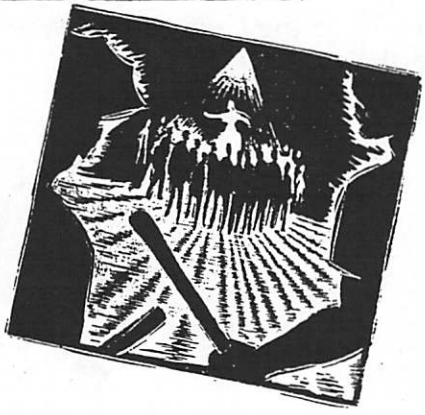
G C G
Somewhere in Louisiana, my sugar's doin' time
But he can't spend time with me
If he could just get over this wall he'd see
That it's only made of concrete and barbed wire

CH *(x2)*

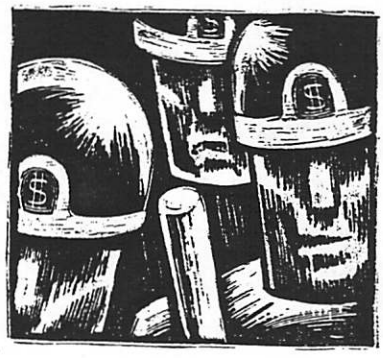
COPS OF THE WORLD
By Phil Ochs
(The more things change...)

E A E A
Come, get out of the way, boys
E A E E7
Quick, get out of the way
G C G C
You'd better watch what you say, boys
G C B7
Better watch what you say
E A
We've rammed in your harbor and tied to your port
E A
And our pistols are hungry and our tempers are short
E B7 E A G#m-A
So bring your daughters around to the port
B7 E
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys
B7 E
We're the Cops of the World

We pick and choose as we please, boys
Pick and choose as we please
You'd best get down on your knees, boys
Best get down on your knees
We're hairy and horny and ready to shack
We don't care if you're yellow or black
Just take off your clothes and lie down on your back
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys
We're the Cops of the World



Our boots are needing a shine, boys
Boots are needing a shine
But our Coca-Cola is fine, boys
Coca-Cola is fine
We've got to protect all our citizens fair
So we'll send a battalion for everyone there
And maybe we'll leave in a couple of years
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys
We're the Cops of the World



Dump the reds in a pile, boys
Dump the reds in a pile
You'd better wipe off that smile, boys
Better wipe off that smile
We'll spit through the streets of the cities we wreck
We'll find you a leader that you can't elect
Those treaties we signed were a pain in the neck
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys

We're the Cops of the World

Clean the johns with a rag, boys
Clean the johns with a rag
If you like you can use your flag, boys
If you like you can use your flag
We've got too much money we're looking for toys
And guns will be guns and boys will be boys
But we'll gladly pay for all we destroy
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys
We're the Cops of the World

Please stay off of the grass, boys
Please stay off of the grass
Here's a kick in the ass, boys
Here's a kick in the ass
We'll smash down your doors, we don't bother to knock
We've done it before, so why all the shock?
We're the biggest and toughest kids on the block
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys
We're the Cops of the World

When we butchered your sons, boys
When we butchered your sons
Have a stick of our gum, boys
Have a stick of our bubble-gum
We own half the world, oh say can you see
The name for our profits is "democracy"
So, like it or not, you will have to be free
'Cause we're the Cops of the World, boys
We're the Cops of the World

CORRECTIONS BY ASSASSINATION
By Angry Folk
(On this one you're supposed to scream real loud and the chord changes are pretty fast. All power chords; sing it pissed!)

Bb(flat) F
No education, locked away
Bb C
Same routine, every day
Bb F
They call it corrections, but this is hell
Bb C
And it's the state, in which they dwell
D A B
In a march to death
D A B
A march to death
D A B
A march to death

A march to death!!!

(Slide pick down guitar punk-rock style)

You question the judge, point out the flaw
Of the racism in this KKKourt of law
No money to mount the fight you need
Only rights for the wealthy in a system of greed
D A B
A death sentence
D A B
From the day you were born
A death sentence
From the day you were born!!!

(Keep moving toward 12th fret) C—D—E
C—D—E

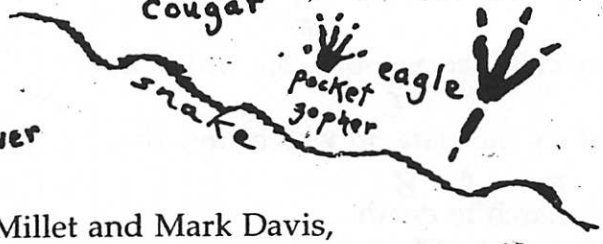
C D E
Meanwhile the upper class feasts
C D E
On the excess this inequality creates
C D E
Raising children filled with prejudice and lies
C D E
The cells hold back imprisoned CRIES!!!

Time ticks down with a date to die
Morning brings news -- another suicide
A hanging, a burning
Their death, our learning
D A B
For this to end!

THE COURAGE YOU'VE SHOWN

By Casey Neill

(This song appears on Casey's first album, "Pawprints," which is hard to come by these days. It's quite a collector's item. However, it just might be available through him or the Earth First! Journal.)



Bm D
With the blowing of the wicked wind,
A E
'Cross the land of fire and sage,
Bm D
On the growing of a movement,
A E
At the end of an age,
A E
Where the powers that be
D E
And the bosses of the industry,
Bm D
roll over our children's heritage,
A E
Across the landscape

With the rising tide of malice,
Across the badlands and Black Hills,
To keep alive tradition,
They had to stand with strong wills
The spirit of Anna Mae,
And Leonard Peltier in jail today
The stories of your struggles,
They carry us on

CHORUS:
A E
And ya may not see the tree rise
D E
From the seeds that you have sown,
A E
But in time down the line,
D E
She will be fully grown,
A E
And the great song of freedom
D E
'Round the world will be blown
D A
Oh-oh-oh,
E
The courage you've shown
D A E Bm
Oh-oh-oh, The courage...you've shown

Peg Millet and Mark Davis,
Who feel the Earth's green fire,
Set up by a false friend
Employed by the FBI
Activists are dangerous
To the workings of the big machine,
I praise the strength to stand
For the wonders you have seen

CH (...the great song of ecology...)

They'll haunt you with their lies,
Do all to divide good friends
But arm in arm we'll continue on
Until the destruction ends
They'll use incarceration and murder,
Deception and shade
But with enough love they'll never burn
The bridges we have made

CH (...the great song of justice...)

COWS WITH GUNS
By Dana Lyons

INTRO: Am—G-Am
Am—G-Am

Am
Fat and docile, big and dumb

They look so stupid, they aren't much fun
G Am
Cows aren't fun

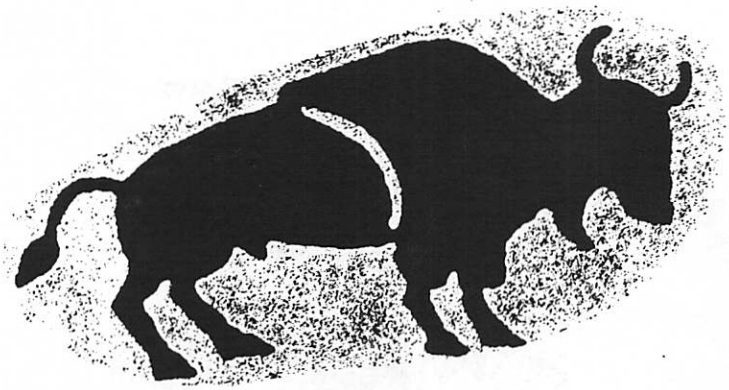
They eat to grow, grow to die
Die to be et at the hamburger fry
Cows well done
Nobody thunk it, nobody knew
No one imagined the great cow guru
Cows are one
He hid in the forest, read books with great zeal
He loved Che Guevera, a revolutionary veal
Cow Tse Tongue
He spoke about justice, but nobody stirred
He felt like an outcast, alone in the herd
Cow doldrums
He mooed we must fight, escape or we'll die
Cows gathered around, cause the steaks were so high
Bad cow pun

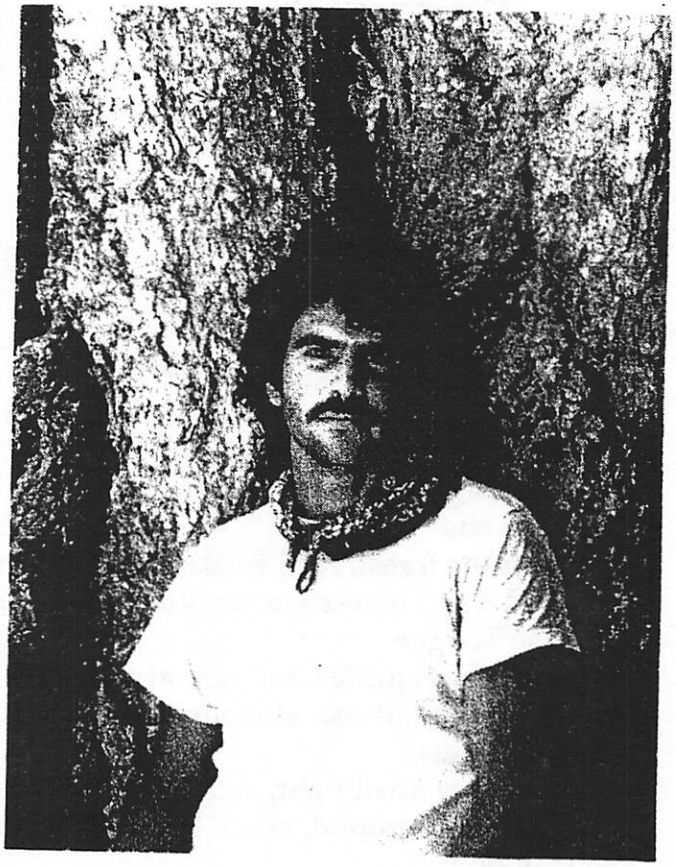
But then he was captured, stuffed into a crate
Loaded onto a truck, where he rode to his fate
Cows are bummed
He was a scrawny calf, who looked rather woozy
No one suspected he was packing an Uzi
Cows with guns
They came with a needle to stick in his thigh
He kicked for the groin, he pissed in their eye
Cow well hung
Knocked over a tractor and ran for the door
Six gallons of gas flowed out on the floor
Run cows run!

(Spoken) He picked up a bullhorn and jumped up on the hay
"We are free roving bovines! We run free today!"

CHORUS:

"We will F C fight for bovine freedom
E Am
And hold our large heads high





F C
We will run free with the Buffalo
E "
Or die...
Am
Cows with guns

They crashed the gate in a great stampede
Tipped over a milk truck, torched all the feed
Cows have fun
Sixty police cars were piled in a heap
Covered in cow pies, covered up deep
Much cow dung
Black smoke rising, darkening the day
Twelve burning McDonald's--
have it your way!

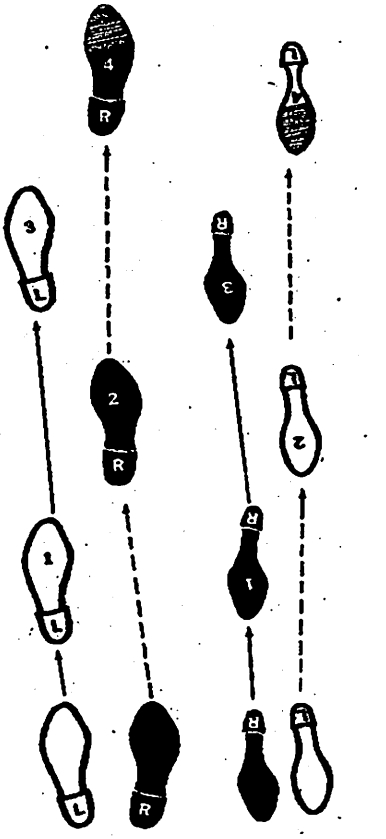
CH

The President said "Enough is enough --
These uppity cattle, it's time to get tough"
Cow dung flung
The newspapers gloated, folks sighed with relief
Tomorrow at noon, they would all be ground beef
Cows on buns
The cows were surrounded, they waited and prayed
They mooed their last moos, they chewed their last hay
Cows out-gunned

(Spoken) The order was given to turn cows to whoppers
Enforced by the might of ten thousand coppers
But on the horizon surrounding the shoppers
Came the deafening roar of chickens in choppers!

CH *(last line should end slowly and dramatically like you've got Dana's mariachi band backin' ya up.)*

DANCING ON THE RUINS (of Multinational Corporations)
By Casey Neill



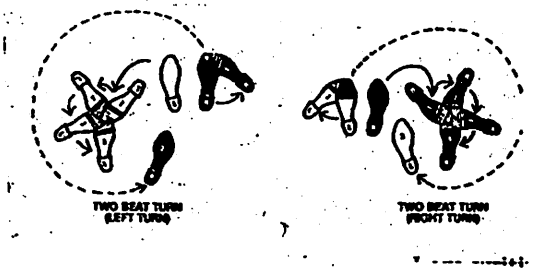
CHORUS:

G D C D
We're dancing on the ruins of multinational corporations
G D C D
Dancing on the ruins of multinational corporations
G D C D
Dancing on the ruins of multinational corporations
G C D
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!

Say goodbye to plastic and goodbye to cars
No more convenience stores hello to stars
No more Wall Street and no more Pentagon
Thinking about these things makes me happy

CH

Goodbye to polystyrene, we'll put an end to the waste
There's no time for debating, we've got to make haste
If we are going to survive without computer program minds
We're going to have to can pop culture
And say hello to campfires and stomping bare feet
And naked amoebas hungry to eat
Hello to primal consciousness and love for the land
Now that coyotes are running the country



CH

Sayonara to suburbia and well-manicured lawns
Bye bye to Barbie and Ken doll pawns
No more developers or slimeball execs
Your condos are on fire (FIRE!)

CH

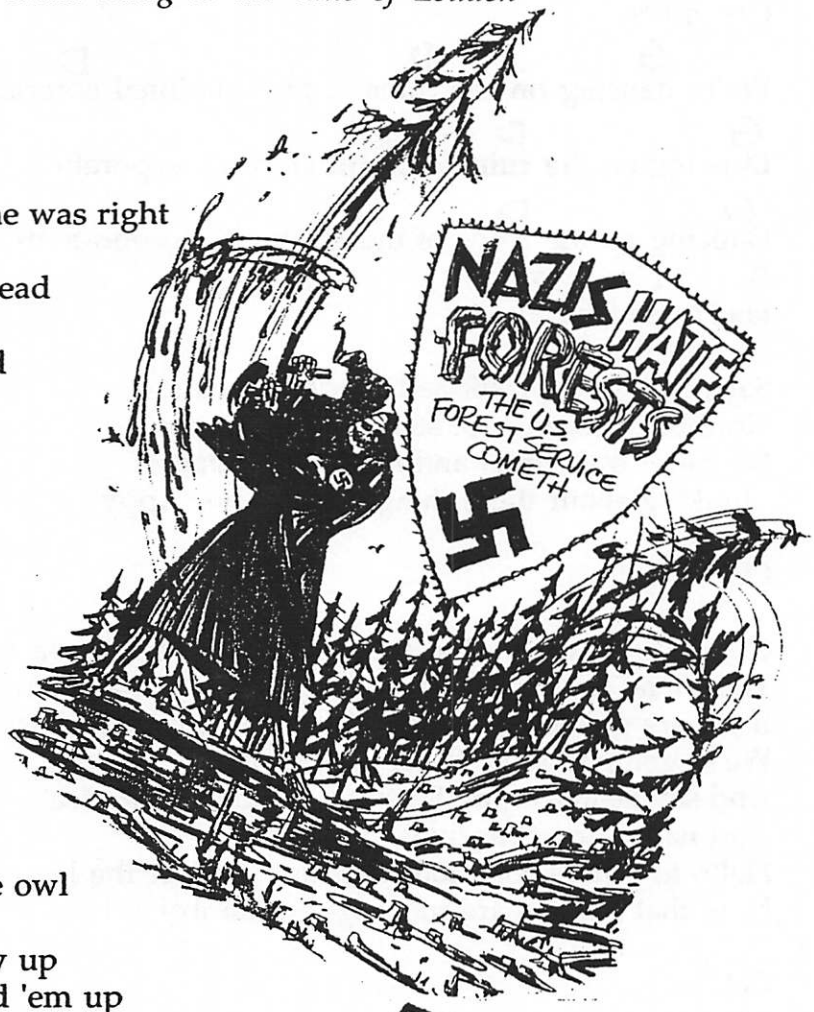
We'll frolic in the forest and have pagan deities
And when we've destroyed technology we all will be free
The pavement will be ripped up and the skyscrapers cut down
YES! We are coming for your children *(or: our parents)*

CH

DEAD FREDDIE
By Bunnie Rabid
(As they say, what goes around comes around. Sung to the tune of Louden Wainwright's "Dead Skunk.")

E B
Out in the clearcut late last night
A E
He could have been correct but instead he was right
E B
He didn't see the storm a-brewin' overhead
A E
Lightning struck him and now he's dead

CHORUS:
You got your...
E B
Dead Freddie in the middle of a clearcut
A E
Dead Freddie in the middle of a clearcut
E B
Dead Freddie in the middle of a clearcut
A E
Stinkin' to high heaven



Along came the buzzard, along came the owl
Along came assorted carrion fowl
The opossums ate Freddie 'til they threw up
The squirrels took his bones and gnawed 'em up

I guess you always knew that he would come to no good
And he ended up like you knew he should
But this Freddie didn't die in vain
He just became a part of the food chain

CH

Well you got your dead Curly s and you got your dead Moe s
You got your dead corporate CEO s
You got your dead cosmonauts in outer space
Whoops! There goes the whole human race

CH

(Make up other verses with ways that Freddie dies, like the next one by Beanpole)

Silly Freddie, trees are for owls! (71)

Freddie was out with his backpack sprayer on
Injectin' herbicide and whistlin' a song
Freddie turned around and tripped on a stump / And injected that herbicide up his rump

THE DIGGERS SONG
By Gerrard Winstanley (of the Diggers)
(Performed by Chumbawamba. For more on the Diggers, see Leon Rosselson's "The World Turned Upside Down," page .)

Em Bm
You noble Diggers all
Em
Stand up now
Bm
Stand up now
Em Bm
You noble Diggers all
Em
Stand up now
G
The wasteland to maintain
D
Seeing cavaliers by name
Em
Your digging does maintain
Bm
And persons all defame
Em
Stand up now
Em
Stand up now

Your houses they pull down
Stand up now
Stand up now
Your houses they pull down
Stand up now
Your houses they pull down
To fright your men in town
But the gentry must come down
And the poor shall wear the crown
Stand up now
Diggers all!

With spades and hoes and ploughs
Stand up now
Stand up now
With spades and hoes and ploughs
Stand up now
Your freedom to uphold
Seeing cavaliers are bold
To kill you if they could
And rights from you to hold
Stand up now
Diggers all!

The gentry are all round
Stand up now
Stand up now
The gentry are all round
Stand up now
The gentry are all round
On each side they are found
Their wisdom so profound
To cheat us of our ground
Stand up now
Stand up now

The lawyers they conjoin
Stand up now
Stand up now
The lawyers they conjoin
Stand up now
To arrest you they advise
Such fury they devise
The devil in them lies
And have blinded both their eyes
Stand up now
Stand up now

The clergy they come in
Stand up now
Stand up now
The clergy they come in
Stand up now
The clergy they come in
And say it is a sin
That we should now begin
Our freedom for to win
Stand up now
Diggers all!

'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests
Stand up now
Stand up now
'Gainst lawyers and 'gainst priests
Stand up now
For tyrants they are both
Even flat against their oath
To grant us they are loathe
Free meat and drink and cloth
Stand up now
Diggers all!

The club is all their law
Stand up now
Stand up now
The club is all their law
Stand up now
The club is all their law
To keep poor men in awe
But they no vision saw
To maintain such a law
Stand up now

Diggers all!

DON'T GET CAUGHT!
By Dragonfly
(All barre chords, fast and punk-style.)

INTRO: B-D-C-B (x3)
G-A-B (x3)

B Em Dm
You walk into the woods
A B
You see an Earth-rapin' machine
Em Dm
You'd like to stop that thing cold
A B
If you know what I mean
Em Dm
You'd like to see that hunk
A B
Of steel well-rusted
Em Dm
But watch your back --
A B
You might get busted
A B
No! Don't get busted

CHORUS:
D C B D C B D C B
Fuck shit up! Fuck shit up! Fuck shit up!
G A B G A B G A B
Don't get caught! Don't get caught! Don't get caught!

The caterpillar bulldozers are plowin' so fast
So little native forest left--it's not long to last
You want to do something to defend some old trees
But you better be careful--sabotage is a felony
Whoa! sabotage is a felony

CH *(Then jam verse and chorus chords.)*

Now some of us have a nonviolence code
And the worst thing that we'll do is take a pick-axe to a road
Or sit way up high in the old growth canopy
Chant and pray just like Gandhi
Pray just like Gandhi

CH

DOWNWARDLY MOBILE
By T.R. Kelley

G G
There's a man in a hard hat, leaning on a shovel,
G F G
Munching on a doughnut with his pants hung low
G G
Bitching to his buddies 'bout them bums on welfare,
G F G
He makes 20 bucks an hour on the government dole
G G
I myself, I used to work in retail
G F G
A-stockin' and a-sellin' and a-sweepin' the floor
G G
But my time is worth more to me than money,
G F G
So I ain't gonna work in the store no more

CHORUS:

D C G
Hey Mr. Boss-man, you don't own me,
D C G
I've dropped out and I'm doing fine
D C G
Bartering and scrounging and a-shoppin' at the Goodwill,
G F G
Downwardly mobile on the poverty line

I said fuck the Amerikan standard of living,
I can get by on a whole lot less
I live in a shack with my bike out back
And I ain't givin' nothin to the IRS

CH:
Hey Mr. Boss-man, you don't own me,
I've chosen the life of alternative ease
Sittin' in the sun and pickin' my guitar,
Eating top-ramen and government cheese

Well, it's not so much that I don't like working,
I get a lot of satisfaction from a job well done
But I won't waste my time doing something I hate,
There ain't no second chance when your lifetime's done

CH:
Call me a slacker on the government tip,
Call me a hippie and a no account bum
Curse me blue from your white-collar high rise,

I hate the way that your life is run,
Oh are you feelin' kinda empty when the working day's...done?

BRIDGE:
G
You gotta pay somebody money to do things you ain't got time to do because you are too busy earning money...
E G
(Repeat x4)

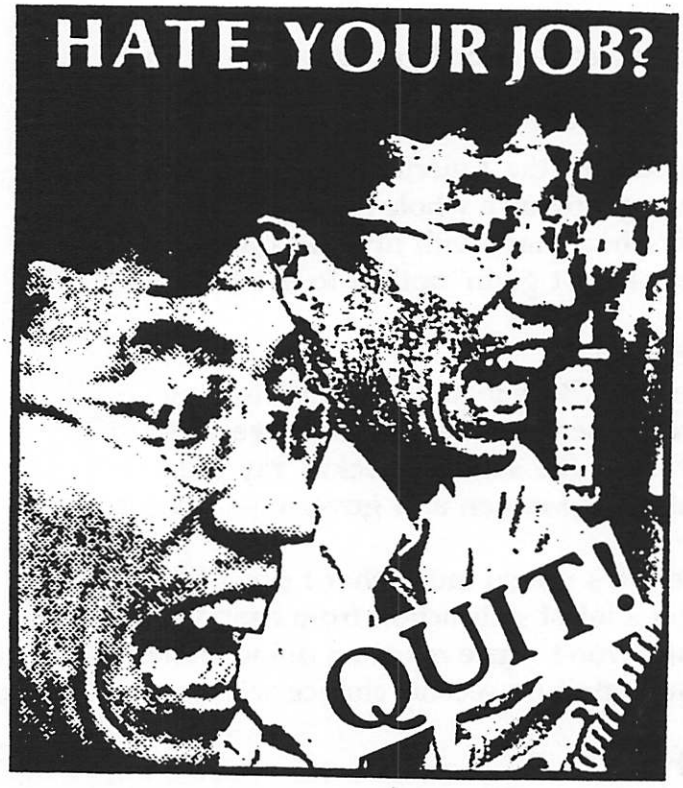
CH

Tax payin' working daddy upright citizens
Pay homage to the system at the shopping mall
Consumerama binge with plastic money,
Working 'til they're dead to pay for it all

Destroy the earth to make more doo-dads,
Get the economy higher than before
Growth for the sake of growth is cancer,
And when it's done there won't be no more,
When the Earth is destroyed there won't be no...more

Well you gotta have some money for the food and the rent,
But money can't buy what you really like
Start doing what you love, that's time that's well-spent,
'Cause time is the one thing you can't buy back

G F G
Time is the one thing you can't buy back
G F G
Time is the one thing you can't buy back
G F G
Time is the one thing you can't buy back
G F G
Time is the one thing you can't buy back



Self Sufficiency
NATION OF THIEVES
Through Shoplifting

DUMPSTER DIVING FOREVER
By Florida Youth Gone Wild! crew
(To the tune of the well-known labor union song "Solidarity Forever")

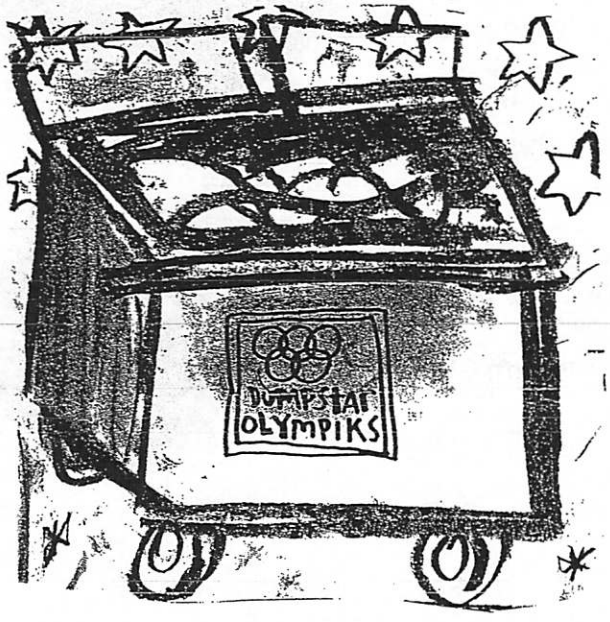
C F C
Is there ought we have in common with the greedy parasite
C G C
Besides that we eat of his dumpsters every night?
C F C
Is there anything left for us? Open the lid and take a bite
G C
For the donuts make us strong!

CHORUS:
C F C
Dumpster diving forever
C G C
Dumpster diving forever
C F C
Dumpster diving forever
C G C
For the donuts make us strong!

They have wasted untold millions and they waste more everyday
While the workers keep producing, they keep throwing it away
But the freegans are uniting and we vow to never pay!
For the donuts make us strong!

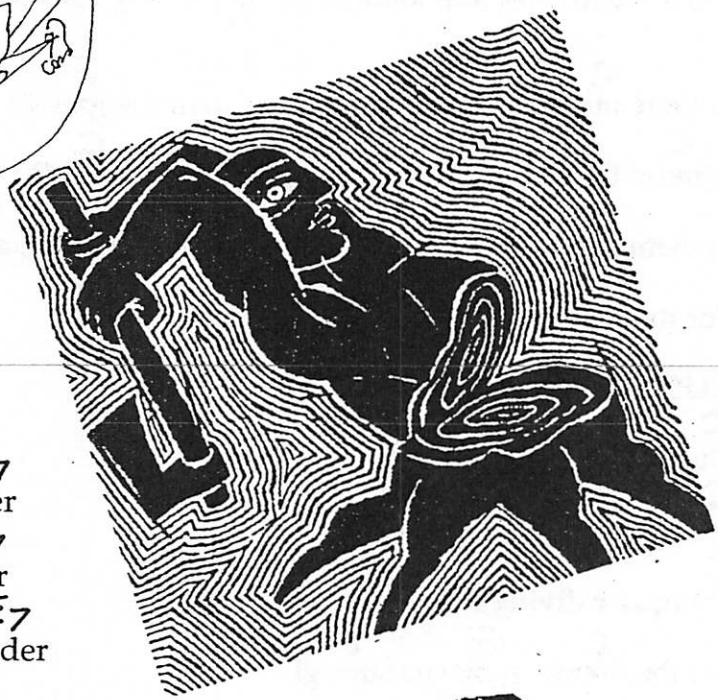
CH

We may be industry-dependant hypocritical leeches
But while you work to buy carob organic wheat-free brownies,
we'll be swimmin' at the beaches
And when "green" consumerism dies, we'll be making freegan speeches
For the donuts make us...sick!



EARTH FIRST! (We'll Log the Other Planets Later)
By Darryl Cherney

E7
My daddy was a logger
A7 E7
And I'm a logger's son
A7
My boy will be a logger
E7
Until the logging's done
B7
This planet Earth she's pretty good
A7
She got a lot of fine wood



CHORUS:
E7 A7 E7
Earth First! we'll log the other planets later
A7 E7
Earth First! we'll log the other planets later
B7 A7 E7
Got to get back, report to my boss Darth Vader

Now you know Darth Vader
He's not such a bad guy
He got a bad rap in the media
And you know how they lie
You know that he set me free
Free to cut that tree

CH

So I got out of my log cabin
And jumped into my log spaceship
Going loggin' with the Empire
Clearcut where the Ewoks live
Hey even Star Trek got a job
They went and cut the Captain's log

CH
B7 A7 E7
Got to get back, report to my boss Darth Vader
B7 A7 E7
Earth First! we'll log the other planets later

THE EEL RIVER SONG
By Patrick Oliver
(Play fast)

E A E
I went down to the riverside and gazed into the pools
B
Where the water is still, shaded and cool
E A E
And I can see the swarm of those fingerlings
B E
I can hear those baby coho salmon sing (they were singin')

CHORUS:
The mighty Eel River will flow free
From the northcoast mountains to the open sea
The waters will run cold and clear
And the coho salmon will once again spawn here

But the road-building never stops
And the mud just pours off of the mountaintops
They keep draggin' out every last old growth tree
Choking the Eel River with turbidity

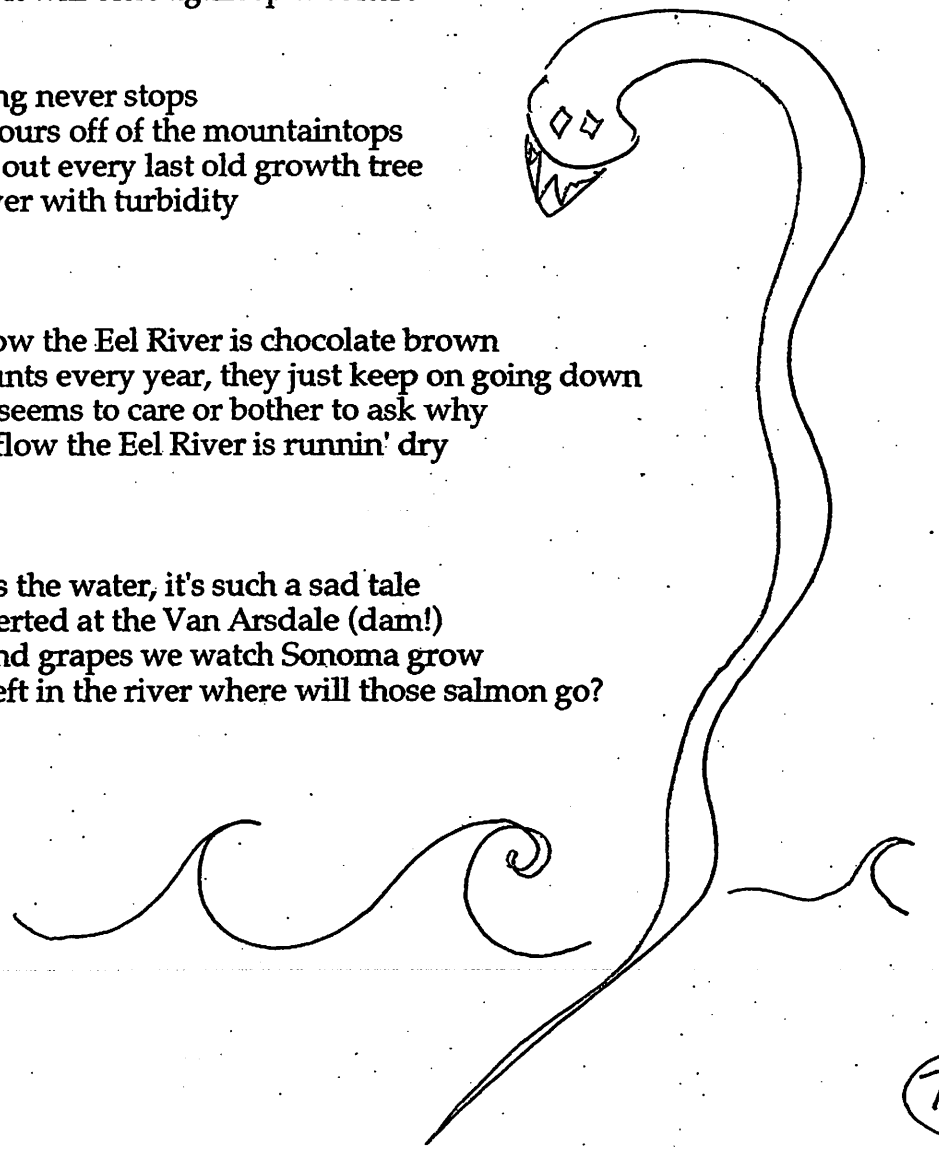
CH

In the late winter flow the Eel River is chocolate brown
And the salmon counts every year, they just keep on going down
And almost no one seems to care or bother to ask why
In the late summer flow the Eel River is runnin' dry

CH

And the south steals the water, it's such a sad tale
The Eel River is diverted at the Van Arsdale (dam!)
For condos, malls and grapes we watch Sonoma grow
But with no water left in the river where will those salmon go?

CH

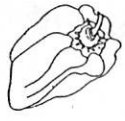


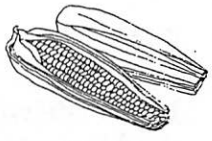
EMMA'S GARDEN
By Casey Neill

(There was a More Gardens! parade late night one winter solstice through the urban jungle of Manhattan, Lower East Side. We arrived at one of the squatted community gardens and spilled into it off of ~~the~~ hard paved street, joining the junkart sculptures and herbs and weeds and veggies. There was a big ragin' campfire in the center of the garden and people sang Earth chants; we forgot about NYC. The tall buildings around us were like the trees of Headwaters, same moon, same soil. For those small moments there in our patch we lived in Wilderness. --ed.)

C Am
In a vacant lot on 8th street, a woman digs in the asphalt
C Am
Crumbling it away to unveil the forgotten ground
G C
Broken bottles & shredded tires, used needles and gun shells
Am C D
With her hands she bears raw beauty, a fire you cannot quell

CHORUS:
F G C↑
And the leaves grow greener in Emma's garden, and
F G C↑
The roses grow redder in Emma's garden
F C F C
Impossible color.....fed by impossible love





They painted murals on the walls, a junk sculpture for a fountain
What some throw away, others call fine art
She planted herbs in spirals, said a prayer for each seed
And once a month at twilight comes to bleed

CH

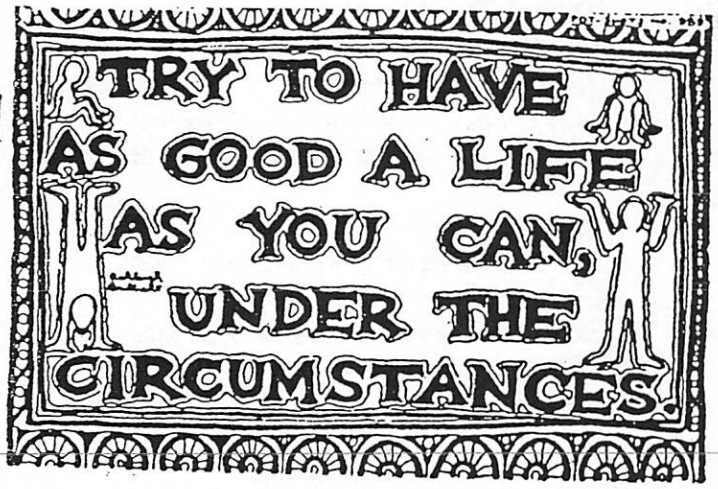
BRIDGE:
D C
Gardeners are warriors and PEACE IS THE ONLY VICTORY
D C
With dirt under the nails and fingers deep in the loam
D C
A quiet revolution, an example so fine
Bflat (Bb) Am F C
A proud, compassionate people in a cynical time

And it's well they remember the Chico Mendez garden and
It's well they nourish (nurture) 100 more in its name
Even in this city where the shadows seem victorious
The sunflowers stand tall and put them all to shame

CH

END OF THE WORLD
By Danny Dolinger

G C9 G - C9
I've got a job and I've got a lot to do
G C9 G-C9
I think in this life my work will never be through
Em D
When folks are aware and they just don't care
C
How so much is consumed by so few
G C9 G-C9
And I like to soak my feet in the morning dew



Oh I like to sing and take time to play my guitar
Lie on a bank and watch for a falling star
Forget all the mayhem and utter destruction
That's tearing the planet in two
And I want to spend the end of the world with you

Well it's hard on my heart to see people who should have the best
Give up so much to improve life for all of the rest
Well I feel your heart ache and I'm proud that you don't break
And if your dream for the Earth don't come true
Then I want to spend the end of the world with you

BRIDGE:

Em D
Well there's so little hope, almost no way to cope
C
And often crying's the right thing to do
Am C
Or shouting in anger at the temples of power
G D
But laughter's important too...

So let's take today and go out and play in the sun
Dedicate one single day to nothing but fun
This may be the last spring that we get a chance to
Sing songs of gratitude
And I want to spend the end of the world with you
G C9 G C9 - G
I want to spend the end of the world with you.....with you

EXTINCTION
By John Seed
(John Seed lives in Australia, but his deep ecology work has been felt 'round the world. He plays with Dana Lyons on a live recording for kids [and adults]: "At Night They Howl at the Moon." If you ever get a chance to partake in one of John's "Council of All Beings" workshops, just do it!)

Am
Oh yes, there's just one thing more,
G
Extinction howls outside the door
F
And no matter what you say
E
It's a hell of a price to pay
Am
For security
G
And when you see species tumbling down
F
Ask yourself what's real—estate agent or E gene pool?

Blade poised at my mother's throat
Nuclear umbrella shields my soul
Yellow-cake Bob got my vote
Roxby Downs pays wage or dole
To be or not to be?
The final choice
Ecology or extinction? Raise your voice

Ever since they heard the news
Sisters and brothers sing the blues
Share despair, fear and sorrow
Loving each other like there's no tomorrow
Or yesterday
We pray: "May there be peace on Earth
Ecology, ecstasy, evolution"

Sap coursing through a mammal branch
Touches you, a trembling human leaf
Send your roots back through the Tree of Life
Shedding false humanistic belief
You fall to your knees
In some still natural place
Embrace the trees, feel ecology pierce your heart

Sing first four lines of first verse

FACES IN STONE
By Katya Chorover
(Katya plays this in DADGAD tuning, but here's our stab at chords in traditional tuning.)

C-G-D x2
INTRO: C-G-C-G-C-G-D

C G D
Clouds fan out
C G D
Above the plains
C G D
We are driving through a place
C G D
Where the rock is carved to cave
C G D
Rock carved to cave

They've carved the faces of men
In the hills of South Dakota
They mounted faces of stone
Upon the sky
Upon the sky

CHORUS:
C G
But the faces of the coyote
C D
And a black bear as she stands
C D
They're the faces in stone
C G
Carved by the Earth
C G D
They're the ones that we see in this land
C G D
They're the ones that we feel in this land

An old abandoned homestead
Roof holes leaking moonlight
And all that remains are the memories
Of somebody else's life
Somebody else's life
The spirits whisper in the wind here
As we travel down this road
The spirits whisper in the wind here
And we know we are not alone
We know we are not alone

CH:
We see faces of coyote and
A black bear as she stands
They're the faces in stone
Carved by the Earth
The ones that we see in this land
They're the children of this land

Well the scab lands rise
And the grasslands roll
And somehow through this dry land
The river still flows
The river still flows
The farmer's shorn the field
Cutting the grain for feed
And how this harvest comes at all
Is a mystery to me
It's a mystery to me

And somewhere high in those rock caves
There are paintings on the walls
Driving seventy miles an hour
And still I can hear your call
I can still hear your call
I can hear your voices
Singing as you pray
I hear your voices
You are singing as you pray
You are standing as you pray
You are singing
Singing

CH:
To the spirit of the coyote
To the black bear
As she stands
To those faces in stone
Carved by the Earth
They're the ones that we feel in this land
They're the children of this land
The spirit of this land
The spirit
The spirit

FAREWELL TO CLAYOQUOT SOUND
By The Wyrd Sisters (Kim Baryluk/Nancy Reinhold)
(The Wyrd Sisters usually perform this song in the key of F#m, although it is recorded on their CD "Inside the Dreaming" in Fm. Nancy plays it in Em with a capo on the second fret, making the key F#m, and the chords have been written this way.)

Em
On Vancouver Island, a forest so old
Am D C D
The last of her kind, she is mighty and bold
Em
But the big blades now are mowing her down
Am C D Em
Farewell, farewell to Clayoquot Sound

Well the NDP had made a big noise
Trying to play the big games with all the big boys
So they sold out her soul for hardly a cent
The raw timber's cut and elsewhere is sent

CHORUS:
C D Em
Blow the bridge down, blow the bridge down
C G D Em
In the dead of the night sink it into the ground
Am Em C D
For the sake of the soul of Clayoquot Sound
D Em
Take a deep breath and blow the bridge down

Upwards of thousands have stood in the way
But police just come and take them each day
And the government too has its own saws
They're changing the charges by changing the laws

CH, *then jam solo*

What of the spirits that live in the trees?
What of the life, the quiet, the breeze?
And what of our planet when it's stripped to the ground?
Farewell, farewell to Clayoquot Sound

CH *x3*

What of our planet when it's stripped to the ground?

Farewell, farewell to Clayoquot Sound...

FENCE
By Blackfire
(A ska-punk type vibe, moderately fast speed.)

Em C B
A fence divides a people
Em C B
A people divide themselves
Em C B
Trying not to lose hope
Em C B
When you've lost everything else
A fence divides a people
Changing a way of life
I can't understand
I can't seem to justify

CHORUS *(chorus have harder punk sound than the ska-style verses)*::
Instrumental: Em—C-Em—C-B x2
Em C
Why would someone build a fence
Em C B
Tell me to choose a side
Em C
Take away my freedom
Em C B
And expect me not to fight

Trying to stop what you haven't started
Sleeping for someone else's dream
Trying to find the truth
It gets too hard to believe
A house cannot stand
When its people are on their knees
It's no way to live
It's no way to be free

CH

JAM *(keeping punkier sound going)*: Em-C-F x4, then back to ska
Em C
Stand
Em C
Don't walk away
Em C
It's just another way
Em C
To keep us fighting amongst ourselves

Em C Em
The only things holding up a wall
Em
Are the people...who don't tear it down!
(punk it up here)
Em C F Em C F
Respect builds unity but not on a foundation of lies
Em C F Em C F
It's hard to find the truth when you're forced to choose a side

CH

(pause, slower reggae vibe to first verse chords)
They're fencing in the horizons
We'll still be here tomorrow
But when you've lost your dreams
Your freedom will follow
A fence divides a people
A people divide themselves
The only things holding up a wall
Are the people who don't tear it down

(bring the tempo back up)
CH

(Stay punky for the rest of the song. Sing first verse words to the chords of Em—B—F*)*
Em...
Why would someone build a fence
Em...
Tell me to choose a side
Em...
Take away my freedom
Em
And expect me not to fight

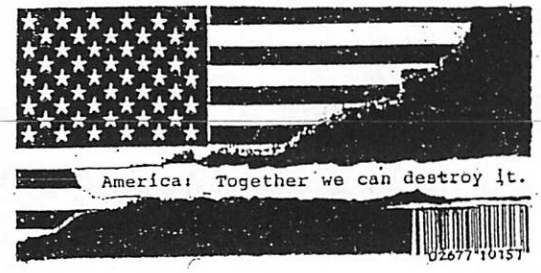
JAM: Em - B - F x4
Em B
Stand
F Em B-F
Don't walk away
Em B-F-Em B-F-Em
Tomorrow is another day!

FLAG DESECRATION RAG
By David Rovics

(some Vets may be offended at this song being in this book, but that's not our aim — the aim is to call the flag & this fascist Amerikkka like we see it.)

G
They tried to pass an amendment in the U.S. Congress
C
Seems these thugs have some grievance to redress
G
They said we all must pledge allegiance, 'cause that is what they need
Am
We may not desecrate their symbol of hypocrisy and greed

CHORUS:
F G C
But the flag is just a rag
F G C
The flag is just a rag
F G C
Just a worn-out, tired, dirty, blood-soaked rag



Pledge allegiance to the symbol, well how about the deed
Allegiance to democracy or blind authority
It's a flag of war from L.A. to Vietnam
It desecrates itself each time the Air Force drops a bomb

CH (Yeah, the flag is just a rag...)

Like they say in Mexico*, "Yankee Go Home!"
Uncle Sam and his club thinks the world's there to roam
And to make the point well they do the traditional thing
Light a match and let freedom ring

CH ('Cause the flag is just a rag...)

So burn it, stomp it, tear it up or at least hang it upside-down
Tie it to your foot and drag it on the ground
Let everybody know how many lives are gone
'Cause of idiots who said, "My country, right or wrong"

CH (Yeah, the flag is just a rag...)

Any flag worth a shit was woven from fire in the first place
-michael franti

*Fill in the blank (i.e. Serbia, Puerto Rico, Big Mountain, Iraq, Colombia, etc.)

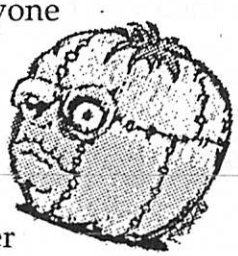
FOOD 'N' HEALTH 'N' HOPE
By Seize the Day

A
Those Polar Bears now, who really cares now?

E
They're breedin' gender-bendin' babies, who won't be breedin' none

'Cos PCBs, yeah! Are in the seas, yeah!

A
We like to think that there's a little piece of us in everyone



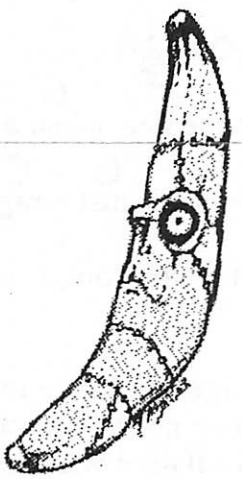
CHORUS:

A
'Cos we're Monsanto! -- That's right, Monsanto!

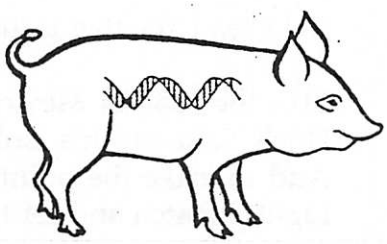
We're turning Satan into Santa, by givin' kiddies cancer

E
Comin' through now -- we're changin' YOU now

A
The mother-nature terminators of Food 'n' Health 'n' Hope

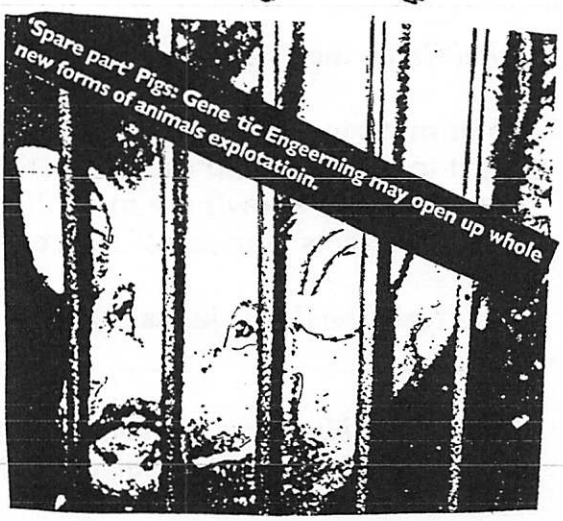


That DDT ban, don't lay it on me man!
'Cos we had all these creepie-crawlies fallin' on the food we grew
Was a revolution...ary solution,
It's just a shame that what we sprayed on made the turnips toxic too!



Let me remind yer 'bout Indo-china
Them commie dominos were fallin', so we sprayed 'em into Hell!
Gave peasant farmers , Orange pajamas
We made their jungle-cover wither, then we withered them as well!

CH



It's not our fault there's chemical warfare,
But if there's dollar$ in dioxin it's our duty to supply
That rain of poison, they washed our boys in,
A Cancer Agent from the C.I.--Hey!--I cannot tell a lie!

From Pentagon came that drug Aspartame,
Our Pepsi-Cola with no calories was every kiddie's treat!
Then there were rumours it gave 'em tumours
Somebody falsified the data and we called it NutraSweet!

And you get more juice now from a Dairy Moo-Cow,
Monsanto's daily dose of hormones, them udders gonna swell!
Don't blame the cream though, if you're in chemo
There may be B.S.T. mastectomies, but nobody can tell!

NEW WORLD ORDER INC.
Bio-engineering for business

CH

Robert Shapiro! Well he's our hero!
He's on a mission with a vision of sustain-ability
Which means we're goin' to keep on growin'
'Til we're the biggest corporation in the 21st Century

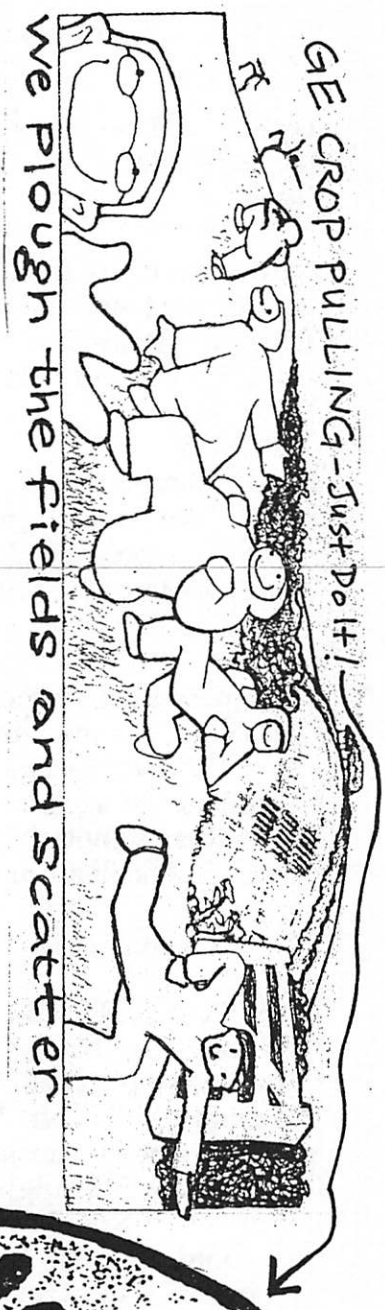
MONSANTO CEO Shapiro

Seein' no future for the big polluters
We span an eco-friendly line in re-designin' DNA
Genetic eyes on that far horizon
Where every thing alive is privatized and every seed'll pay!

We've got the soya, we've got the lawyers,
The politicians in our pockets all the way to President
The press and TV, to guarantee the
Co-operation of your nation in our new experiment!

You did not choose it, but you'll have to use it,
We'll get our Round-up Ready fingerprints in every pie you eat,
With every patent, be a bit more blatant,
'Til our Corporation's domination of your Globe'll be complete!

END CH:
Mister Monsanto! Monster Mutanto!
We're turning Satan into Santa - Give Everybody cancer!
Comin' through now, we're changin' YOU now
The Mother-Nature Terminators,
Hell-on-earth creators,
Gene-manipulators,
Biotech dictators,
(Sing slowly & melodramatically) The future's gonna hate us...
(Spoken--perky and cheezey) Food 'n' Health 'n' Hope!



FOOD NOT BOMBS!
By Desert Rat
(Rap)

In the shadow of the military installation
And police baton that rule over my nation
There are fighters with a mission in the grid-locked street
And they are working to ensure that people still can eat

CHORUS:
Food!...not bombs!...we're gonna take the streets and ransack the dumpsters
Food!...not bombs!...we're gonna tie ya to a table and feed your face, with
Food!...not bombs!...'cause those guns and nukes cause indigestion
Food!...not bombs!...we're gonna fill up all the tummies in the human race

Some people try to put us down
But let me tell you about what's comin' around
We got a great big pot of sweet potato stew
We got some bagels and some muffins and salad too
When there's enough in the land to go all around
There ain't no justifyin' hunger when the sun goes down

CH (And we are...)

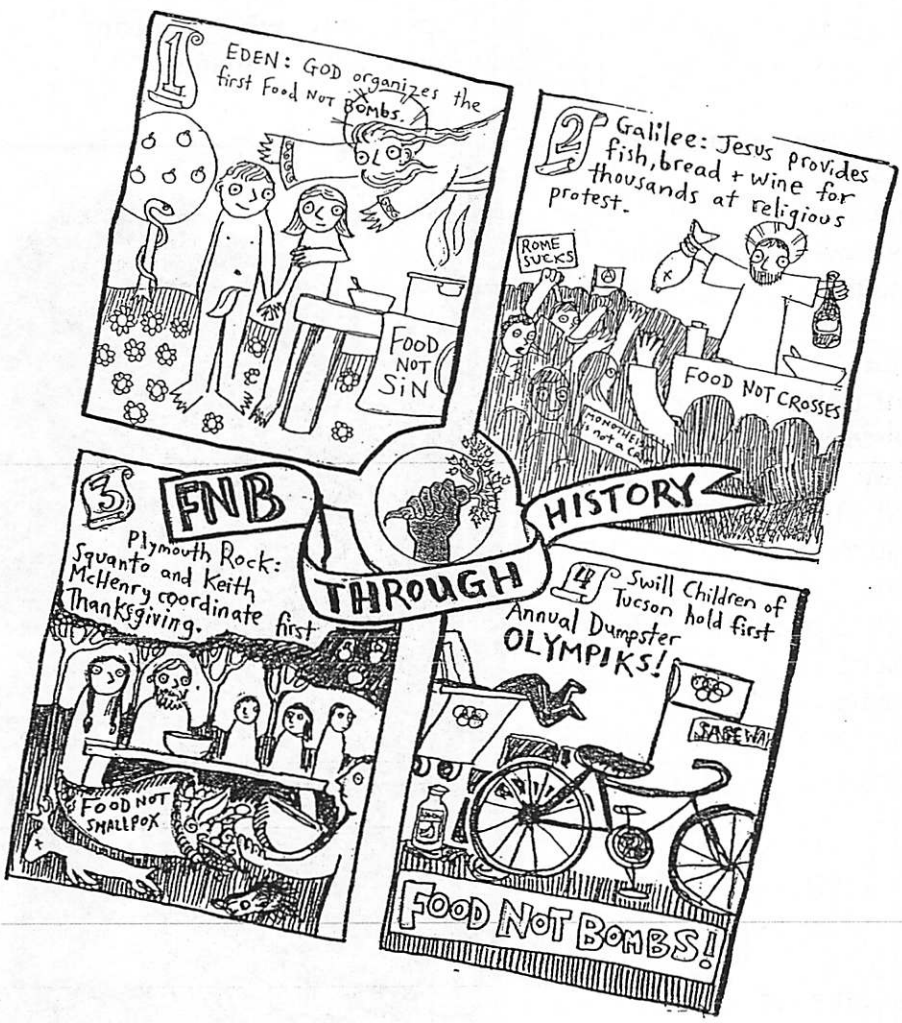
Now Weed and Seed hit my city yesterday
And the Sal-a-vation Army kitchen started to say,
"You need a picture ID or you won't get fed,
We gotta start keepin' track of where the homeless people tread,
We have to keep a close eye on the under class,
Or someday they might decide to organize and whoop our ass!"
We are Food Not Bombs!, we don't care who you are
You could be sleepin' in a gutter, livin' in your car
You could be tight for rent and up against eviction
Or be runnin' from your ninth felony conviction
We will sit you down with a plate of food
And watch a home-cooked meal elevate your mood
And if John D. Rockerfeller himself walks up
To our picnic line, we're gonna say, "yo wassup?"
Have a bowl of vegan soup, you crook
And next time come on over to the kitchen and cook!, with...

CH

Now we never serve genetically-engineered
Food stuffs if we can help it, that shit is weird
We're talkin' cucumber mosaic virus out on the loose
With some pretty fuckin' scary recombinant juice
That little bug is always itchin' to infect a host

Every gene pool on the planet's gonna be toast
I'm talkin' shellfish proteins in tomato sauce
And Monsanto Corporation playin' planetary boss
They put your children's future in the Terminator seed
And they poison you with Round-up as if you were a weed
You have to fight the corporation every inch of the mile,
From the factors of production to the produce aisle
Uproot the crop and burn the tractor!
Monkeywrench the trash compactor!
Shoplift from the supermarket chains!
Every dollar that they profit is your people's pain
But every nickel that you save on your criminal spree
Is gonna help rebuild your local mom-and-pop economy
Tear up their toxic parking lots!
And replace them with some all-organic garden plots, to grow…

CH



FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN
By Francine Allen
(Sing acapella. Dedicated to David Gypsy Chain, 1974-1998.)

What does it mean
To lay your body down
For what you believe in
What does it mean
To lay your body down
For what you believe in
What does it mean
To give your life for a cause
That you believe in
He knew what it means
Tell me, do you know what it means

What does it mean
To stand up and speak your mind
About what you believe in
What does it mean
To stand up and speak your mind
About what you believe in
What does it mean
To be a warrior with your words
For what you believe in
I know what it means
Tell me, do you know what it means
I know what it means

What does it mean
To join hands and unite
For what you believe in
What does it mean
To join hands and unite
For what you believe in
What does it mean
To be a movement of peaceful soldiers
For what you believe in
I know what it means
Tell me, do you know what it means
I know what it means

What does it mean
To raise your fist in the air
And shout what you believe in
What does it mean
To raise your fist in the air
And shout what you believe in
What does it mean
To defend this sacred Earth
That's what we believe in

I know what it means
Tell me, do you know what it means
I know, you know what it means

What does it mean
To lay your body down
For what you believe in
What does it mean
To lay your body down
For what you believe in
What does it mean
To give your life for a cause
That you believe in
They knew what it means
David Chain knew what it means
Judi Bari knew what it means
Yes, Gypsy knew what it means
They knew what it means

Gypsy 1974-1998

FREE THE AIR
By Phil Free

Am Cm G Am
Well I don't know what I'm seeing here but I know it's all wrong
Am Cm G Am
There's a lie within my eye, I been lookin' way too long
Am Cm G Am
But I fear it will all be gone before I've finished this song
Am Cm G Am
And to sing it will be a crime, better sing it while I got the time

CHORUS:
Am Cm
Free the land, free the air
G Am
Free speech for our people everywhere
Am
You cannot take what we won't give
G Am
And we're taking back our right to live

Am Cm G Am
And I know it's better to die on my feet, than live on my knees
Am Cm G Am
Better to die fighting on my feet than continue living on my knees

I don't know what I'm hearing here, somethin' about a choice
Somewhere in the static the people have a voice
And somewhere behind the wall is the sound of corporate down fall
But to resist is still a crime, better scream it while we got the time

CH#2:
Free the land free food for all,
Not gonna watch each other crawl
You cannot take what we won't give
And we're taking back our right to live
And I know it's better to die on my feet than live on my knees
Better to die fighting on my feet than continue living on my knees

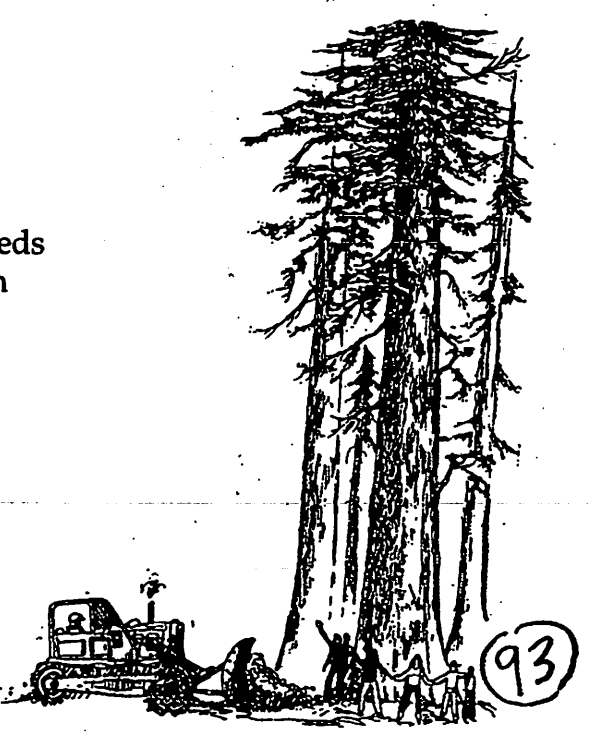
FREE THE LAND
Through Tofu

Am C Fmaj7 E
In the urban gardens of New York the city claims to own
Am C Fmaj7 E
They'll auction off as vacant lots what we've already grown
Am C Fmaj7 E
But we've been here for twenty years, Giuliani's just one man
Am C
If you want gardens, you want peas
D
We want more gardens...
Am
Free the Land!

We'll squat your vacant buildings that you have left alone
No we don't need to pay the rent to make this house a home
You're only building Wal-Marts, condos, jails and on and on
This way of life cannot survive
For long...

CHORUS:
Am C-Fmaj7-E
Free the Land!
Am C-D-E
Free the Land!
Am C
No matter how you reprimand us
Fmaj7 E
We'll fight 'til you understand us
Am C D
Sowing, sharing, standing hand in hand...
Am
Free the Land!

Your biotech bureaucracy is somethin' we don't need
Growin' food with pesticides, fish genes and sterile seeds
Monsanto and Novartis, we're gonna bring you down
Your Frankenstein crops burning
To the ground...
Free the Land!



BRIDGE:
Dm Am-Fmaj7-Am
Free the Land, Free the Land
Dm Am
Free the Land, Free the Land
JAM: Chorus & Bridge chords

Fmaj7 E Am-C-Fmaj7-E
We're gonna fight until you understand...

CH *(instrumental, just chords--no voice)*

From Chinese dams to clearcuts, urban sprawl to Lacandon
St. George's Hill to Wounded Knee, we've never been alone
We are a simple people, willing to take a stand
For food, forests and freedom,
We are sayin'...

CH (end on Am)

We, who can still hear the jaguar scream,
We dream of a day when all things wild will again be free.
We long for a time when every species will be loved
and honored equally.
It is a dream we may never see fulfilled.
But in answer to our own wild hearts.
It is a dream we will fight for
until the day we die.

THE SOLUTION
IS REVOLUTION

FUCK THE WTO
By Lu Seedhead

G C
They are greedy and shortsighted, we are angry and united
G C
So to Seattle we will go—ooooooooh
G D G
FUCK the WTO

Ellos solo quieren dinero, nosotros queremos derechos obreros
Asi vengamos con el recado—ooooooooh
CHINGA al WTO

The media as corporate whore, thought the protests to ignore
But fifty thousand stole the show—ooooooooh
FUCK the WTO

The ships sit anchored out at sea, union solidarity
All trade stops if we say so—ooooooooh
FUCK the WTO

The cops begin to terrorize, NPR tries to act surprised
Capitalist shock troops go to and fro—ooooooooh
FUCK the WTO

Clinton does the reform rap, but we don't want a table scrap
We have the power to say no—ooooooooh
FUCK the WTO

They connive in secrecy, the process is a mystery
Democracy meant that we should know—ooooooooh
FUCK the WTO

Now every one who hears the call, global tyranny must fall
The time has come to overthrow—ooooooooh
FUCK the WTO!

GARDEN
By $eth!
(Punk. G2 is a finger barred along the 3rd fret.)

Gbarred G2 G
On Earth Day in '70 at Cal-State Long Beach
Gbarred G2 G
The university gave up a plot of land
For twenty-two years it's been an organic garden
An important resource for the community
Food donated to the homeless
A gathering place and an outdoor classroom
An experimenting place for organic gardening
And it seems that the school's gonna pave it over
A temporary parking lot on the way to a mall
Money always wins over the world
Another revolution in our back yard

CHORUS:

A F C G
Save it, don't pave it! Halt the asphalt!
A F C G
Only we can save the organic garden!
Save it, don't pave it! Take back my garden!
Take back my Earth! Save it, don't pave it!

There's more at stake than just a garden
Because underneath it's a burial site
A sacred Gabrielino cultural site
Over 500 years of genocide
Even a National Heritage site
Typical slimy government officials
And the red man that turned white
Use their trickery and abuse
Tons of lies filled with deceit
Earth in the way of progress
What actions are you prepared to take?

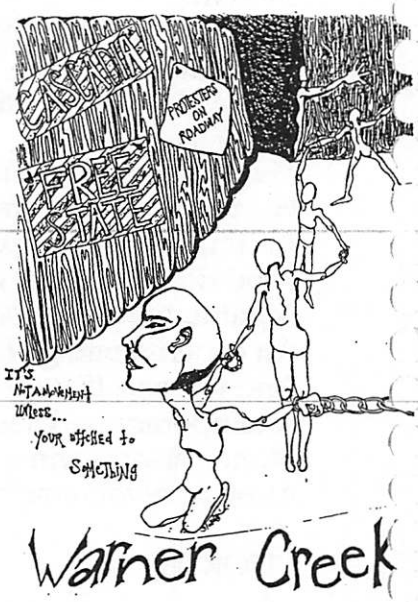
CH

And it already may be too late
But it's something that we can't forget
White man and his precious money
Another win for his empire
How much longer can we sit back?
It's time to finally rise from our knees
We must stop their repression
It's all up to me and you
Will we ever learn to act?

Some actions had better start
We must fucking act!

CH

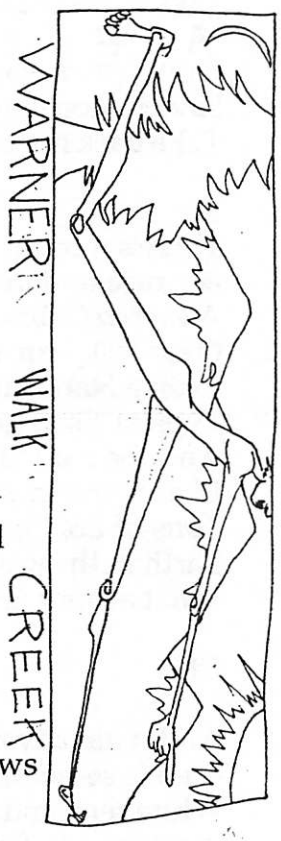
THE GIANTS REMAIN
By Jeff Hogg
(A song about the fire-scarred landscape of Cascadia, inspired by the Cascadia Free State. The chorus changes rhythm.)



Em D C Em D-C
Thousands of years these spirits evolved here
Em D C Em D-C
Many clans of brethren this ridge did host
Em D C Em D-C
With beargrass, salmon and berries, you gave them their needs
Em D C Em
And after the chautauqua they kindled a flame to the seeds

Lightning strikes like a match on the ridge and crawls the floor
Working ancient magic fingering down the corridors
The elders' song for flame has invoked the drought
And when this heat hits the valley grove the moist moss & lichen
put it out

CHORUS:
C D G D G C G
Teach me, Oh son of fire, daughter of flame
G D G C G D G C
Restart the cycle, begin again, Back to the soil, awaken the spore
G D G C G-C D
Release the seed, open the cone, Open the meadow...
G-D-C-Em
The giants remain*(x3)*



Falsely shrouded in a cloak of science
Hidden in a mythical image of wisdom from the past
The corporate monster exploits and kills, breathing arson into the hills
Fifty years of Smokey's mantra blowing in the winds of salvage death

You've suffered their chainsaws, this patchwork of disrespect
Your fragmented basins are choking the salmon, revealing death to the owl
Driven with greed they've tried to stop your wildfire
Now they say they must cut you for your own health

CH

They tell us we're tripping in our own rhetoric, we don't understand the laws
But we have the moral standing, the wind explained what we saw
By natural order of Cascadia, you can't take these trees
'Cause we are the drawbridge in the wall of ecology

CH
G D C Em
We are defending the forest defending itself *(x4)*

GIVE THE ANARCHIST A CIGARETTE
By Chumbawamba
(A song inspired by a disenchanted comment of Bob Dylan's about just wanting a cigarette. A great critique of the co-optation of dissent. Sing this one with tongue firmly inserted into cheek.)

(Spoken) Albert—Bobby—for god's sake burn it down!

CHORUS:

F G Am
Nothing ever burns down by itself
C F
Every fire needs a little bit of help
G Am
Nothing ever burns down by itself
C
Every fire needs a little bit of...
Dm — C — Dm — C

Dm
Give the anarchist a cigarette
C
'Cos that's as close as he's ever going to get
Dm
Give the anarchist a cigarette
C
Bobby just hasn't earned it yet
Dm
Give the anarchist a cigarette
C
The times are changing but he just forgets
Dm
Give the anarchist a cigarette
C
He's going to choke on his harmonica, Albert

CH

Give the anarchist a cigarette
A candy cig for the spoilt brat
Give the anarchist a cigarette
We'll get Albert to write you a cheque
Give the anarchist a cigarette
And he'll be burning up the air in his personal jet
Give the anarchist a cigarette
You know I hate every pop star that I ever met

CH

JAM *(play verse chords)*

(Verse chords)

Give the anarchist a cigarette
Burn baby burn, burn baby burn } x4

CH *x2 (end with Dm instead of C)*

GOOD VIBRATOR
By La La
(I hope the Beach Boys sue.) This has guitar chords but it's fun to sing acapella

I love the colors and shapes you come in
And the way your batteries keep my twat hummin'
I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I
What else can I say
When you give me fifty orgasms a day?

Just gimme a good vibrator
Don't need no man's dick-tator
Gonna be my own excitater
All I need is my good vibrator

CHORUS:
Good, good, good...good vibrator
Ooooo yeah
Mmm, mmm, mmmm...penetrater

Just because I like a good vibrator
Doesn't mean that I'm a man-hater
I'm just a happy masturbater
I'm in love with my good vibrator

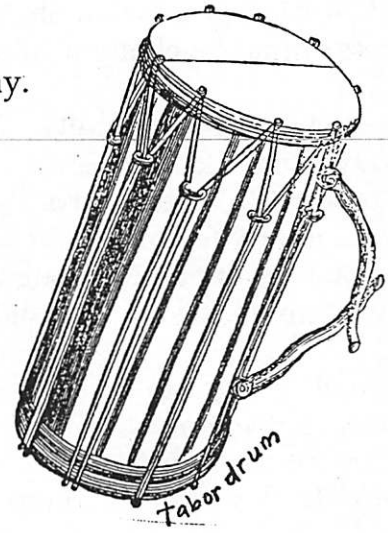
CH #2:
Ooooo, Ooooo, Ooooo...and they don't like to argue
Ooooo yeah
Ooooo, Ooooo, Ooooo...and you don't need a rubber

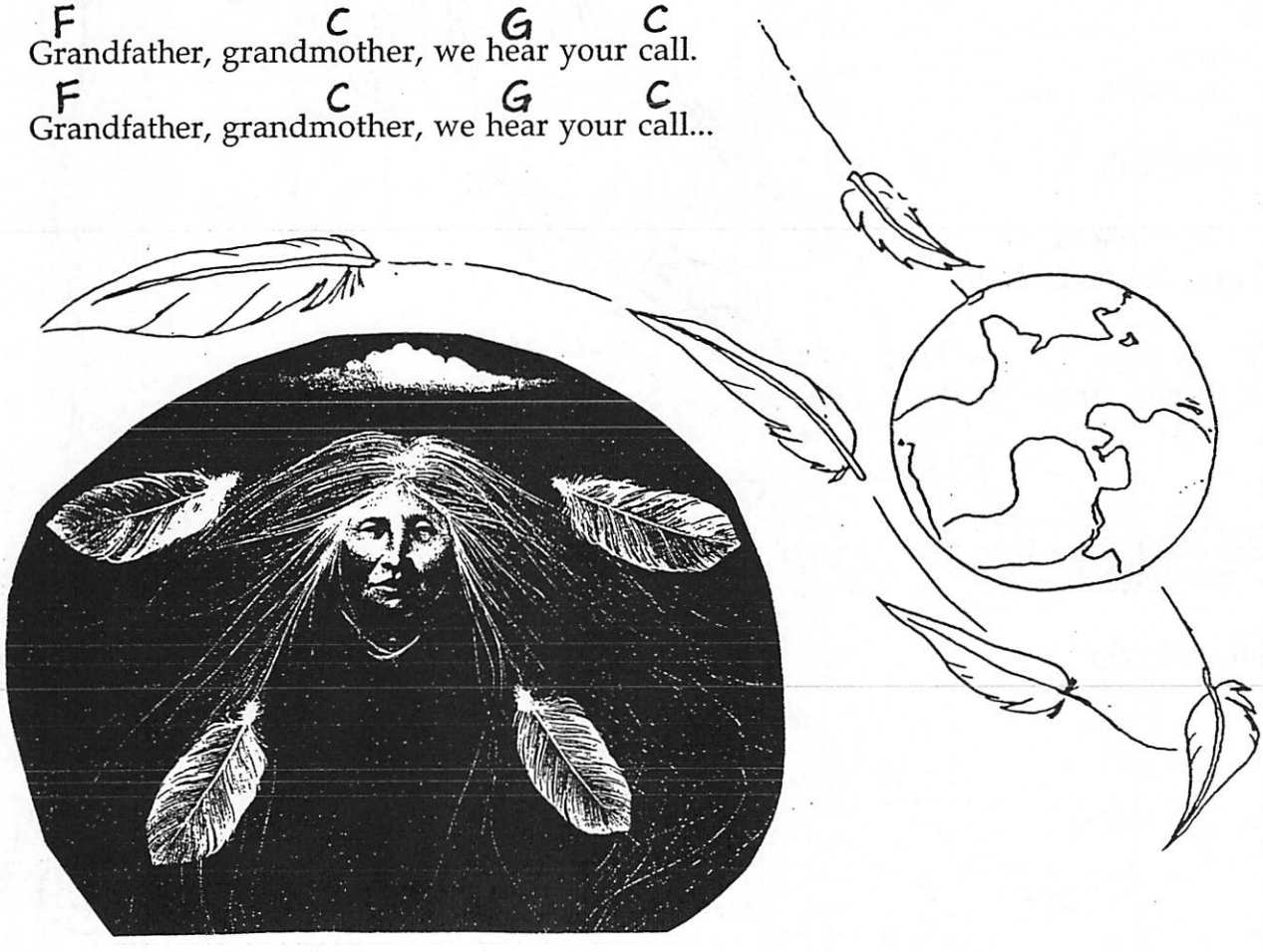
Just pickin' up a good vibrator
Gonna be a self-penetrater
Any other way's a big frustrater
He's a little rubber alligator

GRANDMOTHER SONG
By Gabe

Am F C
I'm feelin' pretty lonely, oh I know it don't look good,
Am F C
My love has gone away, oh I wish I understood.
Am F C
So much love and beauty that is walking through these doors,
Am F C
I wish we could hold on to so much more
I wish we could love and live in true peace,
Free to roam and practice all of our beliefs...
One day we'll leave the city, oh I know we'll get away
And then we can live in the wild, with our lovers we will stay.
We'll pray to the moon and the Earth, sun and sky,
And we will all make music letting time slip by...
And we will all remember the bad days of this past,
Am F C G
So we may walk in balance with our lives at last, at last.

F C G C
We are the children of sky and Earth
F C G C
Protecting our mother from which we are birthed,
F C G C
To guide and protect us, mother of all
F C G C
Grandfather, grandmother, we hear your call.
F C G C
Grandfather, grandmother, we hear your call...





GRANDMOTHER'S BACK
By Joules Graves
(Acapella chant, great with a powerful drum-beat)

Grandmother's back
Got bent to the ground
By the Oppressor Man
Pressin' down down down *(this section x2)*

Oppressor Man, see what you're doin'
Oppressor Man, creatin' a ruin
Oppressor Man, hear what She say now
Oppressor Man, be changin' your ways now

Her body is not a commodity
Her body is not a commodity
Not a product to be bought and sold
Not to be mined for oil and gold
She is not a product to be bought and sold
Not to be mined for oil and gold

She give all she got to give
She give what we need to live
She bring all the world alive
Without Her we don't survive

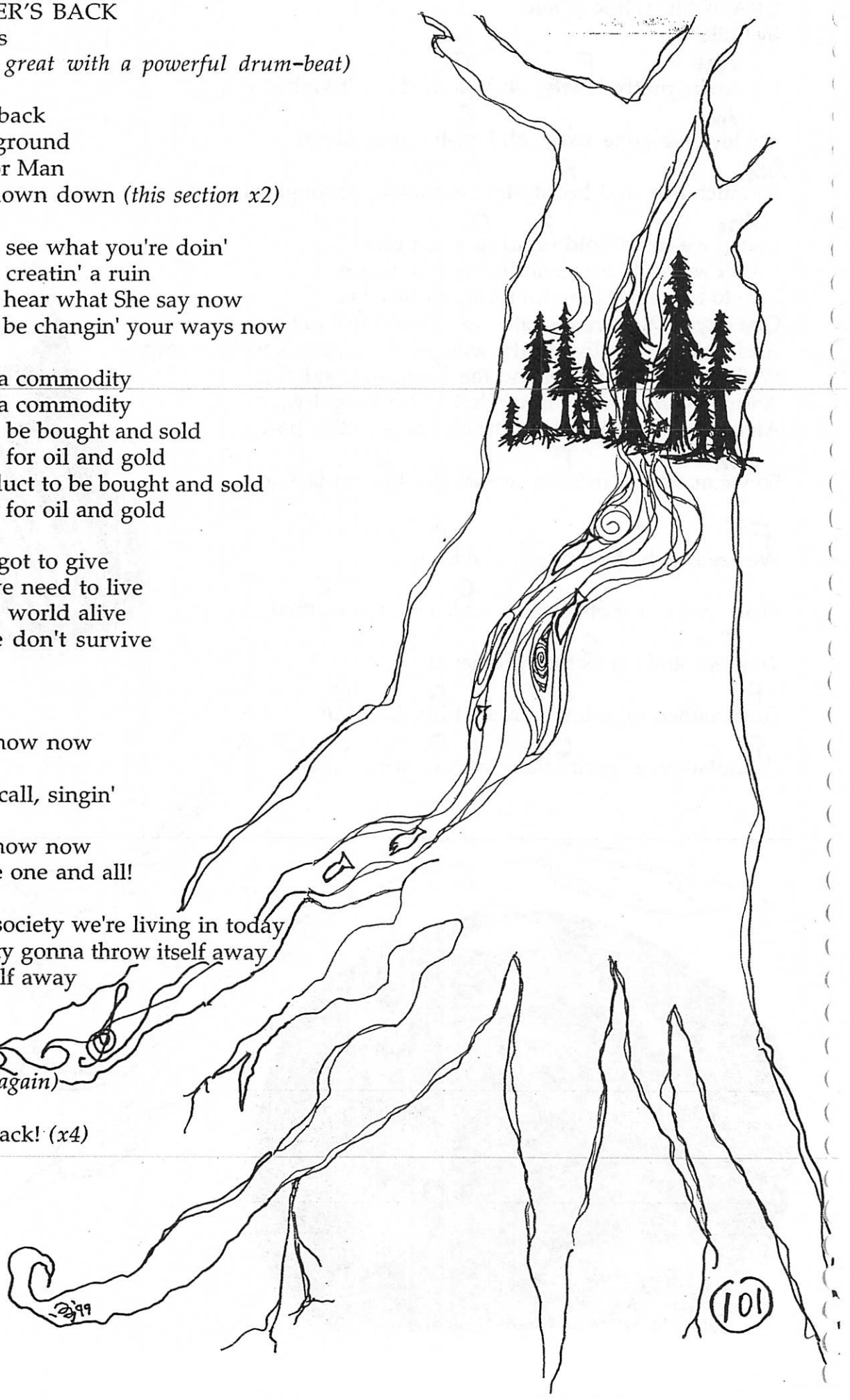
CHORUS:
So WAKE UP!
Now now now now now
WAKE UP!
People hear the call, singin'
WAKE UP!
Now now now now now
Wake up, people one and all!

This disposable society we're living in today
Disposable society gonna throw itself away
Gonna throw itself away

CH

(Sing first verse again)

Grandmother's back! *(x4)*



GUILTY AS CHARGED
By Paul Gill
(Country style)

C G
Guilty as charged, m'lud, of sitting in the road
C G G7
Of linking arms and singing and never letting go
F G C G Am
When the policeman came and threatened me that off to jail I'd go
C G C
I'm guilty of sitting in the road

And I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of having high ideals
But when murder, war and torture are the objects of trade dealing
On my doorstep, how do you think a decent man should feel?
I'm guilty of having high ideals

I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of running through the field
You see, I had to help that fox away or else it would be killed
By dinosaurs in tailored clothes out murdering for thrills
I'm guilty of running through the field

And I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of sitting up that tree
Obstruction of the sheriff's men, yes that was me
I had my arm encased in concrete and they had to drill me free
I'm guilty of sitting up that tree

BRIDGE:
Am G
Laws protect the ruling classes
F
Crush the poor dissenting masses
C G C
Using fear to keep us in our place
Am G F
I've a different sense of what is right
C
And I will fight to put to flight
G C
All these injustices we face

I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of dancing all night
I was loved-up to the eyeballs, and it felt right
That instead of getting pissed-up and it ending in a fight
I was guilty of dancing all night

And I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of cracking open squats
But there's places sitting empty and I need somewhere to doss
It's winter and I'm freezing and you just don't give a toss
I'm guilty of cracking open squats

Guilty as charged, m'lud, of digging up the crop
It was genetically modified, it had to stop
It was a corporate conspiracy, a global plot
Yes, I'm guilty of digging up the crop

And I'm guilty of conspiracy against the state we're in
Where the economy is all that matters, though we're on the brink
Of ecological catastrophe and all that it will bring
I'm guilty of believing what I've seen

BRIDGE

I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of contempt of court
Contempt is what I have for you and all your sort
Who from your privileged position judge those of us with naught
I'm guilty of a gross contempt of court

And I'm guilty as charged, m'lud, of blatant anarchy
An anarchist is what I am and what I'm glad to be
You can beat me down, you can lock me up, you can throw away the key
But you never take my songs, my love of life, my sense of wrong
You'll never quench the flame inside of me

You can beat me down, you can lock me up and you can throw away the key
But you'll never quench the flame inside of me

HALLOWED BE THY GROUND
By Casey Neill

G D Em
Pisgah Nantahala, west through Tennessee
G D C D
To the great central hardwoods of the Ozarks and the Shawnee
G D Em
Fireflies illuminate the swamp at dark
C D
Exploding like embers, scattering like sparks
G Am Bm C
Forests are the finest refuge this body has known
D C
And I'll stray away, where the trail is overgrown
D
Where the trail is overgrown...

CHORUS:
Em
Hallowed...be thy ground
D
And holy your blue ocean where the wild surf does pound
Em
Hallowed...be thy ground
D Em
And all of your high mountains with glory crowned

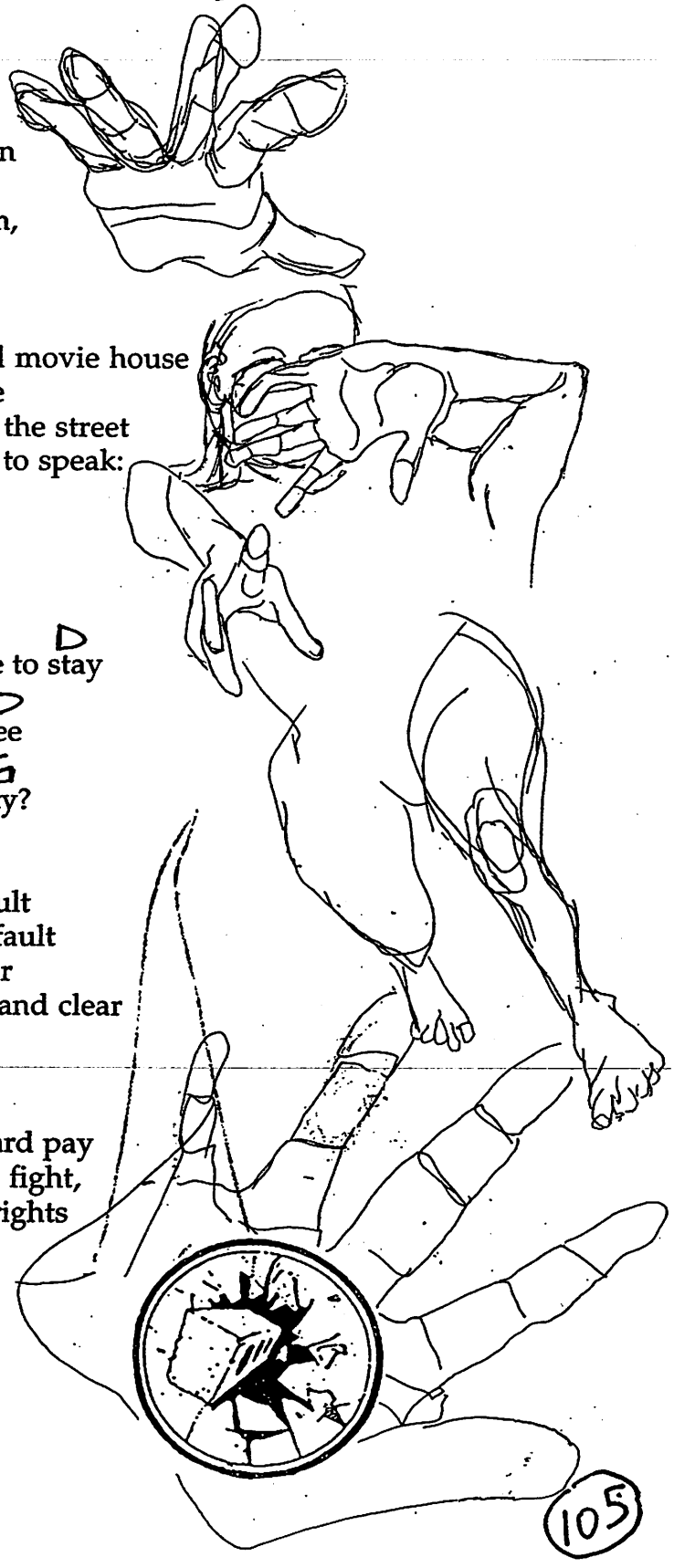
The play of the light through the thickets of cottonwood
The play of the light on the river on the banks where I've stood
Further west, further west - to the continental divide
Where the mighty wild Rockies do thrust and collide
Skree sloping down the ridgeline to the valley below
And the lush alpine meadows where the Arnica grows
Where the Arnica grows

BRIDGE:
Em
Gotta run to the mountain- run to the mountain *(x4)*

Somewhere I carry with me every bear I've ever seen
Every drainage every rivulet, the twilight sheen
Oh the wild inhabitations in the heart of hinterland
A dialect is spoken you can almost understand
The step of the seasons, the treasure of terrain
It has changed me so completely I'll never be the same
Never be the same...

CH *(x2 with last time acapella)*

HANDS OFF
By Megan Adam
(Performed by the Flying Folk Army. This is my personal song about why I don't like the police -- one too many bad experiences (and this is only some of them!). It should be performed really upbeat. You'll notice the nastiness of the bridge lyrics - they should be really belted out menacingly, in contrast to the rest of the song -- Megan)



G C G D
Gone to the corner, lookin' for a friend,
G C G D G
The one I got arrested with awhile ago and then
G C G D
He and I were drinkin' in the park with them,
G C G
And then we got to breaking and enterin'

Cracked open the door of the old, abandoned movie house
We tripped up the stairs not quiet as a mouse
Police came and found us chased us down to the street
When they got down to beatin' us, I was first to speak:

CHORUS:
Em C G D
Get your hands off us and put that gun away
G C G D
We're only looking to get by and crash a place to stay
Em C G D
Get your hands off us, we're not so bad you see
G C G D G
When did it become a crime to live in poverty?

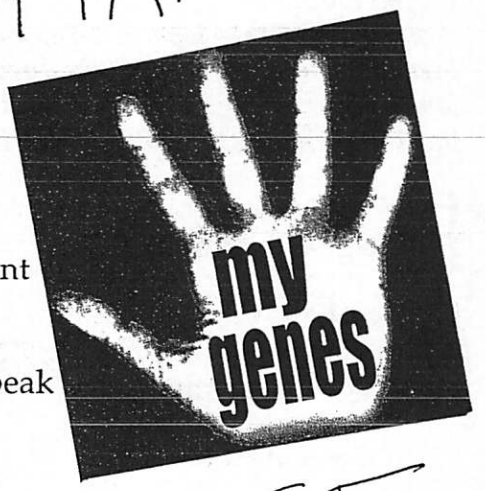
Went down to the cop shop to report an assault
I was told that I was drunk and it was all my fault
Filed the charges anyway and waited for a year
Turns out that he was a narc and he was free and clear

CH:
Get your hands off us and put that gun away
I'm only looking to get by and make that bastard pay
Get your hands off us, we're not looking for a fight,
But we'll do what we have to, to protect our rights

BRIDGE:
Em
Demonstrations, picket lines
C
Nowhere there is any crime
Em
Tomorrow we will do the time

Am D Gm
And face their boots today
Em
There are more of us than you
C
We'll get ya back, you'll get your due
Em
We'll jack up all the boys in blue
Am D Gm
And ask which side they're on

HANDS



OFF

Been down to a demonstration, protesting the government
Asking for some human rights in our own parliament
We were chanting, singing, stomping in the street
When the riot cops came cracking skulls, we all rose to speak

CH:
Get your hands off us and put that gun away
We're only looking to get by and clear ourselves some space
Get your hands off us, we're not so bad you see
When did it become a crime to protest in the streets?

Get your hands off us and put that gun away
Get your hands off us and put that gun away
Get your hands off us and put that gun away
We're only looking to get by and clear ourselves some space

The Flying Folk Army

HAVE A GLOBAL WARMING DAY

By Jan Depaver

(Performed by the Depavers. You can hear this song in Pickaxe, *the documentary about Cascadia Free State and the fight to save Oregon's Warner Creek from logging. "Masu masu atsui ne" is Japanese for "It's getting hotter, isn't it?" Dedicated to the late Lee Stevenson, who played drum for this tune. Thanks to Guano for the line on ice caps.)* Bb* = Bb with open string discord on A chord moved up one fret

Am-F Am
Have a global warming day
F Am
Have a global warming day
F Am - Bb* - Am
Have a global warming day
F Am
Masu masu atsui ne
F Am
Watch the forests burn away
F Am
Masu masu atsui ne
G F-G-Am
Eh eh heh yeh
F Am
Watch the ice caps melt away
F Am
Have a global warming day
F Am - Bb* - Am
Masu masu atsui ne
F C
Have a global warming day-ay-ay
G E
Hey eh hey eh eh

INSTRUMENTAL: Am — (F-Fm)F — (G-Gm)G — Am — (C-Cm)C —
(F-Fm) x4, (G-Gm) x4, (C-Cm) x4

(now repeat instrumental section allegro, faster tempo)

Am F Am, etc..
Watch the asphalt melt a way
Catch a wave in Prudoe Bay
Masu masu atsui ne
F C
Have a global warming day
G E - E one octave up (12th fret), Am one octave up
Heh eh hey yeh eh eh

F — D — (E-Em)E
(E-Em) x4

HENRY FORD WAS A FASCIST
By David Rovics

C
Ford built tanks for the Nazis
F
And the Nazis used those tanks
G
To kill off lots of soldiers
G C
In the U.S. Army ranks

CHORUS:
F
Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist
C Am
And a nasty one was he
G
He'd build tanks for anyone
G C
For the proper fee

Henry Ford spoke to his lackeys
And he said, "Isn't this great?
"We'll attack our enemies
"And we'll retaliate!"

CH #2:
Henry Ford was a fascist
And a cunning liar, too
A brownshirt with a swastika
Draped in red, white and blue

Henry Ford spoke to his workers
And he said, "you dare not strike!
"You must be patriotic
"And take on my Third Reich!"

Ford built tanks for the Nazis
And he built many more
To kill off lots of peasants
In Peru and Salvador

CH #3:
Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist
I heard that when he died
The last words to leave his lips
Were "arbeit macht frei"

The dollar was his icon

The way we are using our engines is most inefficient. At all times in the United States around 2 million cars are standing in front of red lights with their engines running. Millions of horses in motion—GOING NOWHERE! Buckminster Fuller, 1962

On whichever shore
And Henry's only motto
Was "make money and make war"

CH #4:
Yes, Henry Ford was a fascist
That's all I have to say
I will spit on Henry's rotting grave
Until my dying day

HIGHWAY
By Mike Williams
(Thanks to Danny Dolinger for spreading this one around! See rewrite: "Campfire" pg. 51.)

Am C
Desert sun is bright
Am C
I got my dark glasses on
G D
And I watch the tumbleweeds
Em D
As they roll across the road
C G C G
In the yellow sage of early spring

CHORUS:
Em D C G
And this highway is my friend (has no end)
D C
Hope my wheels are rolling
Em D C G
As long as I got my radio on
D C
I'm free as bird that is soaring
D C G
Free as a fish deep in the o-ocean

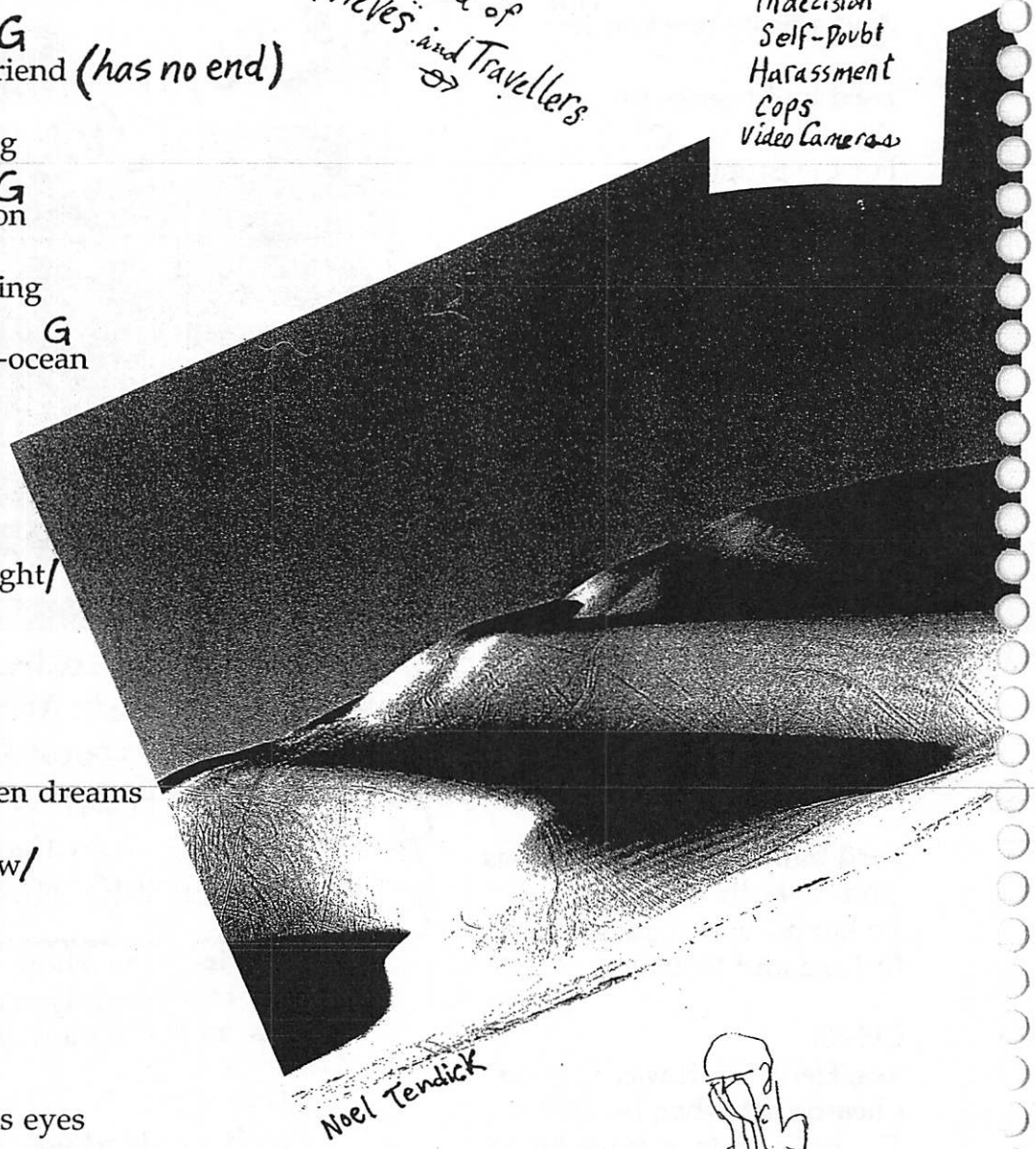
I have seen hard times
I've thought of suicide
In the rain and the ice
And the darkness of the night/
When I called to you
But you were not there/

CH

I walk these streets of broken dreams
I have seen love grow cold
I lost my way in heavy snow/
When I had no name
Or place to go/

CH

I lost a friend to cocaine
It drained the color from his eyes
I watched him weep with
Sweat on his brow/
And he made no sense
In his mumbling/ ← CH



HILLBILLY HIPPIE
By Danny Dolinger

G
As I think about life's meaning
C G
And I sweat and fret and ponder
G
Does the answer lie right here
A D
Or is it way over yonder
G
Life is precious, life is short
C G
It's no resource to squander
G
So I drink myself a beer
D G
Perchance to help my mind to wander

I think of Jesus and the Buddha
And the pyramids and such
And that cowboy kind of wisdom
That I've come to love so much
So I put on some grateful dead
And open up another beer
I start to seein' auras
And the answer comes quite clear

CHORUS: C D
I'll be a hillbilly hippie and a new age redneck
Em D
And if you don't dig my karma, well, I just don't give a heck
C D G Em
I'll carry a crystal and a pistol in my pocket just for luck
C G
And put a "peace through music" sticker
D G
On the back of my pick-up truck

I'm gonna move off to the country
Where the city's still quite near
There I'll contemplate my navel
While I drink a lot of beer
I'm gonna plant a little garden
Out along my cabin home
When the sheriff comes to visit
Well that garden will be gone

And I'll whittle just a little
When the moment suits me right
Play my banjo on the front porch
As a means to see the light
I'll pray to Allah for world peace
And an end to global warming
Wear my best pair of bibbed over-alls
To church on Sunday morning

CH

Well, na-mu-myo-ho-ren-ge-kyo
Hare Krishna hare rama
The lord is my shepherd
But my dogma's been hit by my karma
How I long to meet the Goddess
Rock of ages, cleft for me
What a long strange trip it's been
Let it be, let it be

CH (*repeat last line of chorus, with "a free willie nelson sticker" , wit courtesy of Zak Borden*)

HILLS OF NORTH CALIFORNIA
By Tony Askins

D
In the hills of North California
G D
Where the redwoods grow so tall
A Bm
I can hear their voices crying
G D
As those ancient spirits fall

It was there I made my home one year
Workin' in those hills
Tending emerald gardens for
My friends I love so well
I came to know a spirit there
That dwelt all in that land
She spoke to me- so wild and free
I could but understand

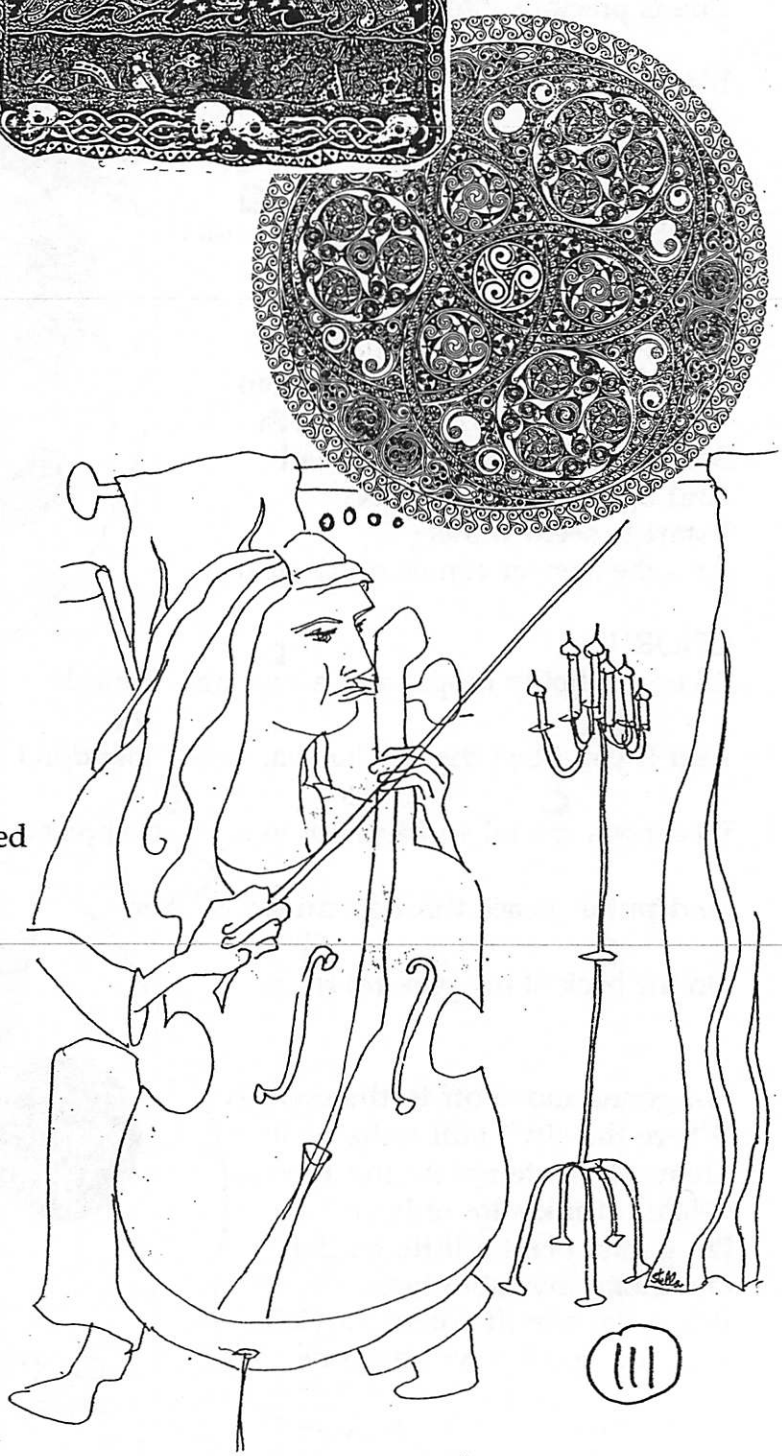
CHORUS:
A Bm
So listen to the wind my friend
G D
Her song is soft and low
A Bm
She sings of things forgot by men
G D
They are required to know

There is a way within this realm
Where man and Earth are one
But the hearts of men are filled with greed
That way has been undone

There's wisdom in the wild things
The herbs and stones and spores
Know these as your sacrament
The journey now is yours

CH

(Repeat first verse)



HOLD ON FREEDOM
By Nego
(Nego plays with Larkin as the duo Boxcar Bertha. Capo this song third fret.)

C@ = a C leaving off the pointer (index) finger – an open B string@

C@ G
Kwame Cannon went to prison
C@ G
To serve the time for the lie his mom exposed
C@ G
Pay the price and let the truth be told
C@ G
Oppression won't lessen its pressure
C@ G
Establishment gonna have its way
C@ G
Police are workin' with the KKK

CHORUS:
Em G
Hold on...freedom
Em G
Hold on...freedom
Em G —— D–G
Hold on...freedom

Mathew Shepard was my brother
His skull was crushed by fear of love unbound
Queer boy dies gruesome death in his hometown
136 arrested
In New York city they took it to the streets
And they were trampled under cop horses' feet

CH (*Sing* "Amadou...Diallo" *x3*)

So now they want to kill Mumia
Silence the voice of truth is their true aim
So only liars got a thing to gain
But the people won't let it go down like
No, no, we won't let that shit go down
Gonna join Mumia's voice in a righteous sound

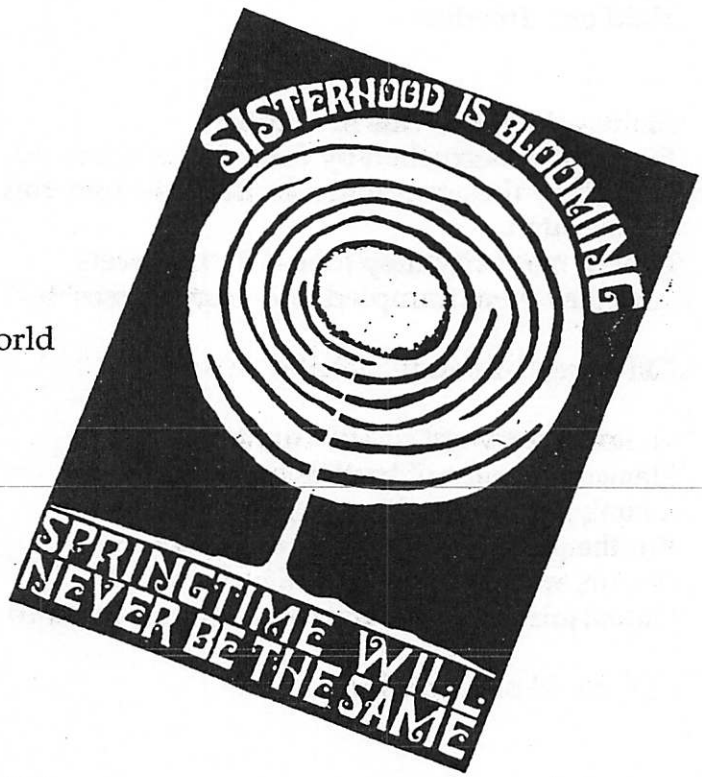
CH (Hold on...freedom)

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP
By Alicia Littletree

G-D C
Hold your head up high
G D C
Take a deep breath and rise above it
G D C
Think of me here by your side
G D C
And I promise it won't get
G D C
Any harder than thi-is

We are women who've chosen a difficult task
Our work will never be through
Sometimes the strain is enough to break your back
But the challenge is waiting to embrace you

BRIDGE:
Am-Bm C
No one has it easy
Am Bm C
I had to fight like hell to hold my ground
Am Bm C
You saw the pain and the misery
Am Bm C D
But never once did you see me back down



Look to the wisdom of the trees
Be as solid as a redwood burl
Keep me alive in your memory
And together we will defy the end of the world

BRIDGE #2:
Time is a river
It'll wash you clean
It'll tear down any obstacle in its way
It'll strip you of everything
It will carry you in its current to a new day

So hold your head up high, girl
Take a deep breath and rise above it, yeah
Think of me here by your side
And I promise it won't get any harder than this

HOOKED!
By Paul Gill
(Reggae beat)

Am Fmaj7
High-tech media coming at you
G E
Beaming live from the skies with the latest news
Am Fmaj7
It comes from the people who know you best
G E
'Cause they're fishing for your habits and you're on their net
A E
And they're selling you a lifestyle, selling you the lie
F#m D E
That you'll miss the boat if you don't buy
A E
You bought the video, kiddio, and now you're hooked
F#m D E
And they're flogging you the T-shirt and flogging you the book

TV wannabes queuing at the door
To be a face on a screen in a box on the floor
Twinkle, twinkle little stars in their eyes
"If I get myself on telly I'll be made for life
Could I be an Oprah, could I be a Kate
Winslet or Moss? Have I got what it takes?
To make a go of it, show of it, get up there and crow a bit
Flash a little flesh and it'll up the stakes"

Coroneighbours, Eastside, giving us an insight
Real life? what shite! and there's more
Talk shows, game shows, make-yourself-a-name shows
Each day's viewing a revolving door
But now we're going digital
You can cut the crap, you can ditch it all
Make a choice to choose, and you can choose the views
That you want to hear, that you want to lose

Internet excess, kids are in a right mess
Square-eyed, tongue-tied, hooked on line
Watch that posture, and it's gonna cost ya
But it's easier than giving them your quality time
'Now I'm free to be who I want to be
So I park my arse and I watch TV
While kids surf on through porn dot com
I settle down to the news, "cause there's not much else on"

Right wing backlash, send the gippos back, trash!

Media feeding a media storm
Milked dry headlines, eating up the air time
Rich girl cops it and a nation mourns
Predatory pedophiles, life is like the X-files
Gangs, drugs, killer bugs, scary stuff
Losing all perspective, overly protective
Some journo's got his hooks in and it's all hyped up

"Hunger, poverty, doesn't mean a lot to me
I've seen it all a million times or more
They only want my cheque book, don't give them a second look
Turn my back and carry on as before"
So it's buy, buy, buy 'til the funds run dry
Wipe clean wide screen DVD
I'll spend a bomb on a CD ROM
But I couldn't spare the price of a nice cup of tea"

The height of human aspiration
A unified and happy nation
Under one great Sky, one great Guy
The Lord and Master of the digital creation
So click right here, have no fear
Our dreams, our hopes are so, so near
Just a screen away, sign up today
It's tomorrow's world and it's the only way...

(Slowly)

Am Fmaj7 G
There's a top-rate show on the window pane this evening
Am G E
As the April rain runs rivers down the glass
Am Fmaj7 G
It beats sweet hypnotic rhythms on the canvas
Am G A
And the cuckoo sings, and the fresh young spring leaves dance

HOORAY FOR THE YUPPIES
By Matt Michaelis, James Ficklin and Bay; music by Casey Neill
(To the tune of Riffraff by Casey Neill. See pg.190)

CHORUS:
G C G
Hooray for our band of materialistic folks
G D
Makin' lots of money and rarely telling jokes
G C G
Living for the image, imported wine and cheese
G D G
Hooray for the yuppies!

Brokers and bankers and financial analysts
Strung out on Prozac from high-priced therapists
Come join our office, there's work to be done
D
Climb the corporate ladder, there's room for everyone
Power, greed and profit for a strong economy
Everything we have we owe the company
Commute from the suburbs, our fine community
D
Our only motto: conformity!

CH

On weekends if we don't work we like to have some fun
We'll fly on down to Club Med just to lay out in the sun
We'll go out to the golf course to enjoy the well-groomed grass
The an hour at the health spa will tighten up your ass
Racquetball, aerobics and Stairmaster too
And a personal trainer to tell you what to do
A town house in Maui, a condo in Vail
And a forty-foot yacht we don't know how to sail

CH

Consumers and spenders, a compulsive shopping crew
Our desires are implanted by Madison Avenue
The things that we own, they determine our self-worth
Purchase after purchase, there's no limit to our thirst
Laptop computers we cannot live without
Faxes and beepers, we need them there's no doubt
Nordstrom, Eddie Bauer, Saks and REI
Credit cards a-blazin', buy, buy, buy!
Volvos and beamers, we lease them or we own
Or maybe a Lexus with a cellular phone
It's crucial what we look like down to our underwear
Go ahead and stare, we just styled our hair!

CH *(Sing twice, last time real slow and drunken with final line upbeat.)*

HOW ABOUT YOU?
By Ivan Maluski
(4/4 time, moderate tempo)

G D Am C
I like to walk in the mountains
G D Am C
I like to walk in the forest, too
G D Am C
I like to swim in the clear, cold rivers
G D Am C G
I like to breathe fresh air, how bout you?
~D-Am-C~
G D Am C
It's not fair that some should be so
G D C
Rich, while others live in poverty, and the
G D Am C
Earth's wild places are falling fast for the
G D Am-C G-D-Am-C
Profits of a few.....no, no, no.
C G D Am-C
No no no – oh – oh

They say if there's no justice, well then there's no
Peace and the greedy ones will find no relief
And if we stay together, through this
All the capitalist system may well fall
Let's make it fall *(repeat x3)*

CHORUS:
G D Am C
But take care, take care, you know, that's a long hard
G D Am C
Road. Take care, take care you'll have to carry your
G D Am C
Load. Take care, take care because change will
G D Am C
Come. Take care, take care...this is a revolution
Am C——G-D-Am-C
This is a revolution *(draw out this last word; repeat line x3)*

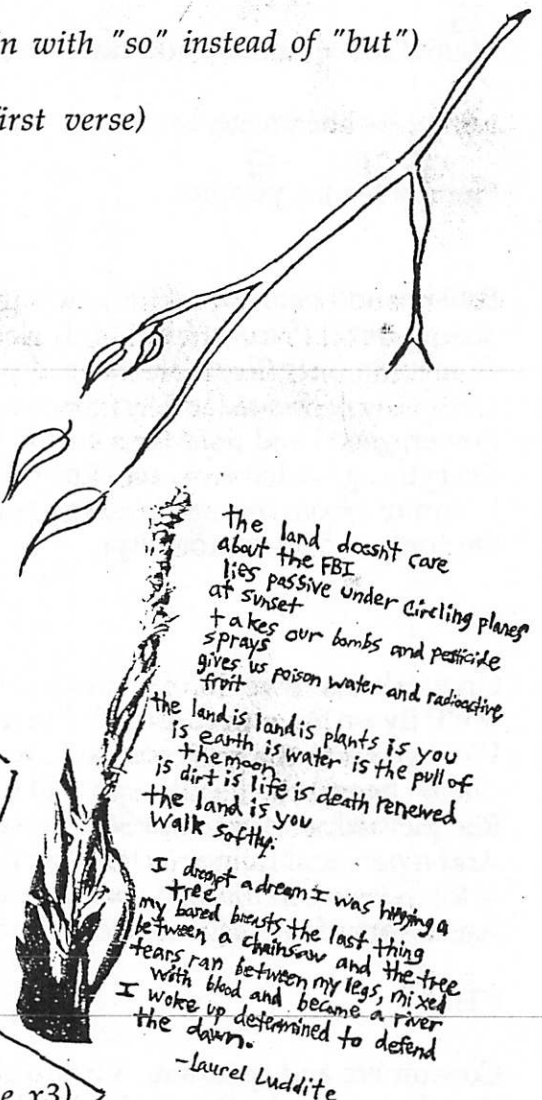
Well, this whole wide world is spinning round
And we've got to lift ourselves off the ground
And raise our hands in to the air
And say power to the people everywhere
Gotta join with people everywhere *(repeat x3)*

CH

But the sun will keep on shining
And the rains will keep falling too
And this Earth will keep spinning round
As the whole wide world is watching, they'll
be watching what we do

CH *(Begin with "so" instead of "but")*

(Repeat first verse)


the land doesn't care
about the FBI
lies passive under circling planes
at sunset
takes our bombs and pesticide
sprays
gives us poison water and radioactive
fruit
the land is land is plants is you
is earth is water is the pull of
the moon
is dirt is life is death renewed
the land is you
Walk softly.
I dreamt a dream I was hugging a
tree
my bared breasts the last thing
between a chainsaw and the tree
tears ran between my legs, mixed
with blood and became a river
I woke up determined to defend
the dawn.
-Laurel Luddite

I REALLY LIKE THE COPS
By Desert Rat

A D
Come and gather 'round you people now, and listen to me yak,
A E
All you doctors, and you lawyers, and you folks who push the crack,
A D
And you folks who push the buttons, and you folks who push the mops,
A E A
Come listen while I tell you how I really like the cops!

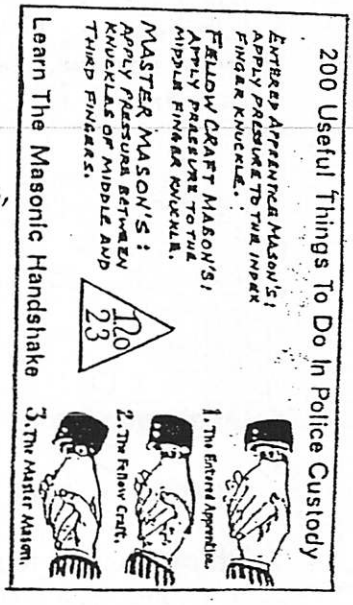
Oh, I really like the cops! I think they're pretty cool!
I like them in my neighborhood; I like them in my school!
I think the cops are wonderful! I think the cops are nice!
And I like to have a broken jaw and carry a pack of ice!

I really like the cops! I think they're pretty neat!
I like it when they take my face and smash it on the street!
And then they drag me to a station, and they lock me in a room,
And then I like it when they rape me up the anus with a broom.

I really like the cops! They make me want to sing!
You know my favorite movie is that tape of Rodney King!
And so I really get pissed-off whenever somebody like you
Suggests we should subject the cops to citizens' review.

I really like the cops. I am so glad that they're around
To hassle me and ticket me for sittin' on the ground.
I really love the cops. I'd be so sad if they were gone.
There's somethin' 'bout a uniform that always turns me on!

I really like the cops! Just to see 'em gets me high!
I hope that I get taken into custody and die!
And then I hope that every fact that's in the coroner's report
Gets chucked into a dumpster so it won't be heard in court!


200 Useful Things To Do In Police Custody
Learn The Masonic Handshake
ENTERED APPRENTICE MASON'S! APPLY PRESSURE TO THE INDEX FINGER KNUCKLE.
FELLOW CRAFT MASON'S! APPLY PRESSURE TO THE MIDDLE FINGER KNUCKLE.
MASTER MASON'S! APPLY PRESSURE BETWEEN KNUCKLES OF MIDDLE AND THIRD FINGERS.
1. The Entered Apprentice.
2. The Fellow Craft.
3. The Master Mason.

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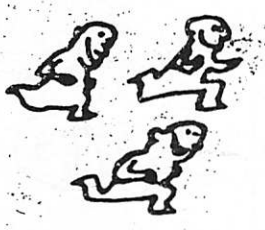
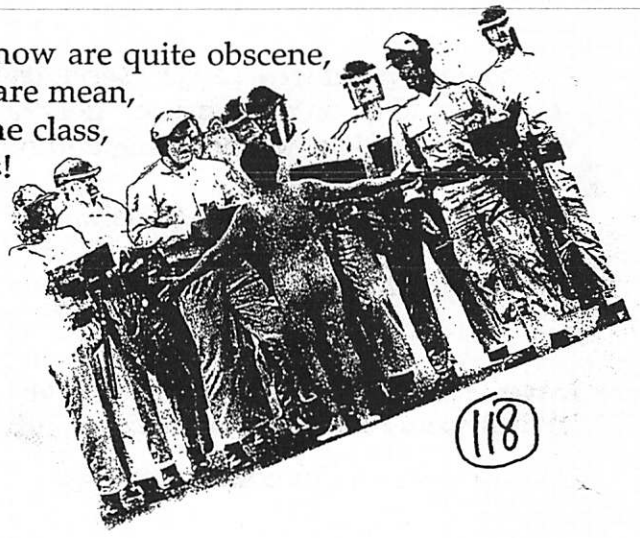
And when I hear you makin' statements that you know are quite obscene,
Like how the cops are nasty, and like how the cops are mean,
It makes me want to tell you that ya' oughta get some class,
And help your local officers by kickin' your own ass!

Sing first verse again





I WANNA LOG YOUR LAND
By Jamie Ben-Azay, music by the Beatles
(Performed by the Samsara, to the tune of the Beatles' "I Want to Hold Your Hand." For more political parodies see also "The Atom" pg.27, Live/Work, Live/Work pg.139 & "The Prison Industry" pg.172.)

G D Em Bm
Oh yeah, I'll tell you somethin' I think you'll understand
G D Em Bm
'Cause you don't have an option—I wanna log your land

CHORUS:
C D G Em
I wanna log your land
C D G
I wanna log your land

Oh please, say to me, you think a clearcut's grand
And please say to me, "make this infertile sand"

CH (I'm gonna.../Please let me...)

BRIDGE:
Dm G C Am
'Cause when I clearcut, I feel happy inside
Dm G C
So all you locked-down activists just
D C D
Step aside, step aside

They tell me to be sustainable, what about supply and demand?
And anyway, it'll grow back—so let me log your land

CH (I wanna.../I'm gonna...)

BRIDGE:

And late at night when all the servants are gone
I go out and sit on my redwood deck, alone
That's when I hear her moaning and high-pitched cry
Dm G C
I know she's haunting me, that damned
D C D D C
Butterfly, Butterfly, Butterfly!

I won't feel guilty for all the death I've caused
It's just some birds and fishies...oh and a little run-off

CH (I wanna.../I'm gonna...)

I'D GO ANYWHERE TO FIGHT FOR OIL (To Lubricate the Red, White and Blue)
By Dana Lyons
(Acapella with hilarious hand gestures [sorry, those aren't included].)

CHORUS:
I'd go anywhere to fight for oil, be it olive, safflower or crude
For cooking, for cars, take a rocket to the stars, for a backrub, romantic rendezvous
In your engine, on your face, or almost any place, a little dab of oil will get you through
Oh I'd go anywhere to fight for oil, to lubricate the red, white and blue!

If you drive a big V-8, it's time to celebrate, they're gonna fight a war for you
To keep gas prices cheap, so when you drive or when you sleep, you can do it in an
air-conditioned room
For driving is your right, so let's get out there and fight, you can read it in the
Constitooooooo—tion
Oh I'd go anywhere to fight for oil, to lubricate the red, white and blue!

CH

For a place to attack, why not Iraq? they've got coconut and palm oil and crude
They invaded Kuwait, so let's not hesitate, we can blow up a country or two
If it's oil or it's grease, we don't have time for peace, waging war is what we want to do
Oh I'd go anywhere to fight for oil, to lubricate the red, white and blue!

CH, *with ending:*
It's gonna be a good fight, should only take a fortnight, to lubricate the red, white and blue

IF I HAD A HAMMER (And I Do)
By Jim Page
(A post-Seattle rewrite of the well-known song.)

G C G C
If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the mornin',
G C D
I'd hammer in the evenin', all over this town
Em Am
I'd hammer out Starbucks, I'd hammer out Nike Town
C F C F
And I'd hammer out the Gap between my brothers and my sisters
C F G
All...over this town

If I had a crow bar I'd use it in the mornin',
I'd use it in the evenin', all over this town
I'd open up Nordstrom's, I'd open up the Westin Hotel
And I'd turn 'em into squats for all my brothers and my sisters
All...over this town

If I had a spray can I'd spray it in the mornin',
I'd spray it in the evenin', all over this town
I'd spray it on SeaFirst, I'd spray it on the Bon Marche
And I'd spray out the word for all my brothers and my sisters
All...over this town

Well I got a hammer, and I got a crow bar
And I got a spray can for all over this town
It's the hammer of justice, it's the crowbar of liberty
And it's the spray can of love for all my brothers and my sisters
All over this land

IF I WAS A WOLF
By Alice Di Micele

Em C D
Out in Montana in the grizzly land,
Em C D
Up near Marion, a family had begun
A she-wolf and her mate had come
To make a home and raise three pups

Em C D Em
But the ranchers smelled trouble so they called on the ADC
C D Em
And Fish and Wildlife raced over to the scene
Em
Four darts hit their mark and they moved onto Glacier Park
C D Em
But one of the pups ran free,
C D Em
One of the pups ran free

BRIDGE:
C D C D
And they chased him, and they chased him
C D C D
But they could not catch him, he kept getting' away
C D C D
Oh they chased him, and they chased him
C D Em
When they could not catch him, they just blew him away

CHORUS:
Em C D Em
If I was a wolf, I would get myself a gun
C D Em
I'd chase those ranchers down to Texas where they belong
Em C D Em
And if I was a wolf, I'd get some sleep-inducing darts
C D Em
And on those Fish and Wildlife rangers and the ADC I'd leave my mark

And I pray the wolf roams forever free
I pray her babes know freedom too
And it makes me angry and I feel ashamed
To know she's runnin'...from me...and you

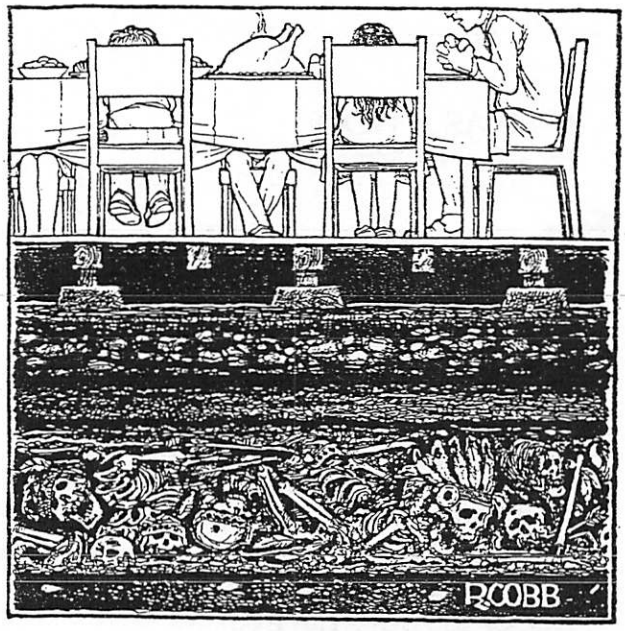
CH *(x2)*

And so his mama, she left her pups and traveled on
You see, a wolf don't take too well to bein' moved from home
And her wounded mate hung by a ranch for the easy kill
And the sound of the shot that wasted him rings there still
The sound of the shot that wasted him rings there still

CH

She traveled south and west over water and mountains
Now she's living outside of the town of Alverton
With the male from Idaho, they are denning up and making a home
And soon she'll have more pups

INDIGENOUS TIME
By Timothy Hull



Em G D
The welcome drum beats in indigenous time
Em G D
The song is chanted in indigenous rhyme
Em G D -C-D
The world is moving in indigenous time

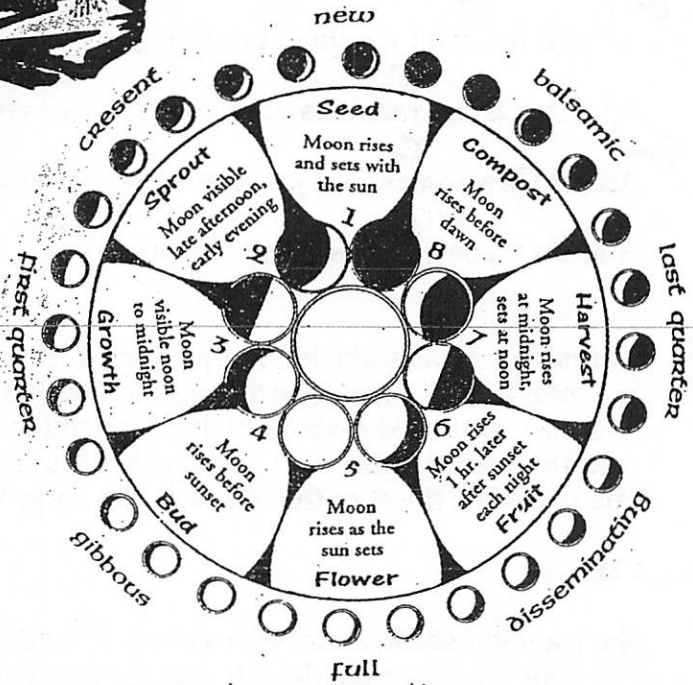
A boy gave thanks in his indigenous tongue
To mother Earth and father sun
While the moon rose up and the light did come

CHORUS:

G D
We're the youngers
C
Who remember
G D
To thank the elders
C
Who remember
G D
We're the youngers
C
Who remember
G D C
Ohhhhhh ohhhh oh
G - D - C

The ancestors live in indigenous time
Where the roots of the world intertwine
Murdered people, humanity's crime

A girl gave blessings To the four directions
Gave a song of healing
For past transgressions
From Wounded Knee to Africa
Answers, Questions



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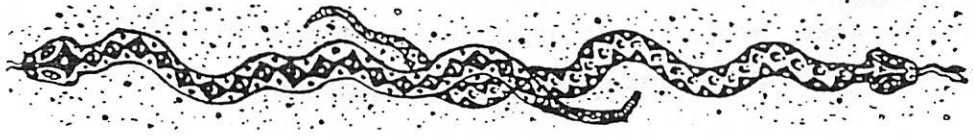
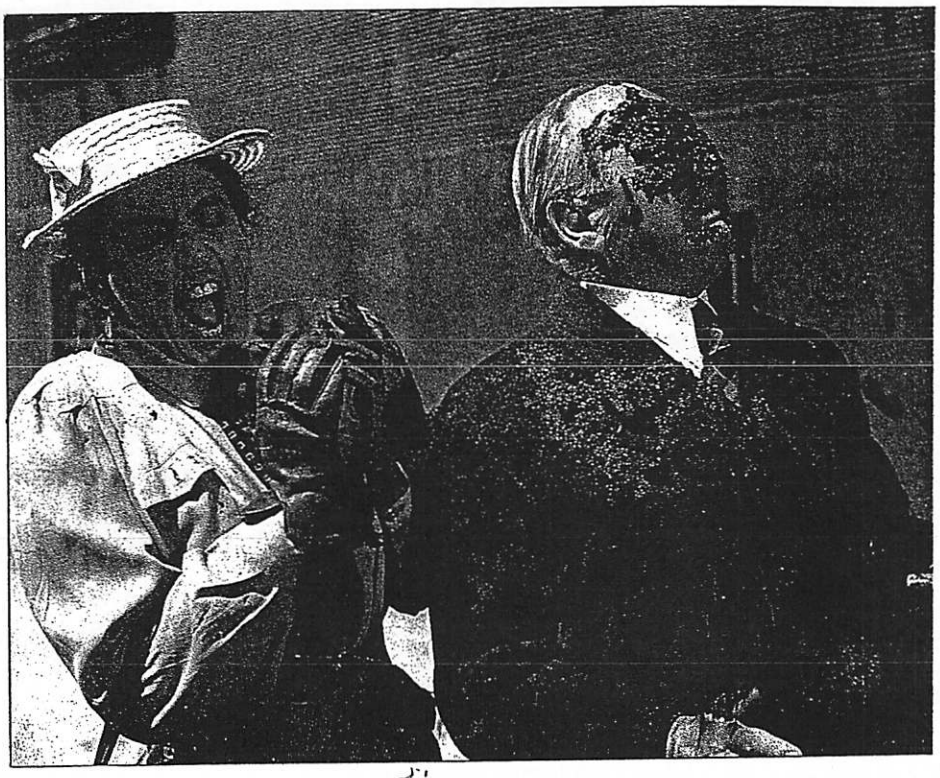


INYA FACE!
By Dan Fortson
(This tune is lovingly dedicated to those sassy soldiers of slapstick, those tenacious troops of truffle trajectory, the Biotic Baking Brigade.)



Am
In the heart of the redwood forest
G
Where the ragin' rivers flow
Am
A reckless band of outlaws
Em
Is counting up its dough
Am
They bake delicious mischief
G
To heal the world of hurt
Am
To the land of power lunches
G Em Am
They bring their just dessert

CHORUS:
Am
INYA FACE! Charlie Hurwitz
G
INYA FACE! Milton Friedman
Am
There's poetic justice dripping from your chin
Am
INYA FACE! Bob Shapiro
G
INYA FACE! They're the people's heroes
Am G Em Am
And you're just a notch upon their rolling pin

This band of Biotic Bakers
Is out to cause a fuss
You know their aim is deadly
And they speak for all of us
They stand for peace and justice
Cut those bigshots down to size
With a tasty lemon custard
Right between the eyes

CH

So all you corporados
You better watch your step
These custard-packin' mamas
Are gonna get you yet
In the heart of the redwood forest
Their ovens are aflame
There's an apple pie a-sizzlin'
And it just might bare your name

CH

(Insert in the choruses different names of your favorite pied corporate scumbags.)

IT ROSE FROM THE DEAD
By Stephan Smith

G D
Well if anyone should ask you, how did this movement start?

G
If anyone should ask you, how did this movement start?

D
If anyone should ask you how did this movement start?

C G D7 G
Tell 'em go and figure, it started in my heart

CHORUS:

G D7
And it rose, it rose, it rose from the dead

G
It rose, it rose, it rose form the dead

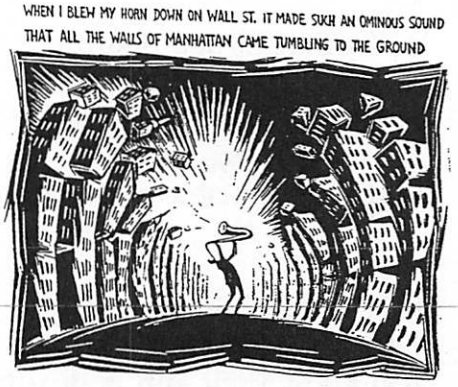
D
It rose, it rose, it rose from the dead

C G D7 G
And my faith shall bear my spirit on

Faith it rises like the ocean's tide *(x3)*
And my faith shall bear my spirit on

CH

Ain't no use in wonderin' what it's all about *(x3)*
Just throw back your head and start to sing and shout


WHEN I BLEW MY HORN DOWN ON WALL ST. IT MADE SUCH AN OMINOUS SOUND
THAT ALL THE WALLS OF MANHATTAN CAME TUMBLING TO THE GROUND

CH

If anyone should ask you is this left or right *(x2)*
If anyone should ask you, which side are you on?
No side man, this time it's everyone

CH

So I ain't gonna sit back silently no more *(x3)*
People gonna rise up, and put an end to war!!

CH

IT SEEMS LIKE WE INTUITIVELY KNOW THE REASONS BEHIND OUR PRESENT TIME'S TROUBLESOME SITUATION BUT WE ARE NOT ABLE TO EXPRESS IT IN A WORD.. SO WE STAND QUIETLY, WITNESSING THE DRAMA WHICH WE ARE PART OF.

☆ make up new verses, long live the folk process! ☆

IT'S A HARD LIFE
By Nanci Griffith

D C9 G
I am a backseat driver from America
D C9 G
We drive to the left on Falls Road
D C9 G
And the man at the wheel's name is Seamus
D C9 G
We pass a child on the corner he knows

And Seamus says, now what chance has that kid got?
And I say from the back, "I don't know"
He says there's barbed wire at all of these exits
And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go

CHORUS:

D C9 G
'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life
D C9 G
It's a hard life wherever you go
D C9 G
And if we poison our children with hatred
D C9 G
Then the hard life is all that they'll know
D C9 G
And there ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go

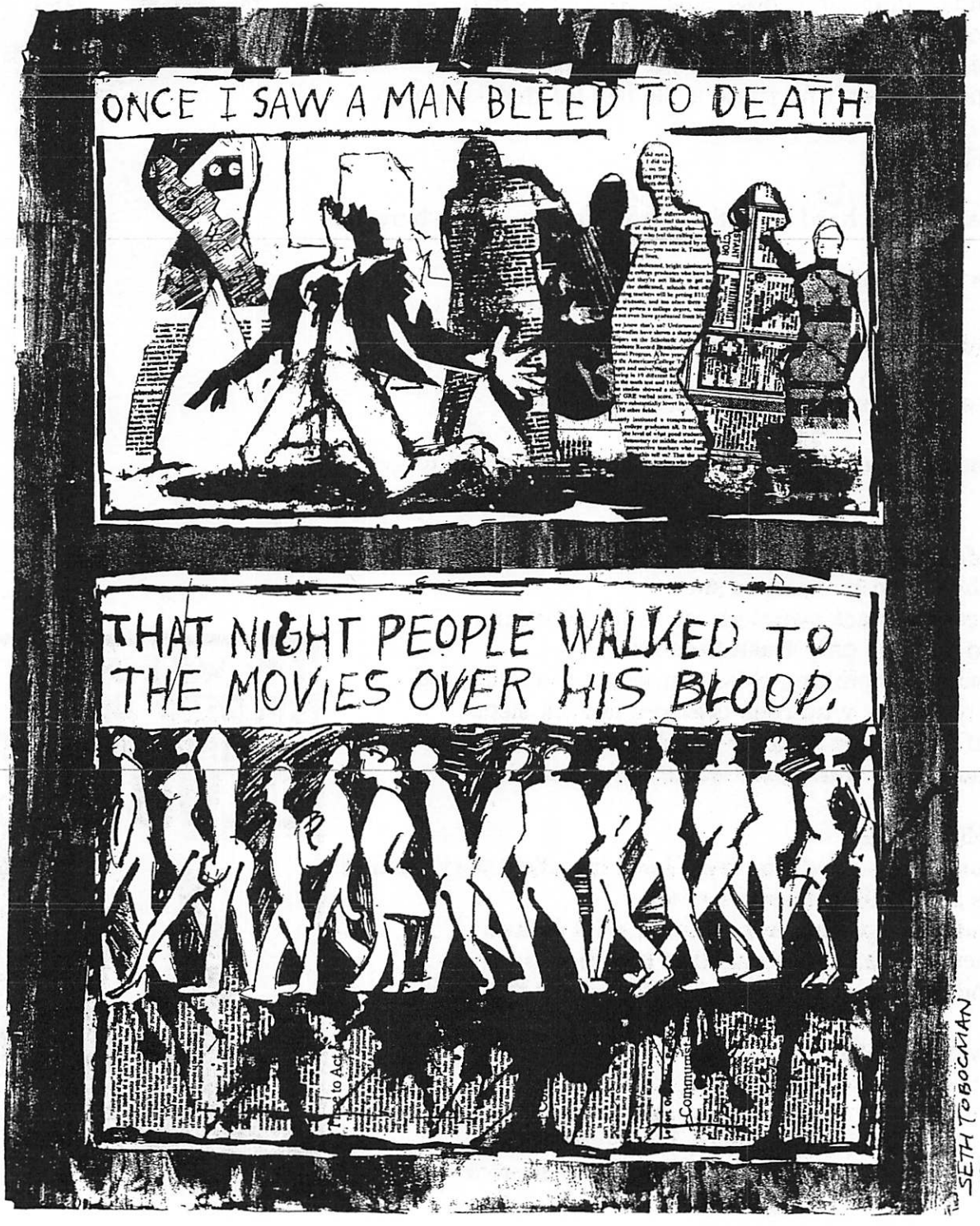
Cafeteria line in Chicago
White man in front of me
Is calling black people trash to his children
But he's the only trash here I see
And I am thinking this man wears a white hood
In the night when his children should sleep
But they'll slip to their windows and they'll see him
And they'll think that white hood's all they need

CHORUS #2:
'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life
It's a hard life wherever you go
And if we poison our children with hatred
Then the hard life is all that they'll know
And there ain't no place in Chicago for those kids to go

I was a child in the Sixties
When dreams could be held through T.V.
With Disney and Cronkite and Martin Luther
And I believed, I believed, I believed
Now I am the backseat driver from America

And I am not at the wheel of control
And I am guilty, I am war, and I am the root of all evil
Lord, and I can't drive on the left side of the road

CHORUS:
'Cause it's a hard life, it's a hard life, it's a very hard life
It's a hard life wherever you go
And if we poison our children with hatred
Then the hard life is all that they'll know
And there ain't no place in this world for those kids to go
'Cause it's a hard life wherever you go



IT'S HARD FOR ME TO KISS YOU(with Butt Cheeks in Your Lips)
By Cody Pendent
(Key of C. Sing slowly with profuse amounts of moaning and twang.)

C G7 C C7
Well I'm the kind of man who likes to support his woman
F C
And I've been right here for all that you have did
C F C F
I uttered not a word, though I found it quite absurd,
D7 G7
When you bought your Tammy Baker make up ki-it

C G7 C C7
And I'd like to thaynk I'd always be here for you
F C
But this latest fashion craze has gone too far
That surgeon done took his knife to my darling lovely wife,
And gave you lips just like a movie sta-ar

CHORUS:
F C
But it's hard for me to kiss you
C F
With butt cheeks in your lips
C F C C F G7
I never did like kissin' ass and I'm not prepared for this
C F C F
Your plastic surgeon told you that it would fill your life with bliss
F G7
Still it's hard for me to kiss you
F G7 C
Since you've put butt cheeks in your lee-ups

Well I used to kiss you every single da-ay
But now it makes me wanna turn and run
Your lips were sweet and tiny, 'til you added in your hiney
Hope you wiped yourself before you had it do-one

Now my kisses, you ne'er again shall ponder
Until these three conditions have been filled:
Three hours a day of tooth brushin', put an end to liposuction,
And always use a latex rubber shi-ield

CH

But every silver lining has its rain cloud
And I hope some day you'll turn around and find
A pair of dimpled imprints, from where the surgeon took his substance,
starin' at you in the mirror from behi-ind

Question ?
THE
BEAUTY ?
STANDARD
1 in 40,000 womyn meets the requirements of a model's size & shape
The cosmetic surgery industry in the U.S. grosses $300 million/yr & is growing 10% annually
The diet industry currently grosses $33 billion/yr

Now I wonder what you have in mind for encores
Now that you've got a thousand dollar grin
Since you've had your lips enhance-ed, I hope the fat does not turn rancid,
or migrate down and give you double chi-ins

CH

ENDING:

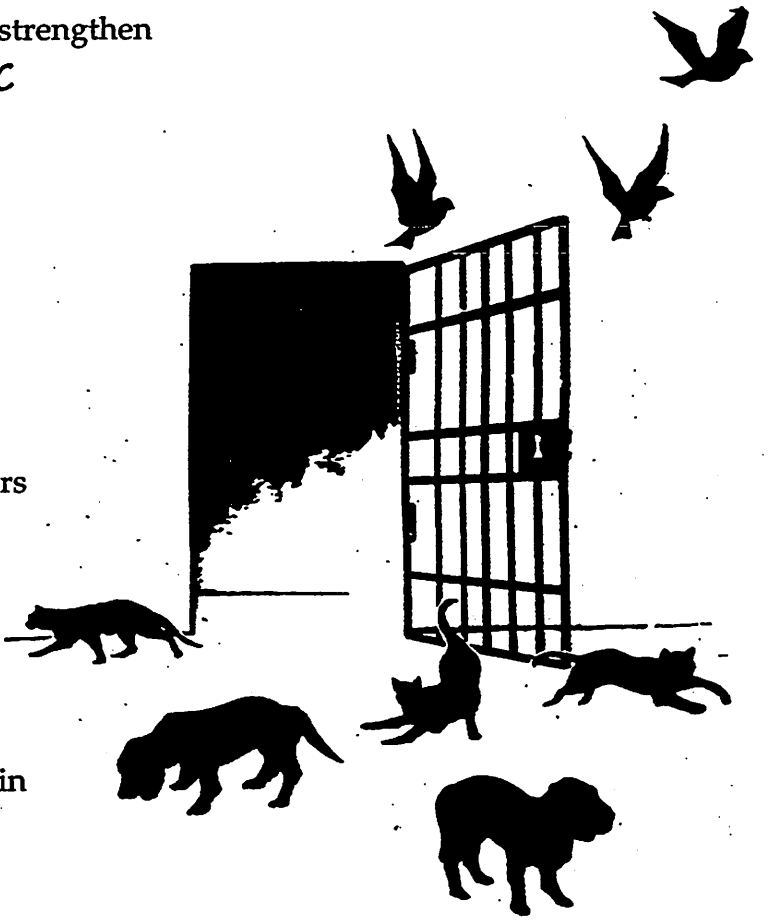
F G7 F G7
Still it's hard for me to kiss you, and if you leave I will not miss you,
F G7 F G7 C
'Cause it's so hard for me to kiss you, since you put butt cheeks in your lee-ups.

The average woman eats between four and ten pounds of lipstick in her lifetime.
No surgeon's knife is gettin' near these buns~ they're just the way nature intended!

IVORY TOWER
By Nymiah
(This song appears on Francine and Nymiah's self-titled album)

F C G F C G
I have seen you in your tower of Babel
F C G F-C-G
And I've seen the bullshit coming down
F C G F C G
You tell me we've got economy to strengthen
F C G F-C
Filling your pockets all along
G
Yeah yeah yeah

CHORUS:
D
Sitting in your ivory tower
C G
You greedy little boys
D
Thinking that with death and dollars
C G
You can crush our voice
D
But we've been busy down here
C G
Stone by stone we take
D
And one day soon the tide'll come in
C
And wash your tower away
F-C-G/F-C-G
Yeah!



You think you have got some higher purpose
And you think you own the very ground
But days are coming and the Earth, she's rising,
And will find that you're nowhere to be found
Yeah yeah yeah

CH

We don't have too far to look around us now
To see the damage that you've done
Blood is spilling, yes for oil you're killing
As you say, "oh yes this battle can be won"
No no no
No no no

My good people, is the truth so foreign
That we dare to hesitate so long
Only one way now to stop this madness
Gonna tear that tower to the ground
Yeah yeah yeah

CH (no yeah)
C G
Wash your tower away...

LAND OF THE NAVAJO
By Peter Rowan

CHORUS:

C G D Em
Oh, the wind blows cold, on the trail of the buffalo
C G D Em
Oh, the wind blows cold, in the land of the Navajo
D Em
In the land of the Navajo.

Em C
A hundred miles from nowhere out on the desert sand
E Em
One-eyed Jack the trader held some turquoise in his hand
Em C
And by his side sat Running Elk, his longtime Indian friend
D Em
He vowed that he would stay by Jack 'til the bitter end

Jack had gambled everything he owned to lead this wandering life
He might have had a happy home or a tender loving wife
But his hunger was for tradin' trappers' furs for turquoise stones
Anything the Indians had, Jack wanted for his own

CH

Said Jack to Running Elk, "I'd gamble all my precious stones
Before I'd leave my body here among these bleached bones
For now my time is drawing near and I'm filled with dark regret
My spirit longs to journey as the sun begins to set
We've rapped and killed and stole your land, we ruled with guns and knives
Fed whiskey to your warriors while we stole away your wives"
Said Running Elk, "What's done is done, you white men rule this land
Won't you play your cards face up and lay your broken hearted land"

CH

When you're dealin' cards of death, the joker's wild, the ace is high
Jack bet the Mississippi River, Running Elk raised him the sky
Jack saw him with the sun and moon and upped him with the stars
Running Elk bet the Rocky Mountains, Jupiter and Mars
The sun was sinking in the west when Jack drew the ace of spades
Running Elk just rolled his eyes, smiled and passed away
Jack picked up his turquoise stones and cast them to the sky
Stared into the setting sun and made a mournful cry

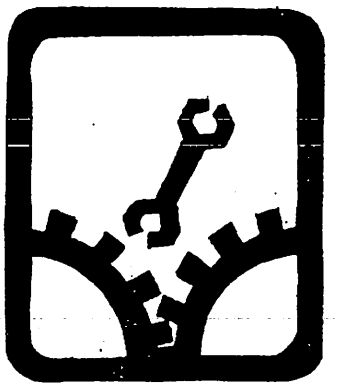
CH

LARIMER STREET
By Utah Phillips
(A classic song about gentrification, from one of the best known anarchist hobos)

C F
Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town
C G7
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down
C F
You knocked down my flophouse, you knocked down my bars
C G7 C
And you black-topped it over to park all your cars

CHORUS:

C F?
And where will I go...and where can I stay?
C D7 G7
You knocked down the skid row and hauled it away
G F
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down
G7 C
Friends, they're running the bums out of town



Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors
There ain't nothin' left in the secondhand stores
You knocked down my pawn shop and the big harbor light
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night

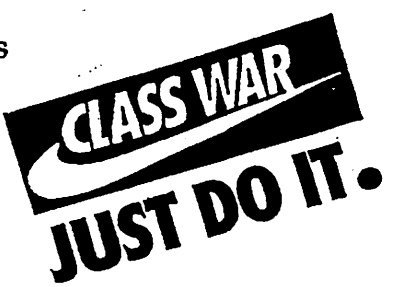
CH

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street
And you built a big hall where the playboys can meet
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid
But you built a new hall for the stock market trade

CH

Now I'm findin' out there's just one kind of war
It's the one goin' on 'tween the rich and the poor
I don't know a lot about what you call class
But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass

CH



LEAVIN' THE NORTHWEST
By Larkin
(Larkin plays with Nego as the duo Boxcar Bertha)

G C
I don't do the things that make the west coast hip
D G
I don't have a snowboard and I don't strip
G C
And I don't have a ring that goes through my lip
D
I'm leavin' the Northwest

D G
Cuz I'm tired of people askin' me "where's your drawl?"
D G
Then lookin' at me funny when I call them y'all
G C
And this rain is putting me through the test
D G
I'm leavin' the Northwest

I'm not transgendered, I don't wear a tattoo
My clit's not pierced and my hair's not blue
And my toes are froze, just to name a few
I'm leavin' the Northwest

Cuz my rainpants and my basement leak
So I'm going back to where I look like a freak
To where the grits are good and biscuits are best
I'm leavin' the Northwest

Now I'm hooked on good coffee and pot that's too strong
And trying to write dorky punk rock songs
Guess I'm going about this whole thing wrong
I'm leavin' the Northwest

Cuz I don't do the things that make the west coast hip
I don't have a snowboard and I don't strip
And I don't have a ring that goes through my lip
I'm leavin' the Northwest
And my rainpants and my basement leak
So I'm going back to where I look like a freak
To where the grits are good and biscuits are best'
I'm leavin' the Northwest!

LIKE A RIVER
By Kate Wolf

As with all the songs in here, Remember, play the same chord until it changes.

G
It's high on a mountain, the warm winds are blowin'
Am C
And where the winds are blowin' to
G
There ain't no way of knowin'
Em C
The mountain grass is short
G
It's dry and close to burnin'
Am C
Cryin' out for water
G
As the season's turning

CHORUS:

Em-C
The sweet smell of pines
G
The tall western cedar
Am C
Driftin' on the wind
G
Through the mountains like a river

I've been too long away from this wide open sky
On the concrete trails that wind
Through the canyons dark and wide
With the sounds of people talkin'
In words of blue and gray
Smells of doors and windows
Closed against the day

CH

Now the dust lies thick and heavy where my feet are fallin'
There's nothin' but the sound
Of the jaybirds callin'
My mind grows dry and thirsty
As the memories linger
Driftin' on the wind
Through the mountains like a river

CH

THE LIKES OF YOU AND I
By The Levellers

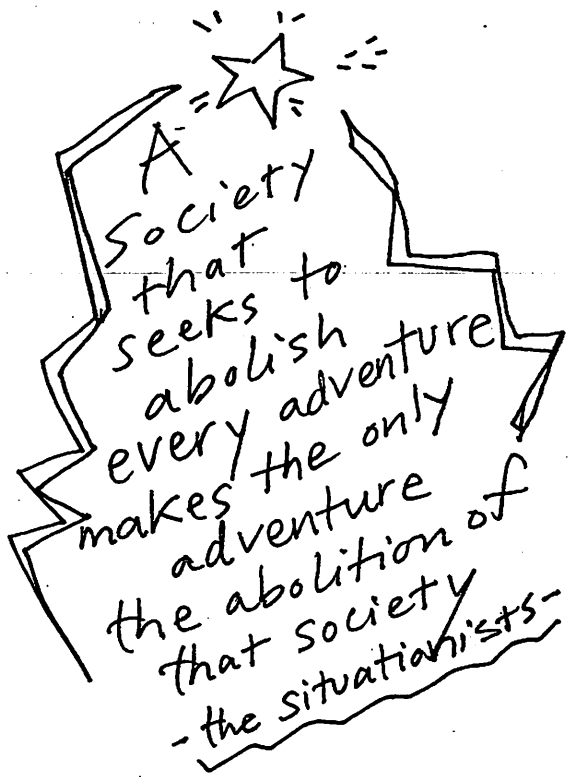
Am G D
Do you ever stop to think from time to time
Am G D
About the way the world's been left behind?
Am G D
In another place, in another time..
Am G
We could maybe change the way we think
D Am-G-D
Take the blinkers from our eyes

Do you think that we are maybe not alone
Do you think there's someone out there
Do you think that they might know?
And if they don't do you think they should be told?
'Cos we're living in a nightmare
Running out of our control

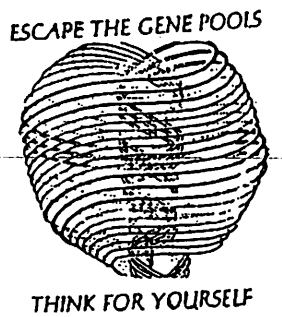
CHORUS:
Am
Take the rope
G D
Take the blindfold from your eyes
Am
Take the rope from around your neck
G D
And take the blindfold from your eyes
C
And you'll never be surprised
C
When they tell you that they love you
C Am
While they're eating you alive

Do you think you have the strength to carry on
Or has the black cat got your tongue?
Don't worry now cos the world will be alright
Cos the land has been here longer
Than the likes of you and I

CH


A society that seeks to abolish every adventure makes the only adventure the abolition of that society
- the situationists-

WAKE UP!



LITTLE JANIE FISHER
By Paul Gill
(Swing)

G B7 C D
When little Janie Fisher was a lass she always knew
C D7 G
That she would need herself a boat and crew some day
G B7 C D
She always did believe the seas would rise and so it came as no
C D7 G — G7
Surprise when global warming came to stay
C7 G
She started hoarding wood when she was five, when she was ten
D B7
She used to skive off school and work upon her plan
Am Em
Most people thought her crazy, but they landed in the gravy
C D G
When the oceans started lapping up the land

Well, it started up in Norfolk when three feet of salty water
Rose and occupied King's Lynn and all the fens
Ipswich, London, Cambridge, Bristol, it came fast and Janie just
Got up her mast before it reached the garden fence
With ten thousand tins of beans, a tonne of sweets and other things
She needed for the coming months she stepped aboard
With a crew of loyal friends, a dog, a cat, a clutch of hens
And her pet bat, she hoisted sail and set her course

Now, it wasn't long before she reached a bunch of saddened men
Who'd beached their boat upon the dome of great St. Paul's
When she asked them "Who are you?" they said, "The Cambridge rowing crew
We were going fine and then we lost our oars
The other trouble that we've had, you see how little room we have?
We couldn't fit in food, we've starved for days"
Janie fed 'em beans on toast, but what they thanked her for the most
A dozen broomsticks and some old school dinner trays

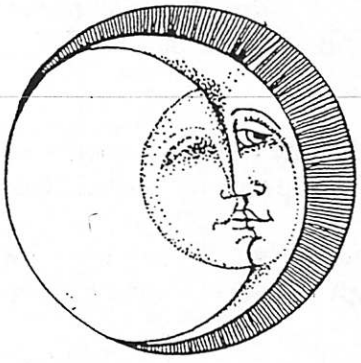
She left them bodging paddles on the roof, a living proof
That there is more to brains than where you went to school
And as they headed south and west they fished for tat amongst the mess
That floated on the surface of that salty pool
There was almost everything, from clothes to beds with rusty springs
They caught a table and a whole new set of chairs
But when Janie's cousin John hooked what looked to be a bomb
They all ran and hid beneath the cabin stairs

It was then they came across a man who clung for dear life
Upon the tip of Salisbury cathedral spire
He wore a terribly posh suit, he had a suitcase full of loot
They recognised the face of minister McGuire
Who before the floods had started was in charge of the Department
For the Climate and the Use of Energy
The man who hadn't done enough, who'd pitched them right into the rough
They helped him up but had him on his knees

He soon was scrubbing down their decks, they made him clean up all their mess
They had him cooking for them umpteen times a day
He did the washing up, the ironing, anything remotely tiring
He'd incurred a heavy debt and had to pay
Meanwhile Janie and her crew sailed on into the blue
Spent their days up on the deck just having fun
But they didn't have an answer to the quick onset of cancer
And were killed by harmful rays from off the sun

C
Oh I do like to be beside the seaside
C7 F
Oh I do like to be beside the sea
G7 C F C
I like to walk along the prom, prom, prom
G G7
Where the brass bands play tiddly om pom pom
(Same chords as above)
Oh just let me be beside the seaside
I'd be beside myself with glee
And there are lots of girls besides I would like to be beside
Beside the seaside, beside the sea

LIVE LIKE A PRAYER
By Ellen Claiver & Peg Millet
(A favorite acapella sing-along. Peg Millet brought this song to the movement by way of her album "Gentle Warrior". Peg added the verse about the forest in 1995, inspired by her travels in the redwoods.)



Born in the Rockies, of high mountain streams
Runnin' down the valleys, ocean in its dreams
Great blue heron, graces the shore
The water...rushing before

Don't damn the river, leave the river alone
Don't damn the river, 'cause the river is a home
Don't damn the river, let the river survive
The river, the river is alive

The desert's waiting, red rock canyon walls
Hot sun is beating and one coyote calls
Sagebrush fragrant, in the stillness of the heat
Desert fire burnin'--a steady beat

Don't pave the desert, leave the desert alone...

Tall grasses waving - miles across to sky
Broad fields remembering, the buffalo hunter's cry
Song to season- circles by the stream
Sweet grass burnin' - breeze fresh and clean

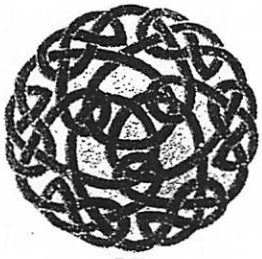
Don't plow the prairie, leave the prairie alone...

Rising with the currents, to the great divide
Blessed by the lightning - and the green forests wide
Alpine meadows- the golden eagle flies
The mountains touching the sky

Don't mine the mountains, leave the mountains alone...

The redwoods rising, up to greet the sun
Bright green shadows, shelter everyone
Fluted singing, fills the silent air
Giant tree roots, hold the earth there

Don't log the forest, leave the forest alone...



Feel our mother hurting, know that scars are done
Breathe in your courage, 'cause the struggle has begun
Live like a prayer now, in praise of the one
We are, we are all alive
We are, we are all alive
We are, we are all alive!

LIVE/WORK, LIVE/WORK
By Jamie Ben-Azay, music by Frank Sinatra
(Performed by Samsara. Acapella, to the tune of Sinatra's "New York, New York." For more political parodies see also "The Atom" pg. , "I Wanna Log Your Land" pg. & "The Prison Industry" pg. .)

Start spreadin' the news, you move in thirty days
We want to be a part of it—gentrification

Those vagabond 'hoods are going away
Right through the very heart of it—gentrification

We wanna wake up in a city that isn't cheap
And find we're king of the market, top of the heap

These rent control blues, are melting away
We'll make a brand new law of it—Live/Work, Live/Work lofts

If we can kick you out, the rents will skyrocket
We'll start a new rich town—gentrification

We want to dine out in a restaurant that serves elites
So property values go up, top of the hill
View of the bay, doorman and all

These white flight blues are gone for today
We're gonna make an internet start-up with Live/Work lofts

If we can make it here, we'll make it anywhere
It's up to us to clean the streets—gentrification

LONDON CALLING
By Clim Atechaos, music by the Clash
(A rewrite of The Clash song by the same name.)
Em© = Em w/ bottom G note on high E string

INTRO: Em – Fmaj9 – Em – Fmaj9

Em Fmaj9
London calling to the faraway towns
Em© G Em
Now war is declared and battle come down
Em Fmaj9
London calling, if terrorists are what we are
Em© G Em
Let's plant a seed bomb in jumping Jack Straw's car (*1)

London calling, before the world turns to dust
Get out of the Jaguar and onto the bus
London calling to Section 28 (*2)
Let's paint the bus pink and call a halt to hate

CHORUS:
Em G
The ice age is coming, the sun's zooming in,
D Em
Meltdown expected, the wheat's growing thin,
Em G
Engines stop running, but I have no fear,
D Em
'Cos London is drowning and I...live by the river-ah!
(Intro chords in between each verse)

London calling to the hats without a home,
Last night they squatted the Millennium Dome
London calling to the snakes of the Square Mile (*3)
Beware the coming of the rank and file

London calling down in Parliament Square (*4)
Did you plant a seed or did you stand and stare?
London calling at the Thames Barrier,
Here comes the hell and the high water

CH (*On third line sing instead* "A signaling error, but I have no fear")

JAM

London calling 'cos the planet's in A & E, (*5)
Though somewhere deep, deep down I know we'll all be free
London calling, the resistance it grows
What of the revolution? Well, there she blows

CH

Song Key:

1. jack straw – UK Home Secretary, creator of terrorism laws targeting direct action activists
2. Section 28 – forced UK schools to discriminate against sexual orientation. Lesbian action team painted bus pink as protest (public bus)
3. square mile – financial district of London where June 18th '99 mass protest occurred
4. parliament Square – guerilla gardening mayday action (2000)
5. A & E stands for UK hospitals' accidents & emergencies units

(I Heard That) LONESOME WHISTLE
By Jimmie Davis and Hank Williams, Sr.
(Recorded by Hank Williams, Sr. and Bob Dylan.)

D
I was ridin' number nine
G D
Headin' south from Caroline
A7 D
I heard that lonesome whistle blow
D
Got in trouble, had to roam
G D
Left my gal and left my home
A7 D
I heard That lonesome whistle blow

CHORUS #1:
G
Just a kid actin' smart
D
I went and broke my darlin's heart
A7
I guess I was too young to know
D
They took me off the Georgia Main
G D
Locked me to a ball and chain
A7 D
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

All alone I bear the shame
I'm a number not a name
I heard that lonesome whistle blow
All I do is sit and cry
When the evenin' train goes by
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

CHORUS #2:
I'll be locked here in this cell
'Til my body's just a shell
And my hair turns whiter than snow
I'll never see that gal of mine
Lord, I'm in Georgia doin' time
I heard that lonesome whistle blow

LOVE ME, I'M A LIBERAL
By Phil Ochs
(A classic tongue-in-cheek rant that may be more true today than ever before.)

E A E A
I cried when they shot Medgar Evers
E C#m
Tears ran down my spine
E A E
I cried when they shot Mr. Kennedy
F#7 B7
As though I'd lost a father of mine
E A E
But Malcolm X got what was coming
G#m A
He got what he asked for this time
E C#m A B7 E
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I go to civil rights rallies
And I put down the old D.A.R.
I love Harry and Sidney and Sammy
I hope every colored boy becomes a star
But don't talk about revolution
That's going a little bit too far
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I cheered when Humphrey was chosen
My faith in the system restored
I'm glad the commies were thrown out
Of the A.F.L. C.I.O. board
I love Puerto Ricans and Negroes
As long as they don't move next door
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

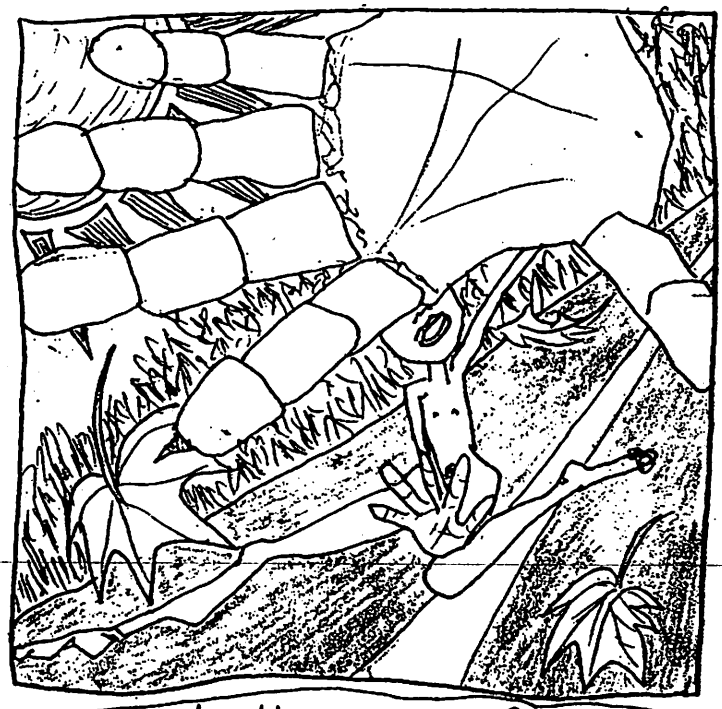
The people of old Mississippi
Should all hang their heads in shame
I can't understand how their minds work
What's the matter don't they watch Les Crain?
But if you ask me to bus my children
I hope the cops take down your name
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I read New Republic and Nation
I've learned to take every view
You know, I've memorized Lerner and Golden
I feel like I'm almost a Jew
But when it comes to times like Korea
There's no one more red, white and blue
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

I vote for the Democratic Party
They want the U.N. to be strong
I go to all the Pete Seeger concerts
He sure gets me singing those songs
I'll send all the money you ask for
But don't ask me to come on along
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

Once I was young and impulsive
I wore every conceivable pin
Even went to the socialist meetings
Learned all the old union hymns
But I've grown older and wiser
And that's why I'm turning you in
So love me, love me, love me, I'm a liberal

(Note: Lerner & Golden were both columnists with left-leaning tendencies. Harry Golden, a humorist, wrote some marvelous books and short stories. Les Crane had a talk show in the south. Nothing virulent like the current ones! Jello Biafra and Mojo Nixon did a cover of this with updated characters.)



LUCY AND HER MA
By Mary Urtica

Am
'Twas just about midnight
E7 Am
On the fourth day of July
Dm
When sweet little Lucy
E7 Am
Blew her Daddy sky high

The shots rang out
Like a warrior's cry
And then only silence
As the old man died

CHORUS:
Am
Now big girls don't cry so
G7 E7 Am
Don't tell your Ma how
E7 Am
I love my beautiful girl
Am C
So kiss him goodnight and
G7 E7
Wash until you're raw and
Am E7 Am
One day a new flag will unfurl
G7 E7 Am
Yes, one day a new flag will unfurl

The lawmen went down
As the dim darkness grew
And the word went around
'Bout the truth everybody knew
But Lucy and her Ma
They knew it was alright and
They buried her Pa
That very same night

CH *(instrumental only)*

Well Lucy was bold
And so justice was served
And her dear old Daddy,
Well he got what he deserved
But it ain't always so
And this tale I tell,
Well it happens everyday
And perhaps you know it well

CH *(Sing "goodbye" instead of "goodnight.")*

LUNA'S SONG
By Leah Berger

G Am G D
Once you told me of a woman and her name is Butterfly
G Am G D
All the way from Arkansas, she came to see the redwoods high
G Am G D
And when she saw those ancient trees, and learned their fateful destiny
G Am G D
She asked, what can I do to set them free?

CHORUS:
C G C D
And oh oh oh oh no, And oh oh oh oh no *(line x2)*
C G C D
Have you ever climbed a redwood tree?
C G C D
And do you know the power of a redwood tree?
C G C D
And if you ever climbed a redwood tree
C G C D G-Am-G-D
You would never cut a redwood tree, oh no

In the forest lives an elder, she's grown for many centuries
With bark that shines like silver locks in the moonlight's mystery
Her trunk so wide and branches high, a grandmother who stands with pride
Forest warriors called her Luna, and like the moon she'd be free

So my friends, the story goes, they nearly climbed two hundred feet
To make a home in Luna's arms, they joined the forest canopy
With boards below and tarps above, protected by the Goddess' love
Who says a revolution can't be born peacefully?

CH

Well Butterfly now saw her chance to mess with MAXXAM's timber plans
She took the ropes, she climbed the tree, singing "nature before technology"
But when she reached the top and saw how corporate giant's greedy claws
G Am G Am
Had stripped that forest bare for logs, Butterfly cried, "Luna,
G D
If they take you they take me too"

The seasons passed and winter came and Butterfly withstood the rains
Thought the helicopters came around, she planted roots, she kept her ground
She said, "I'm here for the salmon and the spotted owl, the hawks and the ravens and the
ones who crawl

The rocks and the rivers and the air we breathe, she said I'm here to protect what's wild
and free

CH

The years have passed and Luna stands, while her story's spread throughout the land
'Bout a woman we call Butterfly, who dared to say, "I too will die"
She said, "The forest is a sacred space and not one tree can go to waste
G Am G
So sorry Charlie, you're out of luck, find another way
Am D
To make your bucks"

And so my friends, this song is ending, but the wheel is turning and the web is spinning
For in every village there lives an elder and in every heart there burns an ember
To fight for what you know is real, and in this way the world will heal
So listen to those who tell you so, you just plant a seed and watch it grow ~G-Am-G-Am-D

CH

MEN-AN-TOL
By Levellers
(A song about magical ruins and wild places, and holding their power with us amidst the everyday urban onslaught.)

Dm F
So I find myself among the brave southeastern hills
F Dm
Running like a madman on the moor
Dm F
Let the sweet Atlantic rain wash away my ills
F Dm
The Men-An-Tol shone strangely in the storm

CHORUS:
F
I get the strangest feeling
Dm
In the air around
F
It's more than just a feeling
F
A different way of seeing
Dm
A different kind of life
F Dm
Something I believe in

BRIDGE:
Am
But in amongst the city lights
Dm
This feeling's not so clear
Am
Neon lights and faceless signs
Dm
~~Hide what I hold dear~~
F
But it's there to find if you have the mind
G
And you don't live in fear of it

JAM: Dm — Am - Dm - F — x2

I rest among what still remains
Of lives that passed before /
Lighting strikes the top of Zennor Tor /
I find myself amazed again
At man's pathetic score /
Years of knowledge wasted and ignored

Dm

CH

BRIDGE *(Sing "Faceless towers and neon signs" for third line)*

JAM

CH

BRIDGE

Sing last three lines of chorus. Let last chord ring out.

MISSILE SONG
By Solstice
(Play lively!)

G E7
We just wanna launch missiles
C D G
Just wanna launch missiles } x2

E7
Boeing wanted badly for us to keep bombing Iraq
C D
To keep their budget a-bloated
G E7
But at Ohio State the students stood up—the armor cracked
C D7
So we let off for a few months—didn't want the '60s back
G E7
But of course we couldn't let that riffraff's or the world's will beat us
C D
So while the cameras zoomed in on the presidential penis
G E7
We fired up the engines—the president's decree was
D G
"Let the missiles flow!"

CHORUS:
E7
We just wanna launch missiles
C D
Don't quite matter to us where they go
G E7
We just wanna launch missiles
C D7
Love that late-night Baghdad glow
G E7
The peace-niks may hate us and the children imitate us
C D
But just look at those profits grow
G E7
We're boys with our toys and we're spoiled in the joy
C D G
Of making things explode!

To choose our next target now we just spin the globe
This time it stopped on Kosovo
We'll say it's about ethnic cleansing, and while sympathy is selling
We shall strike our blow

Sure from their national problem to our bombing solution
There's a large leap in logic, I know
But a peaceful solution would negate our institution
And stop the money flow

CH (*in place of line 4, sing* "What a rush of testosterone!")

Our motives may seem flippity-floppy
Our attitude a bit too hippity-hoppy
And sometimes our operations get a little sloppy
Sometimes communications get a wee bit choppy
So we bombed the Chinese embassy—a terrible mistake
But still a little bit fun
They say we'll start World War Three—sounds alright to me
Hell, missiles for everyone!

CH (*1st-3rd lines same, then...)*
Watch our profits gro-o-ow
Whoops, we hit the wrong country—margin of error, you know
Besides, there are no "wrong" countries—hell, we've even bombed our own
(last 2 lines same)

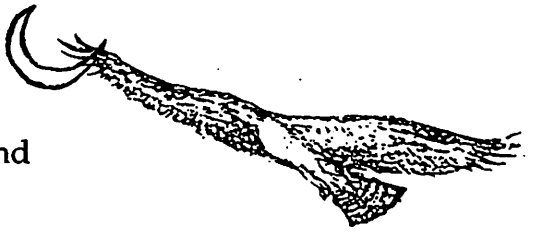
(guitar slow and light...)
Oh but when the school kids open fire
This violence we deplore
Clinton made a great speech, said we've got to teach
There's another way to be explored
(guitar picking)
If only these kids could have found the patience
To wait three years or four
(guitar loud)
Well they could have been our cronies—could've joined the army
And killed so many more!

CH (*1st-3rd lines same, then...)*
Watch our profits gro-o-ow
~~Watch your back Iraq, look out Kosovo!~~
And if China is in the way, their embassy has got to go
(last 2 lines same, then...)
What fun!

G E7
They say we'll start World War Three—sounds alright to me
C D G E7
Hell, missiles for everyone, that's right
C D G E7
Missiles for everyone, oh boy!
C D G- C-G
Missiles for everyone!

MISTY MOUNTAIN
By Ferron

D E F#m D E F#m
Up the misty mountain, wildflowers bind the ground
D E F#m D E F#m
Down by the rushing river, force will wear those boulders down
D E F#m D E F#m
Me, I'm underneath my covers, me, I'm trapped inside my brain
D E F#m D E F#m
While up above the misty mountain, up above the rushing river
D E F#m D E F#m
Up above the bed of longing, eagle takes the wind
D E F#m
Eagle takes the wind
A E D D A
Eagle takes the wind, my friend, eagle takes the wind
A E D
It makes me think of this, my friend:
D E F#m-D-E-F#m
Where does the eagle live in me-eeee?



I am crawling through this city, I say the city will be my home
I say, "Ferron, you are halfway pretty, and may you never be alone"
Be it in scorn or be it favor, be it but a moment gone
And I stood before the mirror, like an open-ended cavern
Like a breath held inhaled holding, I barely knew my name
Barely knew my name
Barely knew my name, my friends, barely knew my name
It makes me think of this, my friend:
Where do I live in me-eeee?

Well, it's a planet of resistance, it is a whirling flame of choice
Are you my comrades in persistence? I swear they'll know us by our voice
Though we lay down in dusty corners, we are ragged as a scar
And when we rest, our eyes stay open, we're always off to war
Always off to war
Always off to war, my friends, always off to war
It makes me think of this, my friends:
Where can the quiet be-eeee?

Is it up the mountain, where wildflowers bind the ground?
Is it down by the rushing river? Force will wear those boulders down
Is it underneath my covers? Is it trapped inside my brain?
While up above the misty mountain, up above the rushing river
Up above the bed of longing, eagle takes the wind
Eagle takes the wind
Eagle takes the wind

MY COUNTRY
By Dana Lyons
(Music by Dana Lyons, Jessie Wolf Hardin and Ted Schadler)

D C
I was born inside a hospital
G D
With a nine digit number code
D C
I pledged allegiance to the flag
G D
When I was only four years old
D C
The first thing that I learned in school
G D
Is we are a country free
D C
When bad forces attack our land
G D
I'll fight for my country

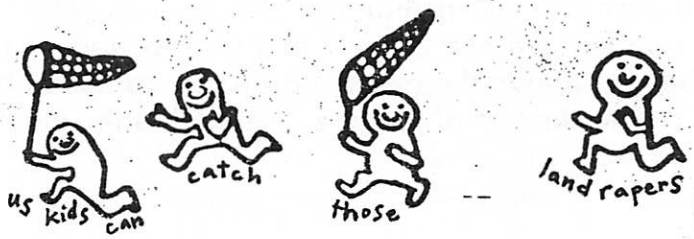
I joined the scouts when I was twelve
And put on a uniform
I learned there how to fold the flag
And how the look of a proud man was worn
We camped in the mountains, deserts, and plains
We hiked through the giant trees
And I saw God in the beauty there
I'll fight for my country

With a heavy pack and a cluttered mind
A young man walks all alone
Six thousand miles away he finds
For the first time that he feels at home
And he laughs to himself as he faces his fear
In the land of the mighty grizzly
It once was like this everywhere
I'll fight for my country

Now I love this river, love this land
And I love my green mountain home
And when they come to cut the forest here
They won't be fighting me alone
'Cause the wildlands are the places we go
To remember what it means to be free
When bad forces attack our land
I'll fight for my country

timber wolf howling
·howling is a means of communication among wolves.

GRAY ARE ALL THE THEORIES BUT GREEN! is the tree of life
-goethe



MY DIRTY STREAM
By Pete Seeger (Casey Neill Trio covers this, & has a cut of this song on the Pete Seeger Tribute "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?")

G
Sailing up my dirty stream
Am7 D7 G
Still I love it, and I'll keep the dream
G
That someday, though maybe not this year
Am7 D7 G
My Hudson River will once again run clear

G Em
It starts high in the mountains of the north
Am7 D7
Crystal clear and icy trickles forth
G
With just a few floating wrappers of chewing gum
Am7 D7 G
Dropped by some hikers to warn of things to come

At Glens Falls, five thousand honest hands
Work at the Consolidated paper plant
Five million gallons of waste a day
Why should we do it any other way?
Down the valley, one million toilet chains
Find my Hudson so convenient a place to drain
And each little city says "who, me"?
Do you think that sewage plants come free?

In the ocean they say the water's clear
But I live right at Beacon here
Halfway between the mountains and the sea
Tacking to and fro, this thought occurs to me
Sailing up my dirty stream
Still I love it, and I'll keep the dream
That someday, though maybe not this year
My Hudson River will once again run clear
That someday, though maybe not this year
Am D G - D7 - G
My Hudson River -- and my country -- will run clear

CHORUS

CH

ending CH

MY PICKET LINE
By Desert Rat (See a parody of this song, "My Subculture & Scene", pg.154.) (next page)

G C G
The working class is strong and proud. See how our hammers shine!
C G D
See how our banners stand so true along the picket line!
G C G
And if you cross my picket line I'm going to kick your ass!
C G D G
For I will fight this war forever for my planet and my class!

My old growth forest stands so tall, so ancient and so free,
Those five percent survivors of what stretched from sea to sea.
And if you cut these last few down I'm going to kick your ass!
For I will fight this war forever for my planet and my class!

My union brothers and my sisters all have working hands.
We process ore in metal plants and mills of many lands.
And if you lock my comrades out I'm going to kick your ass!
For I will fight this war forever for my planet and my class!

The tyrant's days are numbered. Let all workers be forewarned!
Those traitors who sell out their class shall be forever scorned!
And if the scabs' cars park nearby, I'm going to break their glass,
And throw a match or two into the tank that holds the gas!

The working class is strong and proud. See how our hammers shine!
See how our banners stand so true along the picket line!
And trav'lin' to the legislature is a waste of gas,
Unless you have a picket line that means to kick some ass!

MY SUBCULTURE AND SCENE
By Desert Rat
(A parody of his own song, "My Picket Line." See pg.153) previous page

G C G
I push my propaganda and I talk about the man
C G D
I want to let the whole world know how radical I am
G C G
And if I do not think you're cool, I'll treat you really mean
C G D G
For I will fight this war forever for my subculture and scene

Us hippie kids and gutter punks, we all wear spiky hair
Or else we sport our dreadlocks and have piercings everywhere
And if you do not look like us, we'll treat you really mean
For we will fight this war forever for our subculture and scene

I say I want to see the people rise and system fall
I talk of direct action and of Mumia Jamal
But all the causes I espouse, although I think them keen
I'd sacrifice forever for my subculture and scene

I like to turn the masses off to what I have to say
I shout it in their faces in a most obnoxious way
I don't want people to be moved by what I claim to mean
For if they were, they might pollute my subculture and scene

That wingnut over there, sometimes I think he really tries
To alienate all the folks we'd like to call allies
But we don't call him on his shit, although it is obscene
Because to do so might disrupt our subculture and scene

My radio technician friend, he caught a lot of shit
For setting a transmitter up for Windberry treesit
We made him take it down because technology is mean
It ruins the aesthetics of our subculture and scene

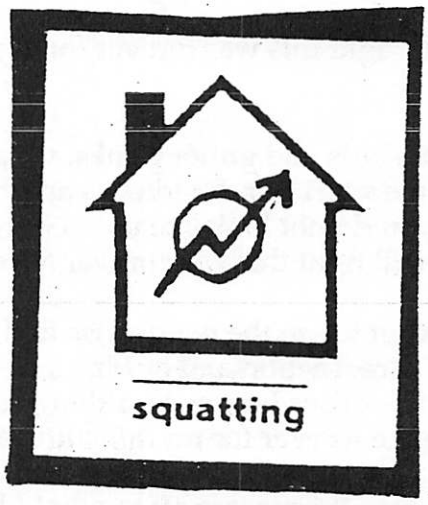
The group I've been a part of now for going on two weeks!
Is ruled by a miniscule clique of rabid control-freaks
We bow before this clique as though before a king or queen
For challenging them might disrupt our subculture and scene

I like repeating errors made by those who came before
Let's be just like the CNT of Spanish Civil War
Who sacrificed their struggle to the Stalinists' machine
Just to preserve the popular front's subculture and scene

(Sing first verse again, with last line as "subculture and 'zine")

NAILED AND BOARDED
By Timothy Hull
(Capo 3rd fret. The second "chord" in this song is a walk down from the G note on the E string - it's an F# note but I'm not sure what it's called. I'll call it an F#.)

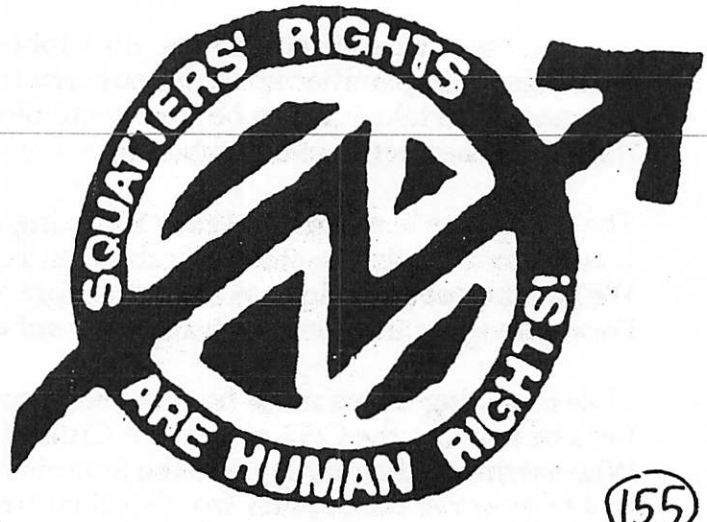
G F# A D
The windows are nailed and boarded
G F# A D
Through which I saw the west
G F# A D
Where generations built their homeplace
G F# A D
Where generations laid to rest



Proud at night the pine trees
That once crowned Knock An Ra
Their backs were straight
Strong in moonlight
We used to walk among them all

Before the land was taken
We used to have someplace to stay
Before the land was forsaken
Before they pushed us all away
Now we're all wanderers
Exiles on the wander-roam
Vacant buildings, underpasses
Roadsides are our only home

The window is nailed and boarded
Through which we saw the street
Creeping closer every day
We were out of work, nothing to eat
Proud at night the campfires
Out underneath the stars
Our backs are straight
Strong in moonlight
Though we live in mini-vans and cars



Don't you think a sheltered bed
And a place to lay you down
Is anybody's right
In any land, in any town
Proud tonight, the song we're singing
Our backs are straight we come and go
Proud tonight, the fight we're giving
And we thought you ought to know

We're all wanderers
Exiles on the wander-roam
But we tore the nailed boards off the windows
'Cause everyone should have a home

} repeat whole section once, then repeat last two lines again

NEWRY. HIGHWAYWOMAN
Traditional Irish tune
(The Celtic band Solas does an amazing version of this on their self-titled album. Casey Neill covers it too. Have fun changing the names of people to rob and places to ones that hit home with you.)

G C9 G
In Newry town I was bred and born
D C9 G
In Stephens Green now I lie in scorn
C9 D G
I served me time at the saddler's trade
G C9 G
I always was a roving blade
G C9 G
I always was a roving blade

At seventeen I joined with my wife
I loved her dearer than I loved me life
And so to keep us both fine and gay
I went out robbing on the King's Highway
I went out robbing on the King's Highway

I never robbed a poor man yet
Nor lately caused anyone to fret
But I robbed lords and ladies fine
And I carried the gold home to me heart's delight
I carried the gold home to me heart's delight

I robbed Lord Hurwitz I do declare
And Tony Blair up in Grovenor's Square
I closed their shutters and bade them goodnight
And I carried the gold home to me heart's delight
I carried the gold home to me heart's delight

To Covent Garden I made my way
With me dear wife for to see the play
~~The Fielding's men there did me pursue~~
And I was taken by that cursed crew
Oh I was taken by that cursed crew

My father cried, 'me darling one!'
My wife she cried, 'now i am undone!'
My mother tore her grey locks and cried
It's in the cradle I should have died
It's in the cradle I should have died

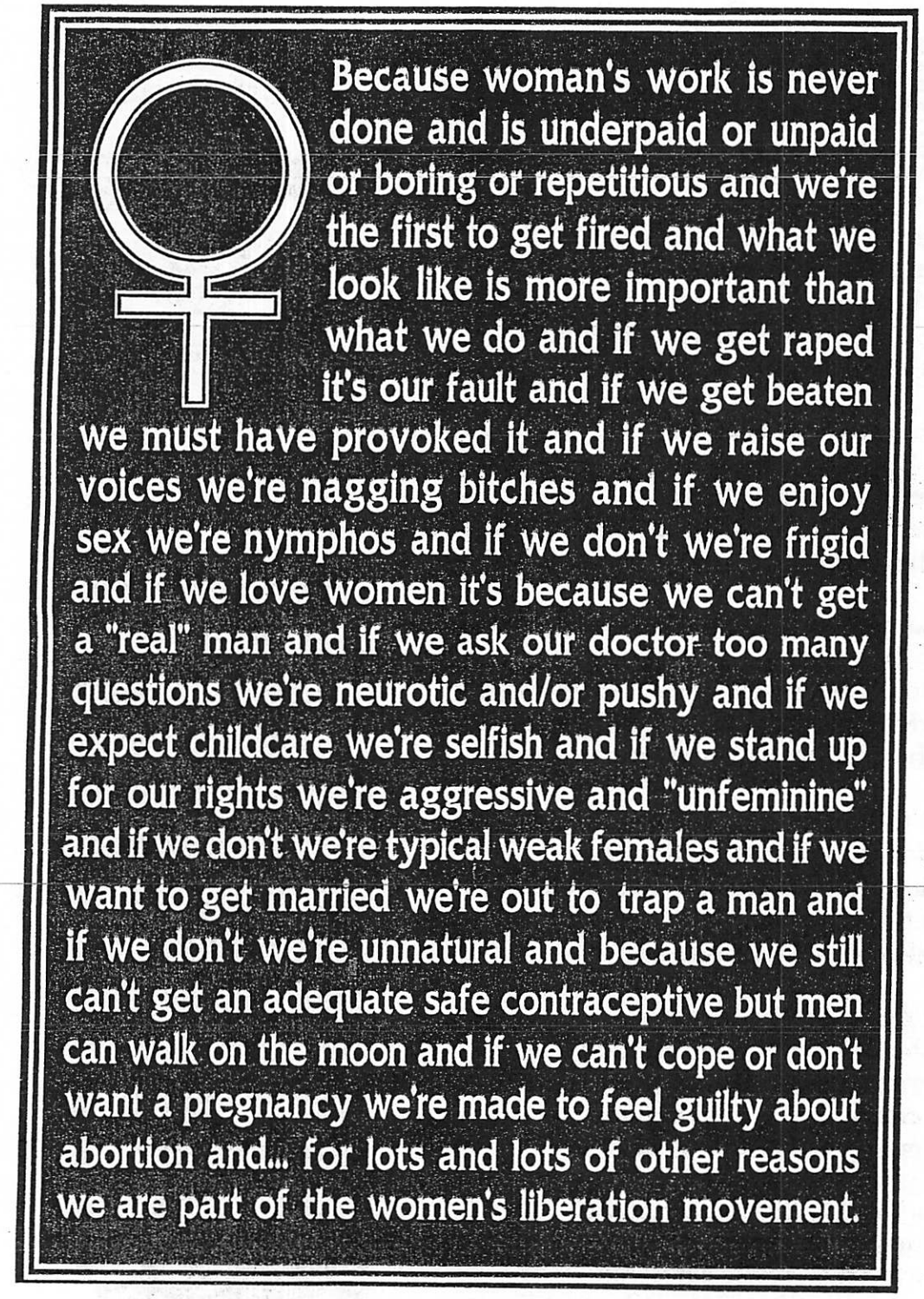
When I am dead I want for my grave
A flashy funeral pray let me have
Six highwaywomen for to carry me
And give them broad swords and sweet liberty
Oh give them broad swords and sweet liberty

theft
prevents
industrial

commodity
state

Six highwaywomen for to bear my pall
Give them banners & white ribbons all
When I'm gone you may tell the truth
She was a wild and a wicked youth
She was a wild and a wicked youth

(Sing first verse again)


Because woman's work is never done and is underpaid or unpaid or boring or repetitious and we're the first to get fired and what we look like is more important than what we do and if we get raped it's our fault and if we get beaten we must have provoked it and if we raise our voices we're nagging bitches and if we enjoy sex we're nymphos and if we don't we're frigid and if we love women it's because we can't get a "real" man and if we ask our doctor too many questions we're neurotic and/or pushy and if we expect childcare we're selfish and if we stand up for our rights we're aggressive and "unfeminine" and if we don't we're typical weak females and if we want to get married we're out to trap a man and if we don't we're unnatural and because we still can't get an adequate safe contraceptive but men can walk on the moon and if we can't cope or don't want a pregnancy we're made to feel guilty about abortion and... for lots and lots of other reasons we are part of the women's liberation movement.

NO SENSE IN LOVIN'
By Jeff Tweedy
(Play with capo on 2nd fret. Performed by Uncle Tupelo, a most extremely righteous alternative country band from St. Louis, Missouri. (now split) Why is this song in here? It's high time to try and transcend some of our bad inheritance. As they say, the personal is political. How can we be fucked up to each other and preach being good to the Earth? Let's unlearn, heal and grow. ok, enough mushy stuff.)

INTRO:
D—Em-Bm—A—Em—A

D G
I don't know what
Bm Em
You've been through
Bm D
You might think
A
That I don't care
Em - D - A
But I do

D G
And I've tried to understand
Bm Em
I've tried to understand
Bm D
Your abuse
A
But you've got no
Em
Excuse

CHORUS:
A D Em
And there's no use in lovin'
A D-Em-Bm-A
Anyone who hates themself

You keep coming back, so I hold you
For a little while
But I always go
When I can't take
Your sad smile

'Cause I can't stand it when you get
So intense
And it's all a part
Of our bad
Inheritance

CH: A D Em
And there's no sense in lovin'
A
Anyone--

BRIDGE:
G F#m
Won't you come back for a while
Bm
You could see exactly
D Am
What you've always meant to me
G
But you don't want to know
Bm Em-A7
You don't want to know

(same chords as verse 2)
And you don't know what
I've been through
And if I think
That you don't care
You probably do

CH

END: D - Em - Bm

NO TIME FOR LOVE
By Kristy Moore
(The folk process has brought this song to the editors without them being certain of exact chord placement [or original author, actually, though Kristy Moore does sing it]—be forewarned!)

(yes, it's not just your eyes, we've got a tilt goin'on)

F C F C
You call it the law, we call it apartheid, internment, conscription, partition and silence
G Am C F G
It's the law that they make to keep you and me where they think we belong
F C F C
They hide behind steel and bullet-proof glass, machine guns and spies
Em Am C F G
And tell us, who suffer the tear gas and the torture, that we're in the wrong

CHORUS:
F C
No time for love if they come in the morning
G C
No time to show tears or for fears in the morning
F C
No time for goodbye, no time to ask why
Em F G C
And the sound of the sirens, the cry of the morning

They suffered the torture, they rotted in cells, went crazy, wrote letters and died
The limits of pain they endured—the loneliness got them instead
And the courts gave them justice as justice is given by well-mannered thugs
Sometimes they fought for the will to survive but more times they just wished they were dead

CH

They took away Sacco, Vanzetti, Connolly and Pierce in their time
They came for Newton and Seale, Bobby Sands and some of his friends
In Boston, Chicago, Saigon, Santiago, Warsaw and Belfast
And places that never make headlines, the list never ends

CH

The Boys in Blue are only a few of the everyday cops on the beat
The CID, Branchmen, informers and spies do their job just as well
Behind them the men who tap phones, take photos, program computers and files
And the man who tells them when to come and take you to your cell

CH

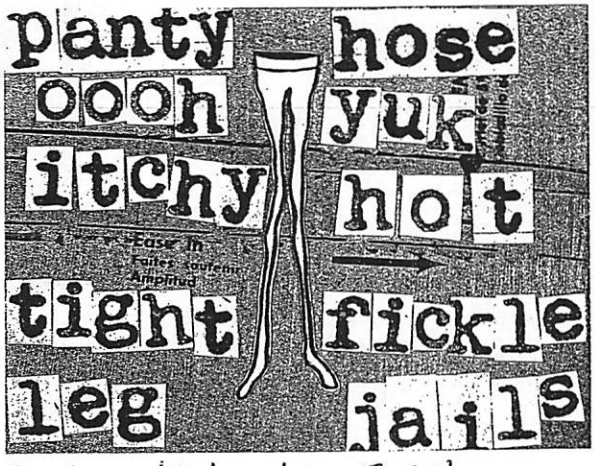
All of you people who give to your sisters and brothers the will to fight on
They say you can get used to a war, that doesn't mean the war isn't on
The fish need the sea to survive, just like your people need you
And the Death Squad can only get through to them if first they can get through to you

CH

ON THE GREENER SIDE
By Zak Borden
(Capo second fret. Zak is a great tradical celt-country bluester. He also plays in the Casey Neill Trio. Kate Mackenzie sings with Zak on this song and the bluesy harmonies sound real sweet.)

E B7 C#7
Took my pocket watch, buried it in the sand
E A B7 E
I'm gonna let the turning of my wheels be my new second hand
E B7 C#7
Each mistake I ever made is playing in my mind
E A B7 E
But it's getting softer as I cross each new county line

CHORUS:
A
The old folks say
A
That all to soon
A B7
The urge to roam will die
E
Well I can't live in the past tense
B7 E
You know I only have fifteen cents
A
But I ain't gonna let no fence
B7 E
Keep me from the greener side
E B7 C#
It ain't keepin' me, it ain't keepin' me
E A B7 E
It ain't keepin' me from the greener side



Ann Lewis /Food & Water Journal

Sometime down the line you grew weary of my charms
So I'll confide in Mother Earth and lay down in her arms
One day I'll have a family and rock a baby to and fro
But tonight the Stanley Brothers sing me straight through Idaho

CH

Musta been three in the morning when I crossed the Great Divide
I've been on this road for two days straight and I never even blinked an eye
'Cause I'm goin' where the morning air floats across the plains
I'm gonna let that ragin' river take away my pain

CH

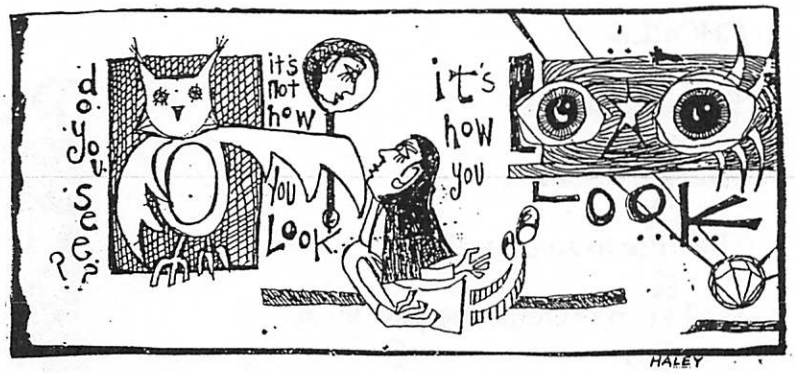
ONE HEART, ONE SOUL
Through Ayr

CHORUS:
Em D Bm Am
One heart, one soul
Am Bm D Em
One heart, one soul
Em D Bm Am
One heart, one soul
Am Bm D Em
One heart, one soul

Dissolve away each and every last barrier
And allow yourself to become yet another one of truth's carriers

CH

Am Bm C D
Join hands with us and we can walk together
Am Bm C D
On a journey lasting forever
Am Bm C D
United in body, mind and spirit
Am Bm C D
Learning to trust and not to fear it



CH

Bathing in the light within each other
Accepting all as sister and brother
We spring from the same source, part of all creation
Come on people now, feel life regeneratin'

CH

BRIDGE:
G D Am
We can be free if we want
G D Am
There is no such thing as we can't
G D Am
So live each day as if it's the last of your earthly life
Am D G
And one day you will be right
C D G
All matter breaks back down into light *(sing the high octave note here)*

So many secrets there are to uncover
When we submit to love, we truly become lovers
Feel all the power flowin' within and without
Knowing for sure, 'cause there is no doubt

Untangle all your knots and break all your chains
When we let go of everything, there is so much to gain

(top)

OPERATION
By Circle Jerks Thanks to Thunder Craig for keepin' us screamin' this one
(Punk)

B A G A
I went to see rabbi, got dissed by his advice
B A G A
I want an operation, I will not fatherize

CHORUS:
E C D
Operation, operation—snip and tie, snip and tie
E C B
Operation, operation—snip and tie, snip and tie

They sent me to a preacher, a really thoughtful guy
He said my idea's crazy, I should not even try this

CH

But I've just seen the surgeon, and with a knife he cut
I cannot father children, this world is such a rush

CH

I had an operation, a statement of our times
They tied my balls together, what's inside's not alive

OREGON LANDSLIDE
By Jim Page
(Capo 2nd fret. Corporations get away with murder. This one happened near Roseburg, Oregon.)

C F C G Am
There's a donation jar on a cafe counter in a little Oregon town
F C G Am
For the children who lost their parents when the mountainside came down
C F C G Am
And you put in your folded dollar bill and you go along your way
F C G Am
And you wonder to yourself how it got to be that way
F C
How it got to be that way

Then you see the mills and the work yards with the logs all stacked in rows
And you know it's timber country and that's how the money flows
And you see the dark green forests a hundred miles wide
With their roots all intertwined holding up the mountainside
Holding up the mountainside

There was a family lived on the mountainside in the beautiful evergreen shadows
And when the company came to clearcut they new there was gonna be trouble
They took every standing tree as far as could be seen
They must've made a fortune when they picked that mountain clean
When they picked that mountain clean

There were those who cried a warning with what little voice they had
But the logic of the dollar bill is a logic that's gone mad
With their futures held for ransom and the axe all set to fall
They would not be satisfied until they took it all
Until they took it all

It rains every winter in Oregon and the river gives rise to a flood tide
If there never would've been a clearcut
There never would've been a landslide / If there never would've been a landslide
Then the mountain never would've come down
And there never would've been such a tragedy in that little Oregon town
In that little Oregon town

For there were no trees to hold up that dreadful deadly flow
When a million tons of mud and rock came crashing down below
Turned the children into orphans with their parents trapped inside
It was murder by profit and that's how those people died
That's how those people died

So many came to the funeral and many tears were shed
And many tears were spoken and this is what they said
If there's justice in this world then let that justice be

For the landslide came from the clearcut
And the clearcut came from the company
It came from the company

There's a donation jar on a cafe counter in a little Oregon town
For the children who lost their parents when the mountainside came down
And you put in your folded dollar bill and you go along your way
And you wonder to yourself how it got to be that way
How it got to be that way

Newbury, England RIP

OWL LIFE IS PRECIOUS
By Scotty Johnson
(This is played with guitar but we have it here as Acapella)

Owl life is precious, All life is good
It all needs protecting, Y'all give a hoot

Hey people wake up, for it's too late
Time for a shakeup, dawn of a new day

CHORUS:
Tell me...
What good is your money gonna do ya?
When ya laying on your death bed?
What good is your money gonna do ya?
Friend, don't wait 'til then

All life is precious, Owl life is good
Owls need protecting, Y'all give a hoot

CH

Michael Shwartz

OZONE SAVIOR
By Rodney Webb

G C G
Art thou seeking protection, art thou shrouded in fear?

D
Art thou still releasing CFC s into the atmosphere?

G C G
How much longer will this go on 'til this evile is banned?

D G
Call upon your savior to lend a helping hand

CHORUS:

G C G
Is your savior way up there up above the ozone layer?

D
Does his glory shine brighter than the sun?

G C G
Will he come and save your soul as he falls down through that hole

D G—C—G
And judges all the Earthly deeds you've done

There's a mighty mighty day a-coming on its way
When a bright light in the sky shall burn your flesh
Do not hasten on that day to fall on your face and pray
FOr ye shall find yourself in an awful mess

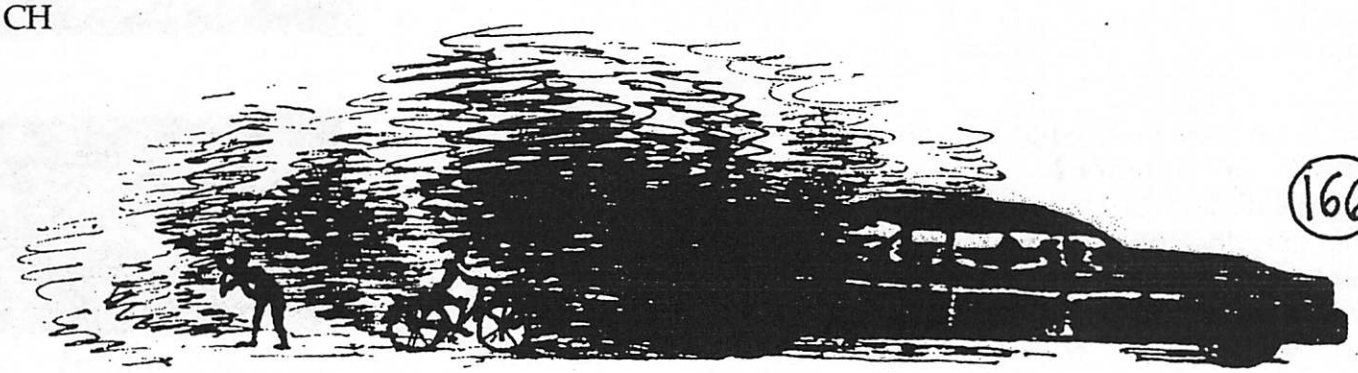
CH

In your trials and tribulations search for faith and look within
Ask for healing of your blindness and your cancer of the skin
Ask for miracles and blessings he'll fill all your holy needs
BUTThat holey sky above you was caused by mindless greed

CH

Well the savior the almighty says put on your heavenly robe
~~Ye shall need it in the future when his kingdom never comes~~
This command ye shall abide by his work do not refute
It will shield you, it will guard you, it's your radiation suit

CH



THE PARKS ARE FOR THE PEOPLE
Through Ayr

CHORUS:
E G E
The parks are for the people (you know they are)
E G E
The parks are for the people (that's right)
E G E
The parks are for the people (you know they are)
E G E
The parks are for the people (that's right)

I don't want no part of your revolution

CH

(Sing out park & free space names that are special to you, for example, Cambridge Commons in Boston, UN plaza in SF, Scobert Park in Eugene, the forest lands, Minnehaha...) ♫♫♪

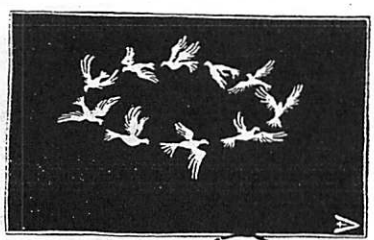
E G
Now you best beware, it's time you start to care
A E
There's a battle ragin' on
E G
Do not hesitate, lest it be too late
A E
We got to build ourselves a new dawn
E G
Now if we just get together, we can make things better
A E
I tell you there is a solution
E G
You unite, move on into the light
A
It's just plain evolution (and it's about time)

CH

It's happenin' everywhere, places like Thompkins Square
Way over there in NYC
People's Park in Berkeley, Earth People's Park in Vermont
And Peace Park down in DC
It's all over the place, it's the law--they're up in our face
They're tryin' to put us down
So stand, stand strong, hold onto your heartsong
We can turn this thing around (and around and around)

CH

So I'm asking you, what you gonna do
About this situation?
'Cause it's a fact, if we do not act
We may lose this whole creation
So take it out to the street, step to the beat
Yes, I feel there's a solution
We are taking the chance, but I'll tell you this: If I can't dance



PEOPLE IN TREES
By Peter Wilde

G C G
I'm circling islands
C G
In tropical storms
C G
Land anywhere
C G
I was perfectly warned
C G
About tribulations
C G
Warned about trials
C G
Juried and judged
C G
With a paranoid smile

CHORUS:
G C G
If I look to myself
C G D
If I look to myself I would see
C G
People in trees
C G
People in trees
C G
There are places in this world
C G
People are living in trees

I'm as high as a kite
On a mile long string
Clouds break apart
I see everything
I think too myself
What an incredible string
That holds me to the ground
And keeps me flying

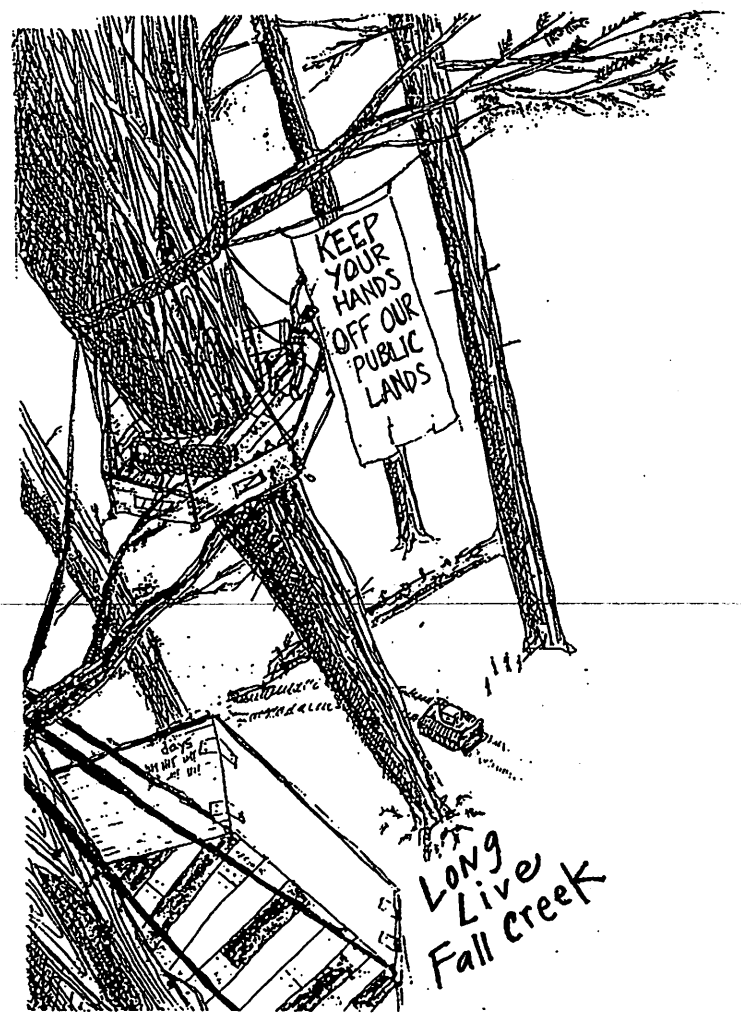
CH

Went back to my hometown
Everything's in it s place
Just the way I remembered
A few names have changed
Carved into circles
Cut into squares
For miles and miles
Without going anywhere
But when you bite into nature
Nature bites back
That's the way that it is
A matter of fact

CH

I was born in America
Makes it hard to believe
There are places in this world
People are living in trees

CH



PMS AVENGER
By La La
(Acapella, to the tune of any Black Sabbath screech.)

Don't—
Don't reach—
Don't reach for that Midol
It's your power time
Just let your anger take you for a wild ride

PMS Avenger, don't take that Midol
Let your anger take you down to the shopping mall
Tear up the make-up counter, rip the heads off the Barbie dolls
And get a can of spray paint and put the writing on the wall

Don't—
Don't expect
Rhyme or reason
This bitch is in season
And when I'm on the rag
I don't use Kotex, I use the American flag

PMS Avenger, don't take that Midol
Let your anger take you down to city hall
Take the mayor's necktie and wrap it around his balls
Then sneak down there late at night and put the writing on the wall

Don't—
Don't explain
Yourself to anyone
Just have yourself some fun
And when they ask you why
You're so angry
Just look them in the eye, and say

PMS Avenger—
Blow up the pentagon
PMS Avenger—
Dismantle a nuclear bomb
PMS Avenger—
Telephone your mom

PMS *(x3)*

PMS Avenger—
Hold up the porno store
PMS Avenger—
Kick your boyfriend out the door
PMS Avenger—
Dare to want more

PMS *(x3)*
I've got it
PMS *(x3)*
Celebrate it
PMS *(x3)*
Proud of my
PMS *(x3)*
Men get it too
PMS *(x3)*

POETRY AND REVOLUTION
By Michelle Case and Mary Anne Peine

A G
I asked you why I felt empty
C A
I asked you to show me my way home
A G
You answered
C G A G-A G-A
You answered
A G
Listen friends to the call of the wild
C A
Forsake the city pleasures
A D
Join hands and dance and sing
C A
In the pure symphony of being alive
A G
See the green valley, feel the wind
C A
Smell the flowers, taste the dew
G C G A
You have five powers to lead...you home

CHORUS:
A G C A
Wild eyes, peaceful ways, poetry and revolution
A D
You stood for what you stood on and
C A
You stood up against them all
A G C A
Wild dreams, peaceful songs, searchin' for a resolution
D
We learn to trust the most in arms
A
That catch us when we fall

I asked you if it was too late
I asked you if we could save ourselves
You answered
You answered
If you must return to the city, bring back the wildness
Help it spread and help it grow
With the power that comes from being alive
Tear down buildings, tear up roads
Replace them with forests and open fields

You have five powers to lead...
you home

CH

You ask if anyone hears you
You ask if it makes a difference at all
We are the answer
We are the answer

PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND
By Atz Kilcher

G
She recalls the first time
D
He took her for her gold
Em Em7
Rusty dredges left behind
Am C
Jagged scars and ragged holes
G
She's been slowly healing
D
A century's come round
Am C
But how long will it take
G
On the Prince William Sound

CHORUS:
He came for the yellow gold
He came for the black
He used her and abused her
Each time she took him back
Each time she forgave him
Each time she lost ground
But forgivin' won't come easy
For the Prince William Sound

He came back with money
He was a smooth talkin' man
He wined her and he dined her and he said,
"I've got a plan
Trust me and I'll pay you well
For that black gold in your veins"
But now she's the one who's paying
For the price of her pain

CH

He'll come back to the Arctic
He'll come back to Bristol Bay
And when he comes a-calling tell me
What will she say?
Will she close her eyes again
Or will she turn him down?
Tell me what have we learned
From the Prince William Sound

THE PRISON INDUSTRY
By Susan Appe, music by Vic Mizzy
(Performed by Samsara. Acapella, to the tune of the Addams Family TV theme song. For more political parodies see also "The Atom" pg.27, "I Wanna Log Your Land" pg.119 & Live/Work, Live/Work pg.139.)

There's profit to be made
Don't worry 'bout fair trade
You, too, can participate
In the global economy
Products for cheap *(snap snap)*
Big profits you keep *(snap snap)*
Now you can compete
Think of the sweet
Benefits you'll reap *(snap snap)*

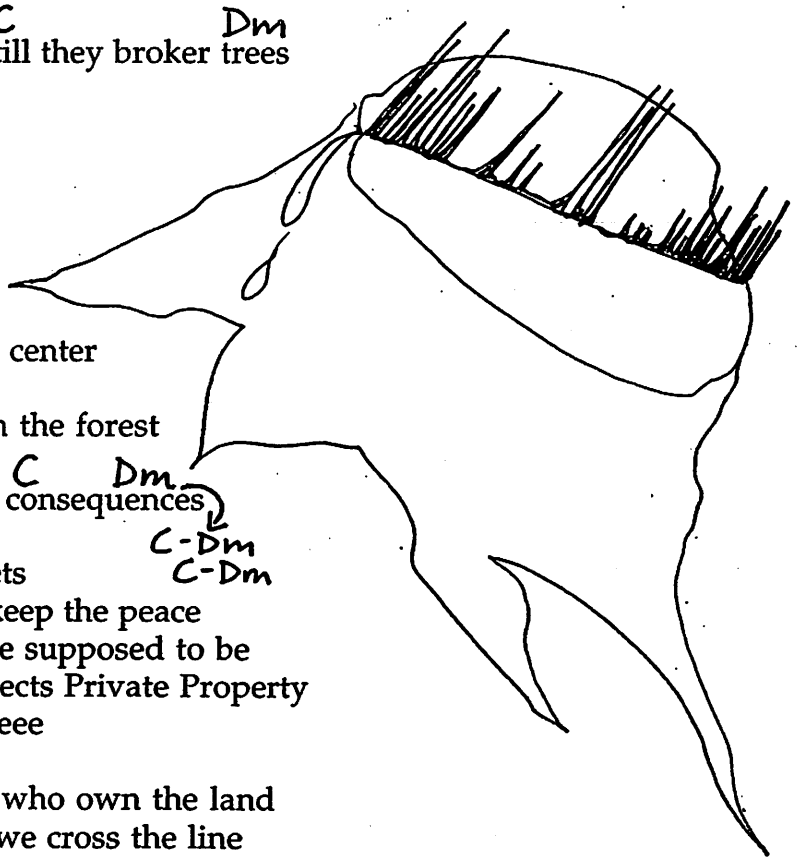
No unions in your way
They work eighteen hours a day
You can force them to obey
It's the new enslavery
Pennies a day *(snap snap)*
They can't get away *(snap snap)*
When they complain
About their pain
No one hears what they say *(snap snap)*

We give 'em drugs and guns
So there's millions to imprison
Only black and poor and young ones
Like plantations used to be
Three strikes, you're out *(snap snap)*
No reasonable doubt *(snap snap)*
Unless you got clout
A white collar to tout
You're not gettin' out *(snap snap)*

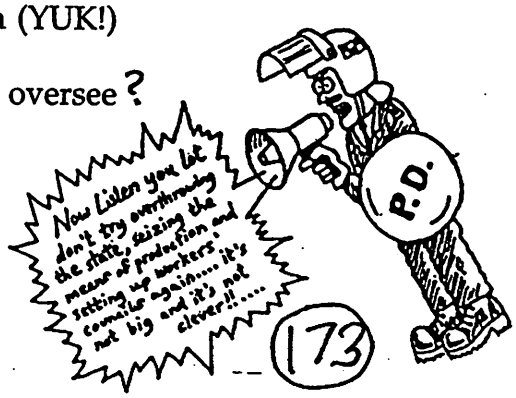
The police force will protect you
The media reflect you
The protesters reject you
It's the prison industry *(snap snap)*

PRIVATE PROPERTY
Through Tofu
(This song was inspired by the actions of ecotopian warriors who locked down in the offices of MAXXAM/Pacific Lumber Company and U.S. Representative Frank Riggs, as well as machinery in the Bear Creek watershed. The Humbolt County Sheriffs decided to torture them out of their positions by applying pepper spray directly to their eyes with cotton swabs, mimicking the application of herbicides to the forest itself. Arising from the civil rights suit, the activists' appeal for another trial and to take away the cops' qualified immunity protection has been WON. for more info: pepperspray@tao.ca)

Dm C Dm
Out in the forest, there's no place left to hide
Dm C Dm
From road-building and clearcuts, Napalm & herbicides
Dm C Dm
Our watersheds are poisoned, and still they broker trees
Dm C Dm
All in the name of Private Property
Dm C Dm-Em
Water is not property-ee-eee
Am
And so we enter
Em Am
Pray in a circle and a stump is in the center
Em Am
We're here to stop the destruction in the forest
Em Am C Dm
We understand that we face violent consequences
C-Dm
C-Dm
Out in the forest and in the city streets
People behind badges have guns to keep the peace
"Serve and protect us" is what they're supposed to be
But the violence that they serve protects Private Property
And those who have the money-ee-eee
And proud they stand
Their weapons given them by those who own the land
Landlords, their masters, and when we cross the line
Police no longer serve us if we do not move in time



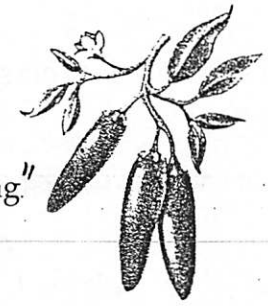
Some say the government is the place to make your claim (YUK!)
Sworn to represent us in Democracy's name
But what happens when they're bought out by those they oversee?
Bought out by the profits made on private property


Now Listen you lot don't try overthrowing the state, seizing the means of production and setting up workers' councils again... it's not big and it's not clever!!....
P.D.
173

Jam: Dm—C—Dm-Em

And so we enter
Lock in a circle and a stump is in the center
We're here to stop the destruction in the forest
Nonviolent warriors face violent consequences

Police said, "Release, and you have ten seconds,
And if you don't then you're gonna learn a lesson."
The officer held her head between his knees
And pepper-sprayed her in the name of peace
On Private Property-ee-eee
And she is strong
She tells him calmly that "you know that this is wrong"
He offers some water for her eyes
She cannot trust him when his badge is just a lie

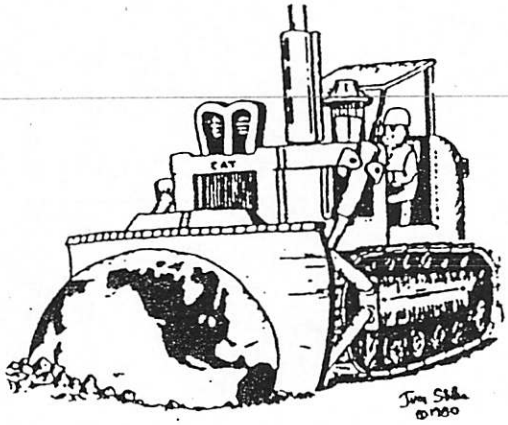


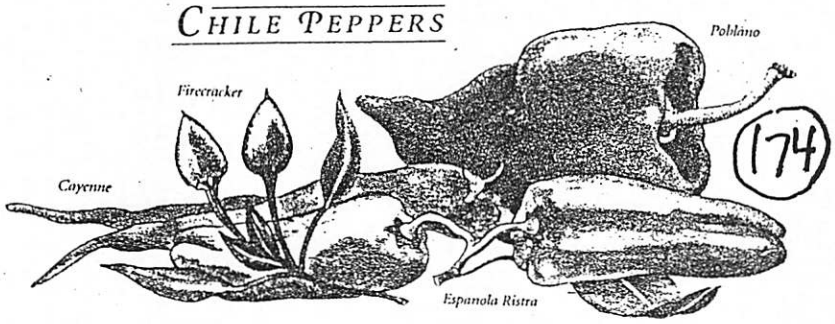
And so we honor the brave who came before
Those who brought the forest's voice to the corporate door

Dm C Dm
And we remember that police brutality
Dm C Dm
Is just another consequence of Private Property
Dm C Dm
Police brutality
Dm C Dm
Is just another consequence of Private Property
Dm C Dm
All of this brutality
Dm C Dm
Is just another consequence of Private Property
Dm C Dm
Police brutality --
Dm C Dm Dm*
Sworn to protect Private Property

Dm* (w/ index finger lifted up)

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT
YO! LET'S GO CONSUME SOME FOSSIL FUEL!
SURE THING... AS LONG AS WE CONSUME FOOD TOO!
I CONSUMED A MAGAZINE AND HALF OF A DAILY PAPER TODAY.
A TV SHOW I CONSUMED TODAY SUGGESTED A FILM WE SHOULD CONSUME.
I'D LIKE TO CONSUME CLOTHES LIKE THAT ACTRESS CONSUMES.
WANNA CONSUME SOME CONTRA-CEPTIVES?
I FEEL EMPTY.
BE QUIET AND CONSUME SOME SLEEP.





PROCLAIMING JUBILEE (MacPherson's Return)
By Stephan Smith
(To the tune of Mac Pherson's Lament. Mary Harris, of the band Spearhead, joins Stephan in singing this title track on his upcoming album.)

C G Am F
Oh I am just a young man with my task ahead of me
C G Am F
To free the land and prisoners and reclaim history
C G Am F
And open up the doors to equal opportunity
C G F G
To hold the whole world in our hands proclaiming jubilee

Come tie our hands behind our backs and throw us in some cell
For there's not a law in heaven to drag us down to hell
For stopping all the wheels of time in the name of equality
To hold the whole world in our hands proclaiming jubilee

Oh there's some who'll want to see us hung and some to buy our song
But there's many more among us who'll join the rising throng
To sing our tune and dance around through all creation's streets
To hold the whole world in our hands proclaiming jubilee

PRODIGAL DAUGHTER (Cotton Eyed Joe)
By Michelle Shocked

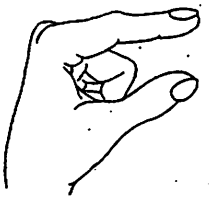
G C D
What's to be done with a prodigal son?
G C G D
Welcome him home with open arms
G C D
Throw a big party, invite your friends
G D C D
Our boy's come back home
(BRIDGE 1: G - G - C - D)
When a girl goes home with the oats he's sown
It's draw your shades and your shutters
She's bringing such shame to the family name
The return of the prodigal daughter
G D C D
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe
G C D
Went to see a doctor and I almost died
G C G D
When I told my mama, Lordy, how she cried
G C D
Me and my daddy were never too close
G D C D
But he was there when I needed him most

Look, here comes a prodigal son
Fetch him a tall drink of water
But there's none in the cup 'cause he drank it all up
Left for a prodigal daughter
G D C D
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe
BRIDGE 2: GGGC/GGCD/
G D C D GGGC/CCDG
Oh Cotton Eyed Joe
G D C D
Oh Cotton Eyed Joe
BRIDGE 3: GGCG/CGDG} (x4)
G C D
Had not have been for the Cotton Eyed Joe
G C D
I'd have been married a long time ago
G D G
Oh, I'd have been married a long time ago
PLAY BRIDGE 3
G C D
Out in the cornfield I stubbed my toe
G C D
I called for the doctor, Cotton Eyed Joe
G D G
I called for the doctor, Cotton Eyed Joe
PLAY BRIDGE 3

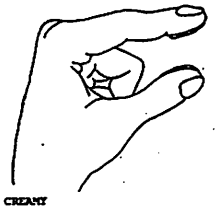
Look, here comes a prodigal son
Fetch him a tall drink of water
But there's none in the cup
'cause he drank it all up
Left for a prodigal daughter
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe
Singing, oh Cotton Eyed Joe

FINALE: GGCD
GGCD
GGCD
G~

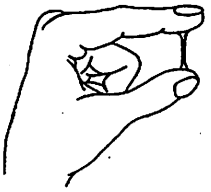
MUCUS DESCRIPTIONS



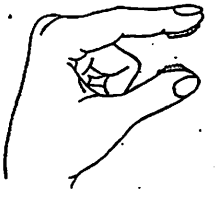
DRY: NO MUCUS, MOIST LIKE INSIDE OF MOUTH, SENSATION OF DRYNESS



CREAMY
FERTILE: WHITE, CREAMY, MILKY, WATERY, LOTION-LIKE, LUBRICATIVE, SENSATION OF WETNESS



STRETCHY
FERTILE: CLEAR, STRETCHY, RUBBERY, RAW EGG WHITE-LIKE, SENSATION OF WETNESS



INFERTILE: WHITE OR YELLOW, THICK, STICKY, TACKY, CLUMPY, CURD-LIKE, PASTE-LIKE, PEAKS

The Professional Protester

By Sean Morton and Megan Adam

(Sung to the tune of "The Popular Wobbly" and also the tune of "They go Wild." Performed by the Flying Folk Army. This tune is now a favorite on Vancouver demonstrations, and as we have discovered, most of the Vancouver-left knows all of these words by heart!--Megan) sorry about tightly packed chords in this draft!
by the way, Chretien is Canada's prime minister.
notice the way the song escalates thru keys' changes...

F C
Well, I'm as mild mannered as can be
C F
And I've never done them harm as i can see
F Gm
Still on me they put a ban, and they threw me in the can
F C F
They go wild, simply wild, over me
F# C#
They accuse me of rascality
F#
But I can't see why they're always picking on me
G#
I went out to UBC and there were snipers in the trees
F# C# F#
They went wild, simply wild, over me

G D
Oh the pig, he went wild over me (oink, oink, oink, oink)
G
And he held his gun where everyone could see
Am
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card
G D G
He went wild, simply wild, over me

G# D#
They went wild simply wild over me,
G#
I'm referring to the RCMP
A#m
They sprayed me in the face with some pepper and some mace
G# D# G#
They went wild, simply wild, over me

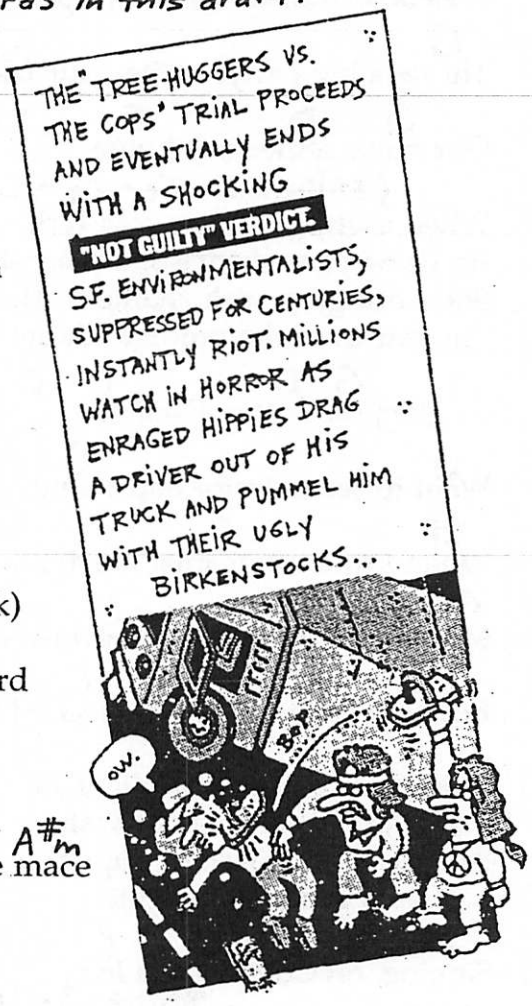
A E
Oh Chretien, he went wild over me
A
While he was having dictators for tea
Bm
Protecting presidents from undue embarassments
A E A
He sent the cops to go wild over me

B flat (Bb) F
Oh the Jailer he went wild over me
B flat
And he locked me up and threw away the key
Cm
They like to get cheap thrills strip searching all the girls
B flat F B flat
They went wild, simply wild, over me

B F#
Oh the media went wild over me
B
And I saw myself on the CBC
C#m
I made page one of the Vancouver Sun
B F# B
They went wild, simply wild, over me

(Time to bring it on home...)

C G
Well, I'm as mild mannered as can be
C
And I've never done them harm as i can see
Cm
Still on me they put a ban, and they threw me in the can


THE "TREE-HUGGERS VS. THE COPS" TRIAL PROCEEDS AND EVENTUALLY ENDS WITH A SHOCKING
"NOT GUILTY" VERDICT.
S.F. ENVIRONMENTALISTS, SUPPRESSED FOR CENTURIES, INSTANTLY RIOT. MILLIONS WATCH IN HORROR AS ENRAGED HIPPIES DRAG A DRIVER OUT OF HIS TRUCK AND PUMMEL HIM WITH THEIR UGLY BIRKENSTOCKS...
OW.
BOP

C G
They go wild simply wild over,
E flat B flat
Wild simply wild over
C G
Wild simply wild over — C7
FUCK THE POLICE *(shout this out!)* — me.

RADIATION ON MY WINDSHIELD
By Joanne Rand

Am Em
Well there's a funky wind now blowing
G D
People playing ball in the park
Am Em
They don't know what's coming down
G D
They don't look to see why's the sky so dark
Am Em
There's a haze on the plain
G D
That weren't there yesterday
Am Em
It's the same in all directions
G D-D4-D-D4
Why don't the papers say?

CHORUS:
Am Em G D
I've got radiation on my windshield, paranoia in my mind
Am Em G D
And my heart is weighted down with the mistakes of my human kind
Am Em G D
I've got radiation on my windshield, paranoia in my mind
Am Em
And my heart is weighted down
G D-D4-D-D4
With the mistakes of my own kind

G D
As it will be to them some day
Am Em
Yeah, people, they think I'm funny
G D
I am dangerous they say
Am Em
But what I feel is as real to me
G D-D4-
As it will be to them some day D-D4

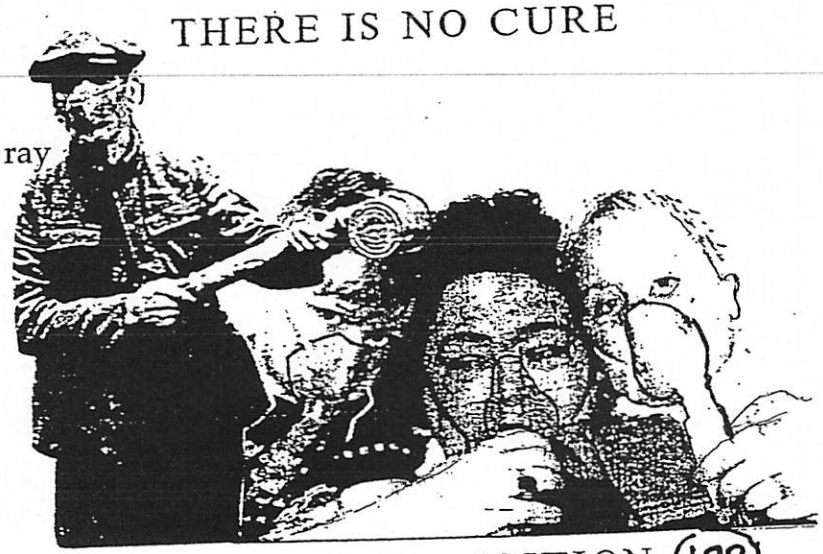
CH

By acquiescing in an act that can cause such suffering to a living creature, who among us is not diminished as a human being?
-rachel carson-

I don't want to ride my bicycle
I don't want to feel the sun
I don't want to run to the mountain top
Where the damage can be done
And the worstest thing about it
Is that there ain't no place on Earth
Where you can get away from this deadly ray
That not all folks deserve

CH

People they think I'm funny
Fanatical at best
But what I feel is as real to me
As it will be to all the rest
Yeah, people they think I'm funny
I'm a lunatic they say
But what I feel is as real to me



RAG-TAG
By Timothy Hull

G C
Beside the river, home of the otter
F C
Briar, rush and bramble, with the bracken water

In the clearing, we build our fire
Songs in circles rising, spirits rising higher

CHORUS:
Dream the way you want to be, live the way you dreamed you'd be
Sing the songs that set you free in a new direction *(section x2)*

On the pavement we sing an exile's song
Fiddle and guitar, as the shoppers step along
In the music we find a home
It shows us where we come from, let's us know we're not alone (NOT ALONE!)

CH

Around the fire, our rag-tag choir
The otter splashed and then was gone, someone sang another song
All right, all together now
In our coats of many colors, our coats of many colors

CH

RAMBLE RIGHT
By Timothy Hull
(Check out the book "Ramble Right," available from Evil twin Publications [see resources list].)

D Em G
We've got friends riding the rails tonight
D Em G
We've got friends singin' 'round the firelight
We've got friends laying out the bedrolls
We've got friends, young folks with old souls
We know the pain of doin' nothing
Hit the road, there must be something better
Than living and dying in total isolation
The river runs in every kind of weather

CHORUS:
G D
Ramble on, ramble right
G D
Make a future out of fighting for the living
G D
Ramble on, ramble right
Make a future with passion and thanksgiving
Ramble on, ramble right
Em D G-Em-D
Ramble all you travelers, ramble on

We've got friends, squatters in the buildings
We've got friends tryin' to find their own way
Walk the line between what's been given
And what has been taken away
We've got friends, voices in the wilderness
We've got friends who've passed over
Hard days, you wonder what's the use of it
Better days put the strength in your shoulder

CH

Hangin' out by the Illinois River
Skippin' stones, watchin' the fall come
On the river's edge she's frailing on her banjo
Hills are lost in the rain and the bright sun
I've rarely had such a simpleton moment
Living for the days, they come around
She plays "Liberty" to the river
Water singin' with the banjo sound

CH

☆NOT ALL who wander are lost☆

THE REBEL RIVER
By Amy McCann

Am
An old man was walkin'

Down by the river

And he fought in the war
G Am
Just like his brother
G
And he went walkin'
Am
In my dream the old men

And all the old women

Will walk away laughin'
G Am
From their corporate children
G
And go walkin'
Am
Down by the river
G
They go walkin'
Am
To where the dam was built
C Am
To stem the flow of the river

He had shrapnel in his chest
And a shotgun shell in his shoes
A monkeywrench in his left hand
He had the sabotage blues
And he went walkin'
The old woman reached the dam
And dug out her dynamite
She prayed and prepared
'Til there was nothin' but a match to light
And then she stole away
Further down the river
She stole away in the moonlight
Further down the river

When I woke up I realized
That the dam had been broken
And the old woman told me
That the earth had spoken
And was waking

To the rumble of the rebel river
Earth is waking
To the rumble of the rebel river
D7
DON'T FIGHT THE RIVER *(x4)*

It was waking
To the rumble of the rebel river
Earth is waking
To the rumble of the rebel river

Later the dam burst
And the water rushed through
The authorities looked on,
But there was nothing they could do
But stand gaping
At the rumble of the rebel river
They stood gaping
At the rumble of the rebel river

DON'T FIGHT THE RIVER *(x4)*

EARTH IS WAKING
TO THE RUMBLE
OF THE REBEL RIVER *(x4)*

let the current teach you... strength in flexibility

RED EMMA
By Al Giordano
(Performed by Citizens' Band.) A great kazoo song

tweet! this is a kazoo
in case you didn't know...

A WINNING MOVEMENT
IS A SINGING MOVEMENT
-Pete Seeger-

CHORUS:

F
If I can't dance,
C
I don't want to be,
G
At your Re-volution
C
That's no solution
F
If I can't sing and shout, you can
C Am
Count me out
G C
I'll dance my wa-ay to freedom.

C
Now some folks think they are
G
Real revolutionaries,
Quite the contrary,
C
They're just plain ordinary.
F
Work all night, work all day,
C
They never quite learned
Am
Quite how to play,
G
Or dance, or sing, or shout
C
(OR SHOUT!)

CH

C
Now the men who run the world,
They all act like machines,
G
Never have any fun,
C
No wonder they're so mean
F
Let's pull them all out of work
C
And teach them how to do the Jerk

G Sing 'em a happy tune,

C By the light of the silvery moon

F Watch their dispositions change,

C Am There'll be hoedowns at the stock exchange

G C They won't have the need to be so mean anymore

CH

C We march on Washington,

G We march on New York

We march...and we march...

C And it never seems to work

F C'mon stand up for your rights

C Let's dance on Washington Saturday night

G Watch Pat Buchanan (or fill in the blank) and his outlaws,

C Look out the windows and be jealous.

F Laughter be, give a whistle,

C Am Disarm a nuclear missile

G C Let's do this plan and then let's come out and dance

CH

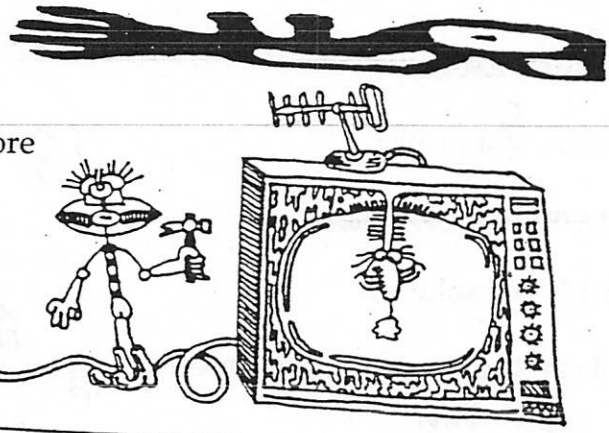
(slower)

F Swing your partner, docee-doe.

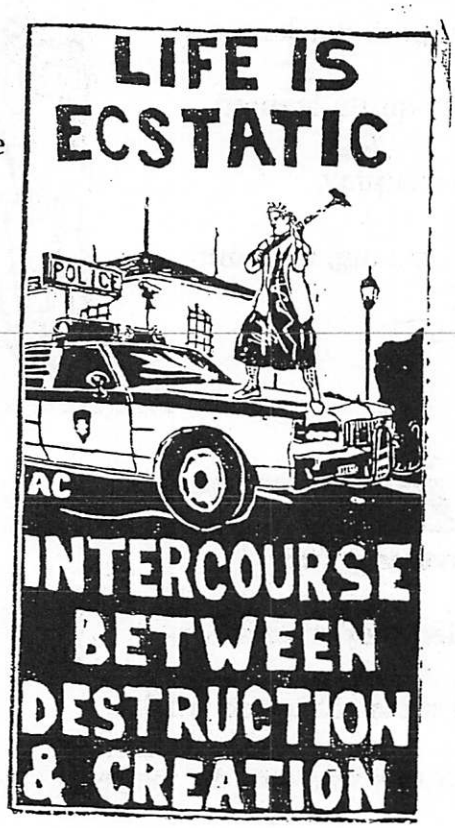
C Am We say the system has got to go,

(up tempo again) G C We'll dance our way to freedom!

CH



CONSUMER STRIKE: NOW IS THE HOUR TO GET VIOLENT WITH YOUR TELLY. FLY INTO THE STREETS AND CREATE CARNIVAL AND FESTIVAL ....



RED RIVER
By Robert Hoyt

Em G
Since time immemorial they'd come from the sea
D Am
The thousands of miles, then they'd end their journey
Em G
At the same place they began as small fry
D Em
They'd spill their loads, then they'd die

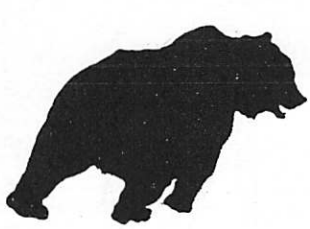
A feast for the creatures and the humans too
But even then, plenty got through
They found their birthplace, no one knows how
All we know is they don't come now

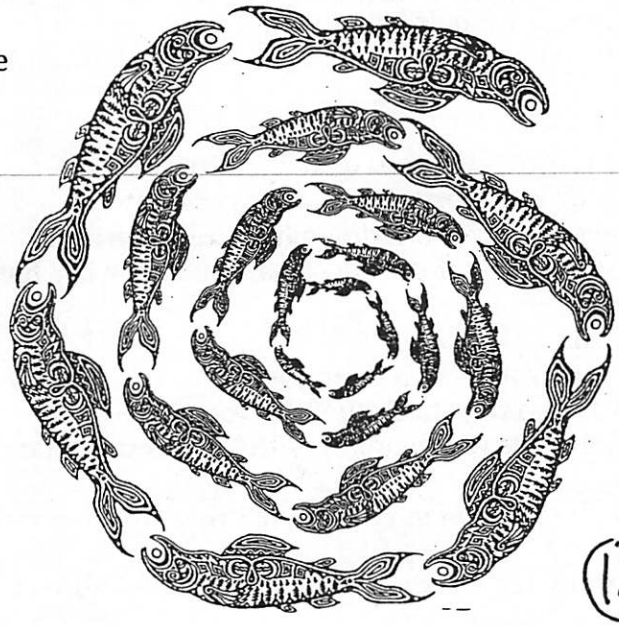
CHORUS:
G D
How did the Red River come by its name?
Am Em
Did it run red with salmon when the salmon runs came?
Am Em
But now all that has come to an end
D Em
Will the Red River run red again?

Then the white humans came like some fatal disease
Built dams, brought in cows, and they cut down the trees
The salmon eggs died from the washed away land
Smothered by the mud and the sand

By an Idaho river, I sing of the same
Lies a forest ranger station that bears its name
And if you ever should pass by that way
Stop, ask them, see what they say

CH (x2, last line drawn out:
Will the Red River ever run red again?)
D Em





REDRESS
By Laurel Luddite
*(This one is almost entirely played on the A string with the rest of the strings open. The numbers are the frets where your first finger presses down the A string. The barre chords in the song [third finger barring D and G two frets from the A] are the A string fret number with "barre" afterwards. The * is where you play the D string with your pinky one fret after where it's barred.)*

INTRO: 5,4,7 / 5,4,7-5 / 5,4,7,5-4,2

5 4
Anger grows in everyone
2barre
As we see the crimes that they have done
5 4
Those in the places that power protects
2barre 2barre* 2barre
With denials of guilt in the murder of us all

JAM *(Last line of Intro's chords played twice)*

Anger comes to their front door
And they're faced with the front line of the war
And all they seem to say
Is "we don't make the rules, we don't have a say in the way things are".

BRIDGE:
5barre 4barre
They pass the blame to feel no shame
5barre, 6barre-5barre, 4barre
Their hand in what they're making
5barre 4barre 2barre-2barre*-2barre
Hidden from their eyes

JAM

Same words they said as they gave their OK
For clearcuts, destruction, acres of death
The words of the sheriff as he hauled us away
"It's the nature of the beast, can't you see my hands are tied?"

BRIDGE:
Everybody just doin' their job
Pursuit of a paycheck the highest cause
Blind the eyes of the man with his hand on the controls
2barre 2barre* 2barre
Mind the price of success in his world

JAM *(play the first and third lines of the intro)*

5 4
Answers come to our concerns
2barre
With folded hands he recites the words
5 4
Answers come with the uniform
2barre
Suddenly he knows, suddenly he learns
5 7 5 4
The lies told to years of angry faces
2barre
Now faceless, the crowd before his door
2barre 2barre* 2barre
Come to ask again for just a little more

BRIDGE:
One more time, more of the lies
Explain away this feeling
Mitigate the pain

Jam *(2, 0, 2, 0— infinity times or so)*

RESERVOIR
By Sean Morton
(Performed by Flying Folk Army, a seven piece celtic-polka-labor songs ensemble from Vancouver, British Columbia. They rock the house!)

D F
They say the truth-tellers are the misfits
G C
If they can't make them disappear
D F
Do you know who reaps the benefits
G C
When the public buys the smear
D F
Well they have no names or faces
G C
They have wiretaps and the video
D F
And you who disagree at all
G C
There are laws passed to divide you
D C F
And I was so confused
D C
I could not fit it all together
D F
C'mon northwest pacific
G C
Can't you feel the changing weather

A7
There is a large untapped
B7
Reservoir of anger
G F
Underneath the surface here
G D
Maybe now more than ever

Well the less there is the more its worth
And the bottom line gets longer
Can you defeat the war machine
And not just make it stronger
And it got so out of hand
Its way beyond admittable
And the experts all agree
But the court says its inadmissable
It's that global reality
The shit wage that you're earning
And they call it competition
But the rulebooks are burning

There is a large untapped
Reservoir of anger
Underneath the surface here
Maybe now more than ever

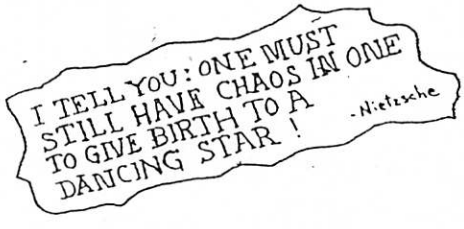
CHORUS:
D F
La la la looking back
C F C
On a century of murder
D F
That soul sinking feeling
C F C
It's the bad guys winning

Such a peculiarity
The witness had an accident
Cause the company never pays
And it never even happened
Who's pulling the strings around here
Who made the decisions
They put the war-makers on the payroll
And cut back on emissions

I was so confused
I could not fit it all together
C'mon northwest pacific
Can't you feel the changing weather

There is a large untapped
Reservoir of anger
Underneath the surface here
Maybe now more than ever

CH: La la la looking back
On a century of murder
That soul-sinking feeling
It's the bad guys winning



RESIST
By Blackfire
(This song was written coming back from Wounded Knee, and thinking about the similar situations of division and despair our relatives in Black Mesa [Arizona] communities feel when facing forced relocation at the hands of the Hopi Tribal Council and the U.$. government.--Blackfire)

C E Am C E Am
Walk upon the screaming grounds, each step takes us on a different past
C E Am C E Am
We try to carry on, but you hold us back
C E Am C E Am
We get used to the pain, 'cause we feel it every day
C E Am C E Am
We get used to the lies, 'cause the truth's so far away

CHORUS:
F G C Am F G Am
Walk upon the screaming grounds, no respect for the dead
F G C Am F G Am
You see what you want to see, is nothing sacred?

The past is just an echo we hear in the pages of books
How can we let go of something we could never touch?
We're given the freedom of speech but you change our words
You turn to help the environment but you can't respect the Earth

CH

You sold your life for another life, you sold your future, thought you could survive
You sold your soul for an education, what you got was forced relocation

CH

Decide now which side of the fence you want to be on, which way do you want to live?
How can we choose one or the other, we must resist
We will build the bridges, we will tear down the fences
We will resist, we will resist!

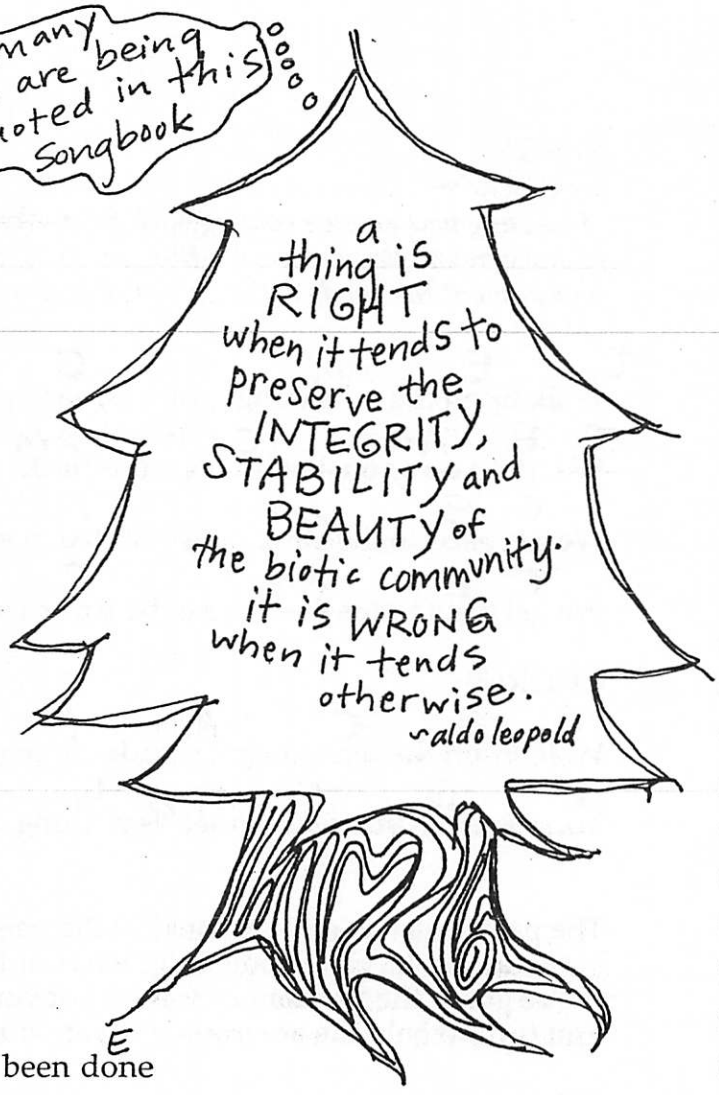
CH

C E Am C E Am
Walk upon the screaming grounds, no respect for the dead
C E Am C E Am
You see what you want to see, is nothing sacred?

RESPECT HER NOW

By Joules Graves - It's key to strum ↑↑↑↑up on the "downbeats" for this one.

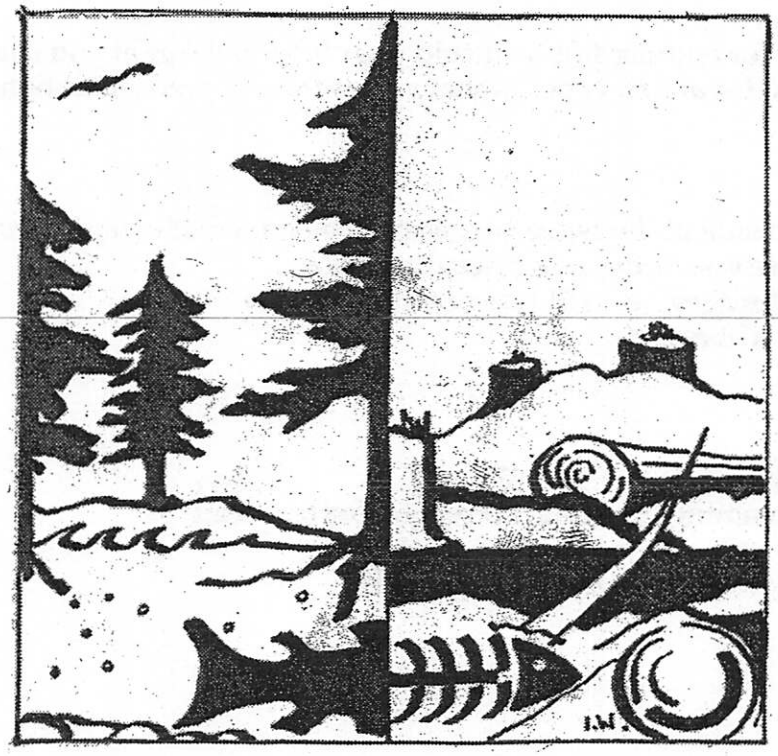
too many men are being quoted in this songbook


a thing is RIGHT when it tends to preserve the INTEGRITY, STABILITY and BEAUTY of the biotic community. it is WRONG when it tends otherwise.
~aldo leopold

E A
Once upon a time, when the world was young
E B
When nature's work was not being undone
E A
When no one claimed to own the land
E B E
The forest was magnificent in its stand
When the vast and wild and wonderful sea
Was free of technology's toxic debris
When the falling rain was pure and divine
And it was safe to feel the sunshine
When all creatures great and small
Had a place to fly and swim and crawl
When there was balance upon the land
And life prevailed as Nature planned...
E A
Tell me, what has been our contribution?
E B
This rape and pillage and waste and pollution
E A
Have we become so spoiled rotten
E B
That we have thoroughly forgotten
E (slower)
That it's the glorious Mother Earth...
A B E
Who was gracious enough to give us birth

x4
We must her now
We must remember we are one
We must heal the places where the damage has been done
A B E

back to normal tempo



RIFFRAFF
By Casey Neill (See parody - "Hooray for the Yuppies" pg. 116.)

CHORUS:

G C G
Hooray for our band of happy ragged folks
G D
Telling old stories and fireside jokes
G C G
Living for the music the love and the laugh
G D G
Hooray for the riffraff!

G C G
Raconteurs and bowsies, rebels and tramps
G D
Travellers who ramble from camp to camp
G C G
Bull dodgers and swagmen, vandals and rounders
G D
Wandering hobos, town to towners

Come join the circle dance of jolly fools
Squatters and crusties who make their own rules
Riverbed beggars, carousers and thieves
Our only motto: anarchy!

CH

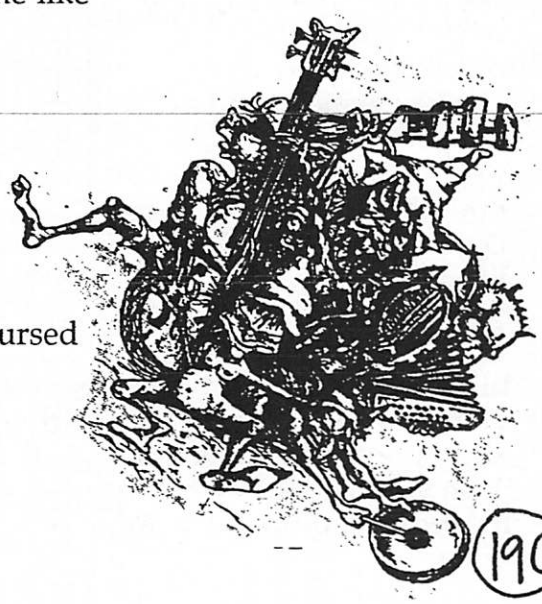
Migrating drifters, buskers on the streets
Minstrels and gypsies with no shoes on our feet
O-drovers and rovers and nomad souls
Rank and feral vagabonds laying down the bedrolls
Treespikers (or treesitters) and Diggers, Wobblies and the like
Monkeywrenching saboteurs, woodenshoe Luddites
Bolt Weevils and trixters, elves and sprites
We laugh as the dozers burn and escape into the night

CH

Winos and drunkards, a stout drinking crew
Dancing on the tables, slamming down the brews
We don't care if in the morning our heads need to be nursed
Pint after pint there's no limit to our thirst

Wizards and sages, druids and knaves
Outcasts, freaks, warriors brave
Amazons and pagans, children of the tribe
Again we are awakening, alive alive alive!

CH (sing CH *twice—last time real slow and drunken, final line upbeat.*)
We come in all colors, stripes and spots
Raging Grannies and punkers revel in our lot
We don't care what we look like and we don't wear underwear
Go ahead and stare we are everywhere!



ROUND-UP READY ROUNDUP
Words by Jonathan Teague and Alison Jenkins, music by Megan Adam
(Performed by Flying Folk Army. An old-timey hillbilly-style song)

D G
Look at that flounder leap and bound
D A
Impervious to cold-o
D G
Blame that frost, my crops I lost
D A D
My farm has to be sold-o

What's the harm in creative farmin'
It's so up to date-o
Here's my wish: combine that fish
With a ripe tomato

CHORUS:
D G D
Round-up Ready
D A D
You can't kill those crazy beans
D G D
Genetically unsteady
D G D
C'mon, eat your greens!

Take that gene and fire it in
Your favourite vegetation
It's got a fin, that ain't no sin,
It's a new GM creation
Supergrain is mighty neat
No vermin can infest-o
Bioethics can not beat
Our corporate manifesto

CH:
Round-up Ready
Dig that terminator seed
Farmer Freddy
Screwed by corporate greed

BRIDGE *(spoken, to the verse chords)*:
Third world countries you'll be fine
Sign here on the dotted line
Soon your nation will be mine
It's the Round-up Ready Roundup
Human clones or brainless drones
Some call it exploitation
Try these nifty pig hormones
It's xeno-transplantation!

CH:
Round-up Ready
You can't stop the march of science
Progress is steady
Just like your compliance

Sing first chorus again

SAN LUIS SONG
By Alicia Littletree

Am Em Am
If you come here to the place at the foot of the sacred mountain
G Am
You will find there are no strangers in this town
Em Am
High on the mesa is a church, white stucco against blue sky
G Am
With two bell towers and pews of rough-hewn pine

F Am
Beyond the pavement, behind the gates, lies the peoples' soul
F Am
Sangre de Christos, the generations have called them home
F Am
Rock slopes and valleys, deer and ponderosa
F G
A blanket of melting snow...
Am
Culebra River

Above the valley sit the sky and mountain looking down
As they have forever, guardians of this town
They watch the proud, simple people who live below
Tilling the soil, harvesting crops, tending the seeds they sow

They see the white man who ties the land with fence line
To keep the people from their mountainside
When the sun burns away the dark of night
They see the fences have been cut one more time

Once the people marked the seasons by the melting snow
Now there are rumbling engines and scars of fresh-cut roads
Roaring chainsaws, loaded log trucks, rip apart the peace
All along the Sangre de Christos, the thunder of falling trees

The sun burns hot on the clearcut Earth
Melting the thick-packed winter snow
All at once the year's supply of water
Jumps the banks of the gentle
Culebra River

Now at last and forever, the time of Reckoning
For Zack Taylor and his father, their genocide and greed
On this day the sky and mountain home
Watch over San Luis while a new story unfolds

The people taking a stand, joined by newcomers with fists held high
They sing and pray, their bodies are barricades

To keep the madmen from the Sangre de Christo Mountains
Defending the blood of the Earth
Culebra River

La Montaña es nuestra Madre
Nos Vida es siempre la Tierra
Por continuar el Pueblo de San Luis
Tenemos que luchar por La Sierra!

SAUGET WIND
By Jay Farrar and Jeff Tweedy
(Performed by Uncle Tupelo. Capo on the 2nd fret. The Dsus4 and Asus4 chords are reached by hammering your little finger to the 3rd fret on the 1st string from D to Dsus4 and your ring finger to the 3rd fret on the 2nd string from A to Asus4.)

INTRO: D — Dsus4 (x3)

Dsus4 D
It's a long way to Heaven
G D
A short way to Hell
Bm
Pain killers won't help
A Asus4
In a way it's not yourself
D
They're poisoning the air
G D — Dsus4
For personal wealth
Bm
It's a long way to Heaven
A G
And a short way to Hell

CHORUS:
D
I don't know
A Bm
What I'm breathin' for
G D A Asus4
'Cause the air around here ain't so good anymore
D
The weatherman says fair
G D
He looks like a lie
Bm
Nothin's free in this country
A G
And there's no place to hide

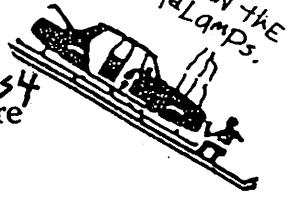
MUSIC BREAK: D — Bm (x4)
D — Dsus4 — D

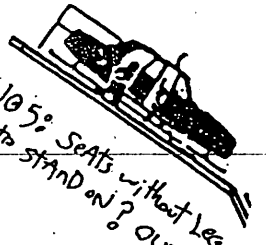
An industrial wind
Blows from the West
It'll burn out your eyes
And suck out your breath
It's waitin' in the wings
The damage down the line
Save your tears for the soaps
Leave your money behind

CH:
I don't know
What I'm breathin' for
'Cause the air around here ain't so good anymore
The weatherman says fair
He looks like a lie
Nothin's free in this country
And there's no place to hide no more
A G D
No place to hide anymore

Music Break again

The Social Ideology Of The Motorcar





SAVE YOUR SEEDS
By Peter Wilde

A D
In 1937 Congress bought Anslinger's line
A E
Making marijuana a sin and a crime
A D
But you can beat the government and get the dealers too
A
The answer's in your hands
E
Here's what you can do

CHORUS:
A D
Save your seeds, save your seeds
A E
Sandy soil and water is all your gonna need
A D
Save your seeds, save your seeds
A E D A
It doesn't take a miracle to cultivate a weed

My friend john parker certainly was surprised
Arrested by the cops after looking in his eyes
Foolishly he figured the constitution guaranteed
His pursuit of happiness
Included smoking weed

Susie cleaned her bag and was headed for the trash
When i grabbed her by the arm to preserve a future stash
If you want to see more of the kind around
Instead of growing it in the garbage,
Plant it in the ground

CH

To the salt and the sugar, tobacco companies
Beer makers, aspirin takers, get down on your knees
Time has come to award you with a prize
When it comes to making drugs
You know how to legalize

Well for thousands of years they've been putting it into cloth
Making oil and paper and some pretty happy moths
If I smoke too much I might lose my voice
Something about short term memory,
And that's my choice
CH

SCREAM
By Francine Allen
(Throw in an occasional harmonic E [barred finger slides up to the 12th fret].)

INTRO:

CHORUS:

E
I want to scream
G A
Let the voices in my head out
E
Want to speak out
G A
There's a lot to talk about
E
I want to cry
G A
Because the truth can't be denied
E —G-A
I want to scream

E
There is injustice in this world
G A
And it's time to talk about it
There is rape
We won't be silent anymore
There is fear
And it closes our eyes—it closes our ears

E G A E
There is race, sex, and classism
G
And every kind of "ism"
A
That revolves around oppression
G
It's a constant evolution
A E
To creating a solution
I said, every kind of "ism"
That revolves around oppression
It's a constant evolution
To creating a solution

CH *(And it makes me want to Scream...)*

There is hunger in this world
And it's time to feed the people
There is war
We don't support it anymore
There is hate
And it stems from homophobic fear

There are drugs, guns and warring gangs
And the TV generation
To desensitize the nation
It's a constant education
To create any change
(Repeat last four lines)

(Spoken-sung)
Well, the US Constitution
Gives us the right to speak our minds
They call it "freedom of speech"
Unless it's not the right kind
You can talk about the children
But don't talk about abuse
You can talk about the power of religion
But don't talk about its use
'Cause it's blasphemy if you don't agree
With the people who have power
You'll go to hell or get thrown in jail
When you mess with the Ivory Tower
But that's bullshit, that's what I say
But it ain't proper for a lady to swear
Gotta wear your dress, don't talk too loud
Well, fuck that! I don't care
'Cause when you're living in a world that's wounded
When you're living in a world that's scarred
It's a wonder in this world
That we can talk at all
They like to keep us poor, you know,
They like to keep us tame
They want to keep us drugged up
So we'll play along with their game
But it's a new time, a fresh time
A time to make a change
We're gonna speak up, speak out, scream and shout
They're gonna hear us calling for

--

(Start singing again here.)

E G
No more
A ———
Injustice
E G A —
No more rape
——— A ———
We won't be silent anymore
No more fear
Open your eyes, open your ears
No more
Racism
No more hunger
We're gonna feed the people
No more war
No more war on the Earth
No more hatred
We're gonna live together
No more
TV, TV, TV

CH *x2* (*first time:* And it makes me want to Scream.../ *second time:* I want to Scream.)

go high octaves w/ your voice on ending Scream

SEMINOLE WIND
By John Anderson
(This song hit number one on the country music charts in the late '80s- some say it was inspired by Hurricane Andrew. Campfire singers have adapted a more folk-style, and it's often accompanied by a fiddle or a flute. The gar is a fish.)

Em G D A(add9)
Ever since the days of old, men have searched for wealth untold
Em G D A(add9)
They dig for silver and for gold, and leave the empty holes
Em G D
Now Way down south in the Everglades, where the black water rolls
A(add9)
And the sawgrass sways,
Em G D A(add9)
The eagles fly and the otter plays, in the land of the Seminole.

CHORUS:
Em G
So Blow, blow, Seminole wind
D A(add9)
Blow like you're never gonna blow again,
Em G
I'm callin' to you like a long lost friend
D A(add9)
And I know who you are
Em G
Blow, blow from the Okeechobee
D A(add9)
All the way up to Micanopy
Em G
Blow across the home of the Seminole,
D A(add9)
And the alligator and the gar.

Progress came and took its toll, and in the name of flood control,
They made their plans and they drained the land,
Now the 'Glades are goin' dry.
The last time I walked in the swamp,
I stood upon a Cypress stump,
I listened close and I heard the ghost
Of Oceola cry.

CH

SEXUALITY
By Billy Bragg

INTRO: G-C-D-Gmaj9-D

G C D G C D
I've had relations with girls from many nations
G C D G C D
I've made passes at women of all classes
G C D G C D
And just because you're gay I won't turn you away
G C D G C D
If you stick around I'm sure that we can find some common ground

CHORUS:
Em7 D G C
Sexuality -- Strong and warm and wild and free
Em7 D Em C D
Sexuality -- Your laws do not apply to me

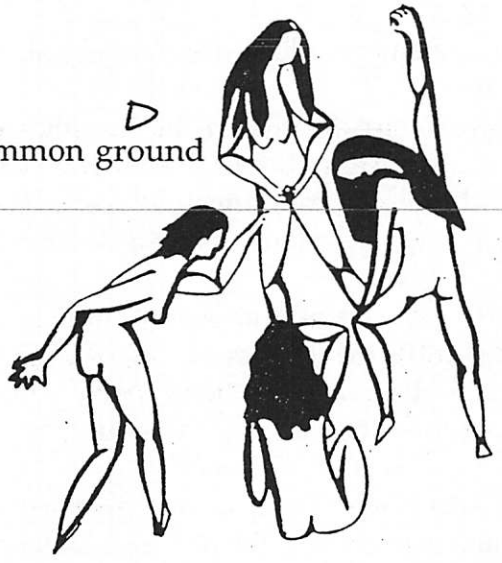
A nuclear submarine sinks off the coast of Sweden
Headlines give me headaches when I read them
I had an uncle who once played for Red Star Belgrade
He said that some things are really best left unspoken
But I prefer it all to be out in the open

CH #2:
Em7 D G C
Sexuality -- Young and warm and wild and free
Em7 D Em C D
Sexuality -- Your laws do not apply to me
Em7 D G C
Sexuality -- Don't threaten me with misery
Em7 D Em C D
Sexuality -- I demand equality

CH #3:
Sexuality -- Strong and warm and wild and free
Sexuality -- Your laws do not apply to me
Sexuality -- Come eat and drink and sleep with me
Sexuality -- We can be what we want to be

BRIDGE:
Bm Em C D
I'm sure that everybody knows how much my body hates me
Bm Em C D
It lets me down most every time and makes me rash and hasty
Bm Em Bm C D
I feel a total jerk before your naked body of work

I'm getting weighed down with all this information
Safe sex doesn't mean no sex it just means use your imagination
Stop playing with yourselves in hard currency hotels
I look like Robert De Niro, I drive a Mitsubishi Zero



SHACKS AND CHALETS
By Pete Sutherland

G Em G D C
Across the Blue Ridge mountains, there's a country steep and fair,
C G D
The roads are high and winding, there's dogwood on the air,
G Em G D C
I've been longing to see those mountains, but I think I've had my fill
G C D Em And D G
Of those shacks along the river bank, and those chalets on the hill.

When it's springtime in the mountains it brings a stirring to the soul,
But it also brings those floods that come from stripping out the coal,
And those shacks along the river must obey the water's will
You can watch them floating down the stream from the chalets on the hill.

Some folks say you shouldn't notice, if you're only passing through,
And if folks down there accept things, then I guess that I should too,
But I kind of wish I'd been there, when the land was wild and still,
When the rich man's greed couldn't buy the deed to the chalets on the hill.

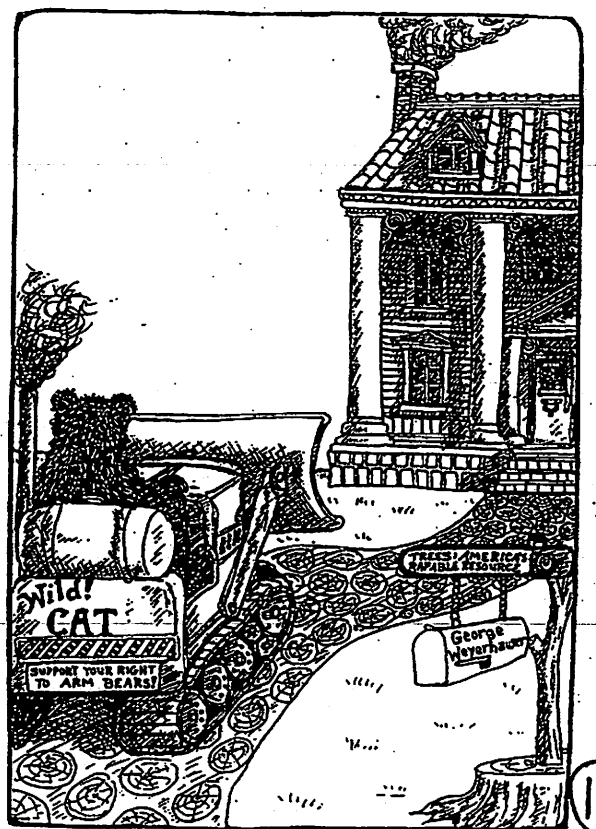
Some folks say it's human nature, others say it's just our lot,
To have the poor folks at the bottom, and the rich folks at the top.
But I think someday this all will change, when the people have their will,
There'll be no shacks along the river bank and no chalets on the hill
No more shacks along the river bank and no chalets on the hill.

Proposal: Clearcut Weyerhauser structure, recycle x number of horizontal board feet, and replant as a natural forest.

E.I.S. Summary:

After appropriate study the Forest Council finds the proposal to clearcut existing structure and establish a bio-diverse forest for multiple species residency to have no significant adverse impact upon the local environment, in fact it may actually be a benificial change...

Approved!



...the earth is being destroyed, and the people who are destroying her have names and addresses...

SHUT THEM DOWN
By David Rovics

G
We shall fight them on the beaches
C
We shall fight them on the shore
G
They will bring us exploitation
Em D
We'll bring them their class war
C
We'll lock down to the gates
G
As they're spreading vicious lies
C
They want to dominate the world
D
And we see through their disguise

If they'd have one big multinational
With their corporate flag unfurled
Searching everywhere
For the lowest wages in the world
Then we'll have One Big Union
From Melbourne to Prague to Seattle-town
Wherever they may go
We will shut them down

CHORUS:
C G D
We'll shut them down, we'll shut them down
C D G
We will shut them down

And CNN will spread the lies
This is just how it's gotta be
Well they can have their CNN
'Cause we got our IMC
And we will tell the truth quite clearly
Though they don't want to hear it
And they'll try to stop our broadcasts
'Cause the truth is that they fear it

CH

They want a world full of strip malls
Plants grown by biotech
As long as they get richer
They just don't give a heck
But we don't want their ecocide
We want a world we can live in
That's why we're here to stay
And we're not gonna give in

CH

And they'll infiltrate us
Provocateurs within our ranks
And if they can't divide us
They'll send in the tanks
But we will stand together
Pacifists and Zapatistas
Workers, farmers, the indigenous
Tree-huggers and baristas

CH

And we will build a new world
Without the corporate elite
And we will see the day
Of their international defeat
We'll have self-determination
And equality for all
For what choice do we really have
But to rise up and see them fall

CH

SIDE OF THE ROAD
By Lucinda Williams

INTRO: E-B-C#m-A-B (x2)

E B C#m A B
You wait in the car on the side of the road
E B C#m A B
Lemme go and stand awhile, I wanna know you're there but I wanna be alone
F#m A E B
If only for a minute or two
F#m A E B
I wanna see what it feels like to be without you
F#m A E B
I wanna know the touch of my own skin
F#m A E B
Against the sun, against the wind

I walked out in a field, the grass was high, it brushed against my legs
I just stood and looked out at the open space and a farmhouse out a ways
And I wondered about the people who lived in it
And I wondered if they were happy and content
Were there children and a husband and a wife?
Did she love him and take her hair down at night?

If I stray away too far from you, don't go and try to find me
It doesn't mean I don't love you, it doesn't mean I won't come back and stay beside you
It only means I need a little time
To follow that unbroken line
To a place where the wild things grow
To a place where I used to always go

La la la, la la la, la la la, la la la
La la la, la la la, la la la, la la la
If only for a minute or two
I wanna see what it feels like to be without you
I wanna know the touch of my own skin
Against the sun, against the wind

SIERRA BLANCA SONG
By Danny Dolinger

A C
Deep in west Texas just above the Rio Grande
G D A
Where the spirits roll right through you just like water rolls through sand
C
There's a tiny little town just sixteen miles from Mexico
G D A
Once quiet, but now screaming with the evil winds that blow
Em Bm
From the eastern lands of power where the best-made plans are laid
C D
And the prophets speak of profits and the lobbyists are paid
Em Bm
To grease the wheels of the machine that rumbles deafened toward tomorrow
C Bb C G
Stopping in Sierra Blanca only to deposit sorrow...oh yeah
G# A
Not so long ago the rain here made the desert smell like rain
Now it smells like New York's sewage and it smells like childrens' pain
As they suffer through diseases no one here has known before
And when the wind kicks up it don't just kick up desert dust no more
It's viruses and toxins, heavy metals shipped by train
It's every evil New York City flushes down its drain
It's so dangerous the law says they cannot keep it there
So they ship it to a place where they believe the folks are just too poor to care

CHORUS:
D F
And the wind that blows across Sierra Blanca ain't just wind
C G
It's every evil anyone can justify to send
D F
To a tiny little town too poor to fight, too strong to hide
C Bb C G
Where they know David beat Goliath and the truth is on their side

G# A
The Texas Radioactive Waste Disposal Authority
Is guided by the tender, loving hand of Rick Jacoby
And the Texas legislature, and the TNRCC
Drew a map around the town, said stick it there and let it be

So now it's not just New York's sewage—it's nuclear reactors
And my governor makes lots of money silencing detractors
Of a plan of greed and selfishness that disregards the fear
Of a people who will live in waste that's toxic for many thousand years

But the people of Sierra Blanca do not stand alone

They stand in solidarity with all who love their homes
And the power of the common folks so many years ignored,
Grown thunderous and deafening, is pounding at the doors
Of the ones who will not listen but no longer cannot hear
We are mighty, we are many, we are right and we are clear
We will save Sierra Blanca and her sisters everywhere
From the buried-alive tactics of the ones who do not care...oh yeah...

CH

SMASH THINGS UP!
By !Tchkung!
(Scream this while banging pots and assorted post-industrial scrap percussion. Many folks from !Tchkung!, which is now disbanded, are part of the Infernal Noise Brigade, the anarchist marching band of Seattle, Prague and beyond.)

In Austin it was Jenny who made the rich folks sorry
She would steal their Cadillacs and dump them in the quarry
In jail she learned the lesson she'll remember to the end
Stick to your story, you never confess, you never turn in a friend

CHORUS:
Rob the rich! smash things up!
You stick to your story, you'll never get caught!
Rob the rich! arm the poor!
Social justice is civil war!

Nobody moves, no one gets hurt, everybody on the floor
We stole a gun from Robin Hood, stick 'em up, it's civil war
Steal your gas from Exxon and Texaco, pirate your software
Fill out your taxes any way you like, as long as you don't pay your share

CH

The fancy car, the limousine, oh to smash it up
McDonald's and Burger King, oh to smash it up
Coca Cola and Pepsi, oh to smash it up
Burn the fucking limousine

CH

Bill gates has fifty million, most of us don't have a cent
The government owes a hundred trillion, I owe three months in rent
The thing you must remember, and I'll say it once again
Stick to your story, you never confess, you never turn in a friend

CH *(x2)*

SOME PEOPLE THINK I'M CRAZY
By The Artist Formerly Known As Squid

INTRO: *Fingerpicking,* C-Am-F-G7

C Am
Some people don't believe me when I
F G7
Tell them I'm bisexual
C Am
I guess they think I'm just trying to be some
F G7
Sort of exhibitionist radical, but
Am G
That's okay that's just fine
Am G
I don't pay those assholes any mind cuz
F G
This is who I am, and
F G C
Who I am does not need to be cleared by you

Some people look down on me
Cuz I never completed college
I guess they think they're better than me
Just cuz they purchased systematic knowledge
But they're the ones who are the fools
Cuz they allowed themselves to be schooled
And they're no better than me
Just like I'm no better than you

Some people think that I'm kinda scummy
Because lately I've been eating my breakfast from dumpsters
They think they're so great with their vegan TV dinners
But they're really just a bunch of elitist yupsters
And I respect what they're trying to do
I used to hold that narrow view too
And animals are still my friends
But that includes the humyn animal too

Some people think that I'm satanic
Because I don't accept Jesus as my personal savior
They probably think that I'll be spending eternity
Burning on some lake of fire
But I don't care if they think I sin
cuz I think their religion's a crock of shit
And the Pope can kiss my ass
And if you think you're more holy than me you can kiss it too

Some people think I'm smelly
Because I don't wear deodorant
They prefer an artificial spring breeze fragrance
To the aroma of healthy humyn sweat
And maybe they're right, maybe I stink
But I don't give a damn what they think
Cuz this is how I smell
And my personal odor needs no approval
from you
Some people think I'm crazy
Because I believe in revolution
I guess that they enjoy work and war
And racism and air pollution
And it's a shame if they think I'm dumb
Cuz I'm having a lot more fun
And when we create a new world
I hope that they can be a little crazy too
F G C
I hope they'll let themselves be crazy too

SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET
By Katya Chorover
(A beautiful acapella, gospel-like tune. Katya sang this at David Gypsy Chain's memorial service in Berkeley, 1998.)

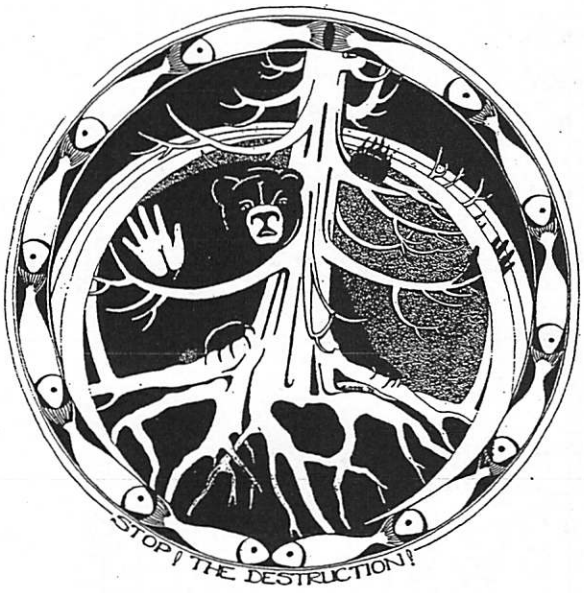
CHORUS *(sing twice to start)* :
Some day we'll meet
A million miles away
Someday we'll meet
In a land that's rich and green
Someday we'll meet
In a land of plenty
And we'll rise
Up on high
With our song

That song will tell the story
Of what had come to pass
That song will tell the story of our journey
That song will tell the story
Of the glory of the Earth
When we rose up on high
With our song

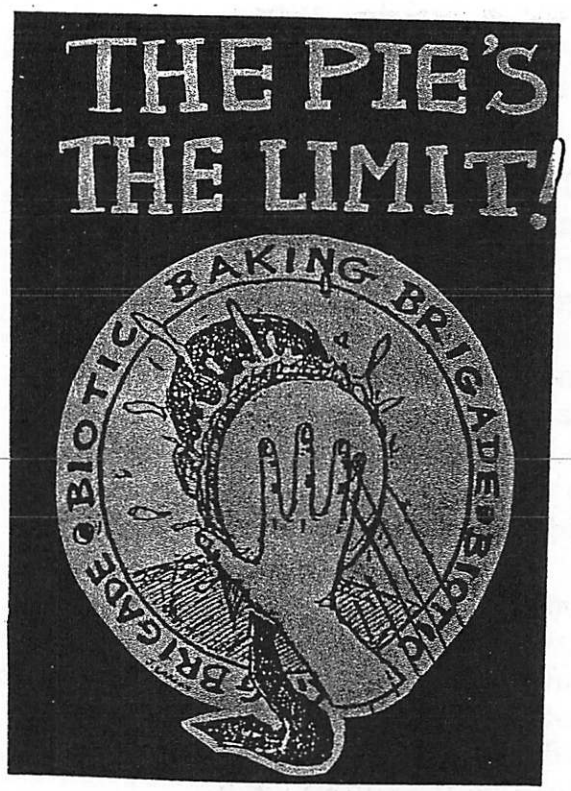
CH

Though I may stumble on this journey
And I may not live to tell the tale
I hold this dream in
Inside my soul
And I know we will rise
With that song

CH *(x2)*



SONG FOR THE BBB
By David Rovics



C F
See the man in his limosine
G C
In his tie and well-pressed shirt
C F
Hoping that he's not been seen
G C
On the lookout for dessert
Em C
He knows that he is guilty
G Am
And a visit might be paid
C F
By the vegan vigilantes
G C
Of the Biotic Baking Brigade

CHORUS:
Em C
What's that sailing through the air
G Am
In the boardrooms see them shiver
C F
You can spend your life hoping for pie in the sky
G C
But the Baking Brigade delivers

If you sell your city's soul
To the landlords' greedy pack
You my friend have earned yourself
A tasty pastry snack
You can call yourself a liberal
And hope your crimes will fade
But your sell-out soul will be exposed
By the Biotic Baking Brigade

CH

So if you cut down the last of the forests
Spew poison in the air
Don't you be surprised to find
That cheesecake in your hair
Yes if you are a corporate criminal
You've surely made the grade
To receive a fresh-baked goody from
The Biotic Baking Brigade

CH

Beware all you scoundrels of industry
We know of your disgrace
So smile for the camera
With the cream pie in your face
You can hope that we won't find you out
As you're hiding in the shade
But someday soon you'll live to meet
The Biotic Baking Brigade

CH *(x2)*

SONG FOR

BOXCAR BETTY

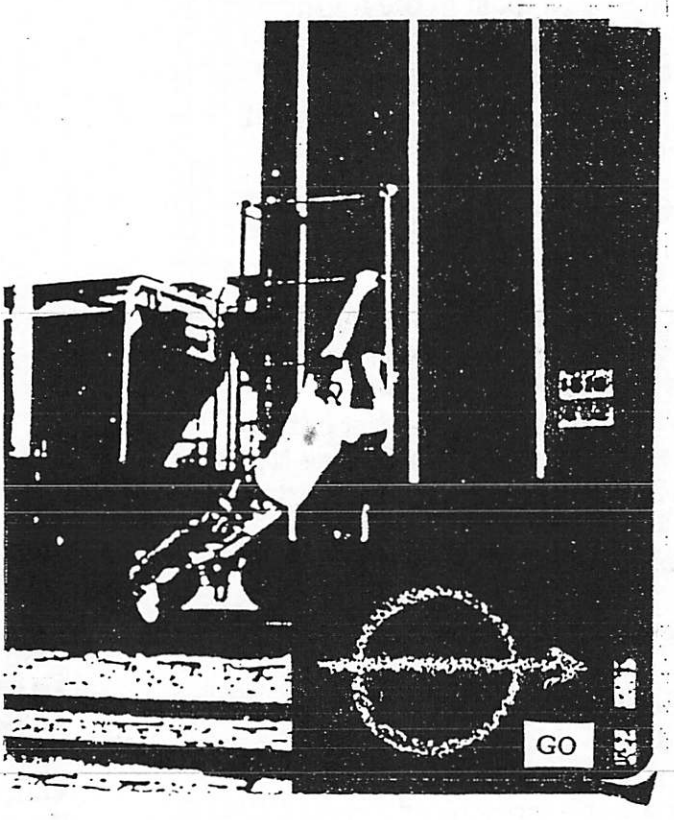
By David Rovics

(This song tells the tale of an IWW organizer hobo rebel girl. O.B.U. stands for One Big Union.)

G C G
I've got no time for the aisles of fashion
C A7 D
Or the bikinis of Malibu Beach
C G Em
Don't take me to where the pool water's splashing
C G D
Where everybody's skin is soft as a peach
G C G
The woman for me doesn't live in a mansion
C A7 D
Taking baths in a hot tub, drinking whiskey and cream
C G Em
The woman for me is a fighter with passion
C G D G
Boxcar Betty is the woman of my dreams

CHORUS:

C G D Em
She was a hobo and a tramp
C G D
A rebel through and through
C G D Em
Boxcar Betty, I'm yours
C D G
For the O.B.U.



She refused to marry rich
Or kiss anybody's ass
She was proud to be a union woman
And a leader of the working class
She hopped the freights from state to state
With revolution in her eyes
'Cause she couldn't stand to hear the sound
Of a hungry child's cries

CH

Boxcar Betty didn't give a damn
About what some people said
They called her a free lover
They called her a dirty red
But if I could do anything in life
It would be to make my stand
Hanging around the jungles
As Boxcar Betty's right-hand man (gal)

CH

SONG FOR THE EARTH LIBERATION FRONT
By David Rovics

G
Civil disobedience
C G
Has many permutations
G
You can block the streets in front of
D G
The United Nations
G
You can lay down on the tracks
C G
Keep the nuke trains out of town
C
Or you can pour gas on the condo
D
And you can burn it down

CHORUS:
Em
So here's a toast to the night
C G
Three cheers and a grunt
C D Em
To the Earth Liberation Front
C D G
The Earth Liberation Front

You can go to Senate hearings
Wait 'til they call your name
My hat is off to anyone
With the will to play that game
But if you want to know the truth
What warms my aching heart
Is to see the masked avengers
Come to tear the road apart

CH

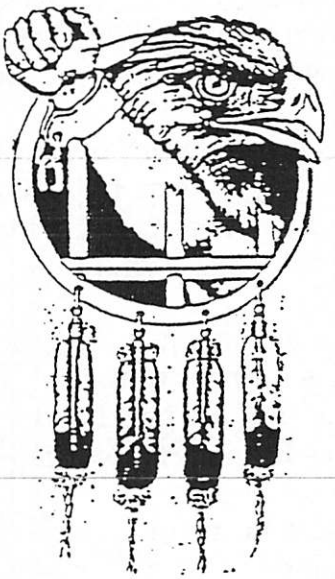
There are so many things of beauty
In this world to see
A wild, running river
Or an old-growth redwood tree
But in such an ugly situation
So sinister and dire
There's nothing quite so lovely
As a Wal-Mart on fire

CH

They'll tell you that it's violent
To destroy a logging truck
These are the very people
Who'd kill the planet for a buck
Talk to the governor
Be reasonable, they say
Maybe we can talk tomorrow
But we can pull the crops today

CH

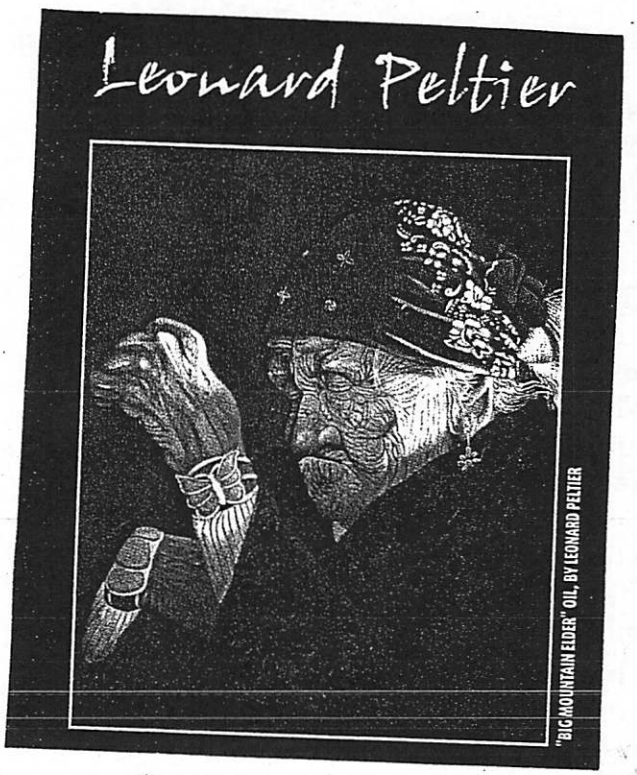
SONG FOR LEONARD PELTIER
By Jim Page



C Fmaj7
Loan me a minute, let me borrow your ear
Am C Fmaj7
And I'll sing you a song about Leonard Peltier.
Am C Fmaj7
He's gone so long in a Federal jail,
G Fmaj7 C
The innocent victim of a tangled tale.

In South Dakota where the fear has grown,
Where the presidents watch from a mountain of stone
And they say all people are free to roam,
There ain't no freedom in the Indian home.

CHORUS:
F C Am
How many have gone before?
C Fmaj7 Am
And tell me how many more
C G C
Must be lost to the Indian wars?



The company spoke to the high command,
"We need the deeds to the Indian land,
To dig for oil and uranium ore.
Maybe have to start a little Indian war."

The orders came from way on high,
And it was a job for the FBI.
"It won't be hard, all we'll have to do
Is cause a little trouble and follow it through."

In Oglala where the spirit did dwell
It was a time they remember well.
There were women and children gathered there
When the wind blew a warning through the whispering air.

And Leonard Peltier was one of those
Who came to the call when the time arose
And dangerous strangers were prowlin' around
Bringin' trouble to the reservation ground.

And that was when the agents made their play
In a gunshot battle on a deadly day
And three men died in the hollow sand,
Two FBI and an Indian man. CH

Joe Stunz was a man that died that day
But the eyes of the law didn't see it that way.
All they cared about was their own kind
Gonna get somebody for a capitol crime.

The charge was set for homicide,
But Leonard got away to the Canada side
Where he lived for a while in a northern town
'Til they came up and got him and brought him back down

The judge and the jury, they both agreed
Two times murder in the first degree.
They pounded the gavel and they rang on the bell
Two times life in a federal cell.

Citations came from Washington,
Congratulations on a job well done.
Two agents dead is a mighty price
But if you want something bad you gotta sacrifice.

Now Leonard Peltier is a captured man
With both legs taken so he cannot stand.
One more swallowed by the master plan
To get their hands on the Indian lands.

CH

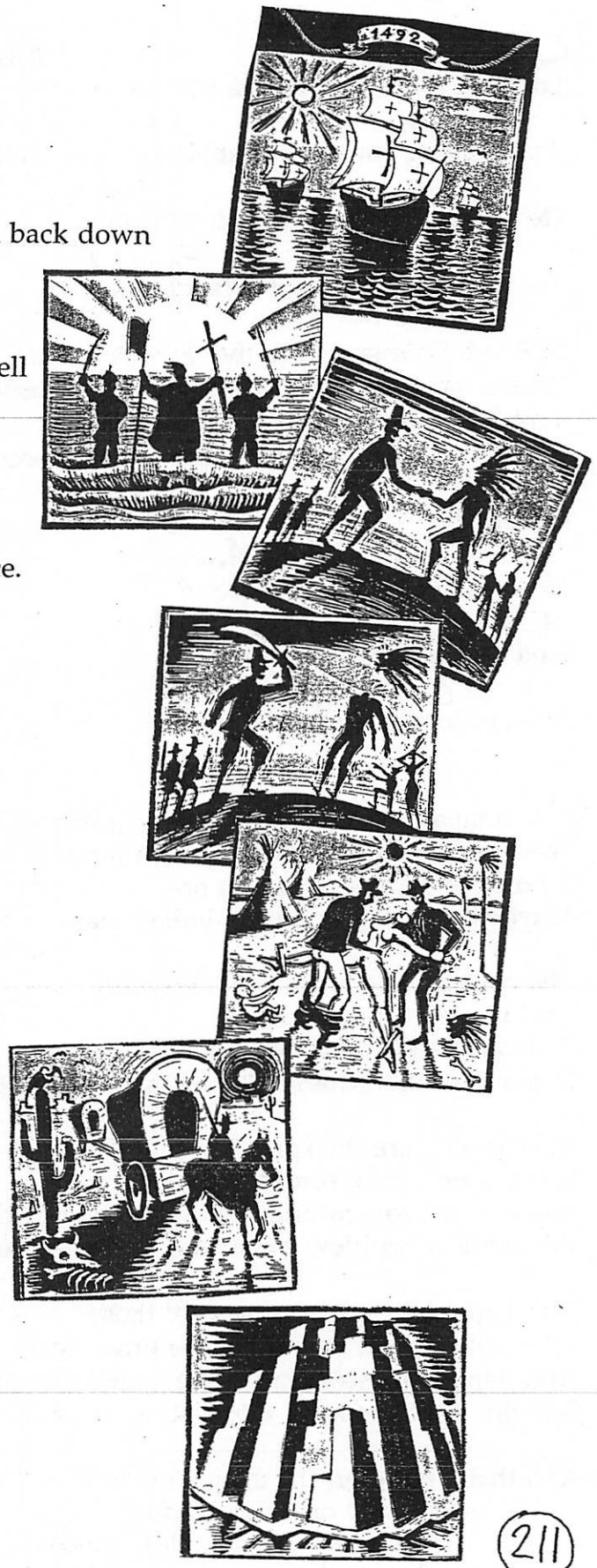
And so it's been since days of old
When Custer died for a mountain of gold
But times have changed and passed him by
He's been replaced by the FBI

When Joe Stuntz was lowered down
The winds did blow with a mighty sound
And the answer came in the driving rain,
"This man will not have died in vain."

For the hollow power of the lock and key
Ain't nothing to the power of the ragin' sea
Or the lightning strikes in the angry skies
That puts the power into peoples' eyes.

Oh, the weather is building to a mighty storm
And the words on the wind that come to warn
Are once more spoken to your ear
Only this time the name is Leonard Peltier

CH



SONG OF CHOICE
By Peggy Seeger

INTRO VERSE:

Em D Em
Early every year the seeds are growing
Em A Em
Unseen, unheard they lie beneath the ground
Em A Em
Would you know before their leaves are showing
D Em
That with weeds all your garden will abound?

in

CHORUS:

Em D
If you close your eyes, stop your ears
Em A
Shut your mouth then how can you know?
Em D Em
For seeds you cannot hear may not be there
D
Seeds you cannot see may never grow

In January you've still got the choice
You can cut the weeds before they start to bud
If you leave them to grow high, they'll silence your voice
And in December you may pay with your blood

CH #2:
So close your eyes, stop your ears,
Shut your mouth and take it slow
Let others take the lead and you bring up the rear
And later you can say you didn't know

Every day another vulture takes flight
There's another danger born every morning
In the darkness of your blindness the beast will learn to bite
How can you fight if you can't recognise a warning ?

Today you may earn a living wage
Tomorrow you may be on the dole
Though there's millions going hungry you needn't disengage
For it's them, not you, that's fallen in the hole

It's alright for you if you run with the pack
It's alright if you agree with all they do
If fascism is slowly climbing back
It's not here yet so what's it got to do with you?

The weeds are all around us and they're growing

It'll soon be too late for the knife
If you leave them on the wind that around the
world is blowing
You may pay for your silence with your life

CH #3:
So close your eyes, stop your ears,
Shut your mouth and never dare
And if it happens here they'll never come for you
Because they'll know you really didn't care

SONG OF THE RAIL
By Ralph Chaplin (Utah Phillips covers this.)

G C G
Life here in town is too damn monotonous
C G D G
Sticking around at a regular job
G C G
All the time somebody bossing and spotting us
C G D G
I'm not cut out for a laboring job
C G
Things here is much too precise and persnickety
C G D G
Say, 'bo, i'd just as soon be in jail'
G C G
It's us for the road and the wheels that go clickety
C G D G
Clickety-click on the glimmering rails

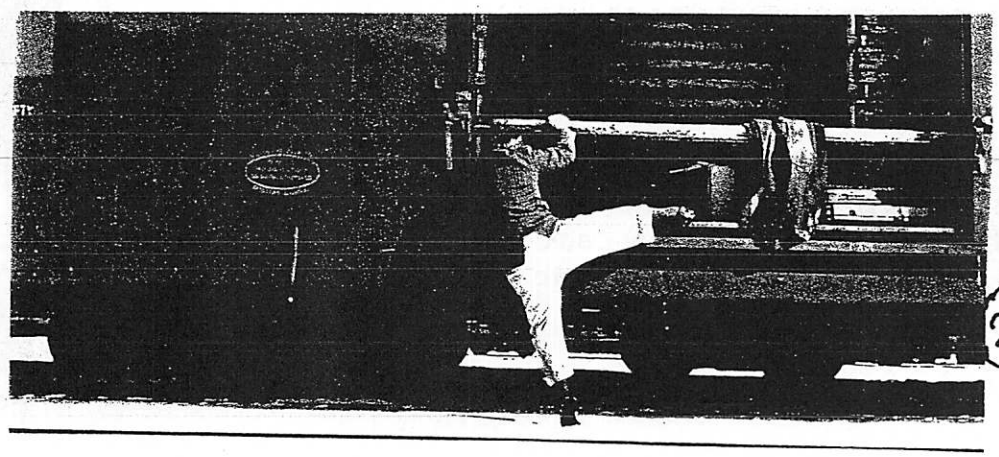
It's us for the road, and the old hobo way again
Loafin' around in the wind and the sun
Cool of the night and the soft of the hay again
Nary a worry or work to be done

CHORUS:
Say ain't you ready to beat it by crickety
Jump on a freight, be off on the trail
Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickety
Clickety click on the glimmering rail

Judges'll call you a shame to society
Brakemen they'll bounce you off onto the ground
Well, trampin's no cinch but it's full of variety
Here we're just plottin' and ploddin' around

I'm just a gettin' all feeble and rickety
Say 'bo we'll wither up sure if we stick
So let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickety
Clickety clickety clickety click

CH



SPIRAL OF LIFE
By Leora Hava
(Fingerpicking)

Am C G C Am
I dance around these trees
Am C G Am
Like the moon dancing around the earth
Am C G C Am
Celebrating my birth
Am C G Am
From the womb of my mother, Mother Earth
Am C G C Am
The spiral of life moves forward in time
Am C G Am
Yet where we begin is where we end
Am C G C Am
And someday we all will learn
Am C G Am
From the Earth we came, to the Earth we'll return *(last two lines x2)*

Snow fallin' from the sky
Winter time has arrived
Seeds are sleeping beneath the ground
Waiting for the sun's light to nourish life
Flowers blooming everywhere
Smell the spring-time in the air
And the sweet sweet sun is shining down on me
Surrounding me with that summer's heat
Leaves floating to the ground,
As autumn-time comes around
And the cold seeps back into the air,
As the winter-time reappears

(Sing first verse again)

Someday we all will learn
From the Earth we came, to the Earth we'll return
And someday we all will come
To know all as spirit, to feel all as one

STEP BY STEP
Traditional Irish folk song, early American labor poem
(A great chant for rounds and layering harmonies. Spread 'round by Pete Seeger. Sweet Honey & the Rock does a rad cover of this.)

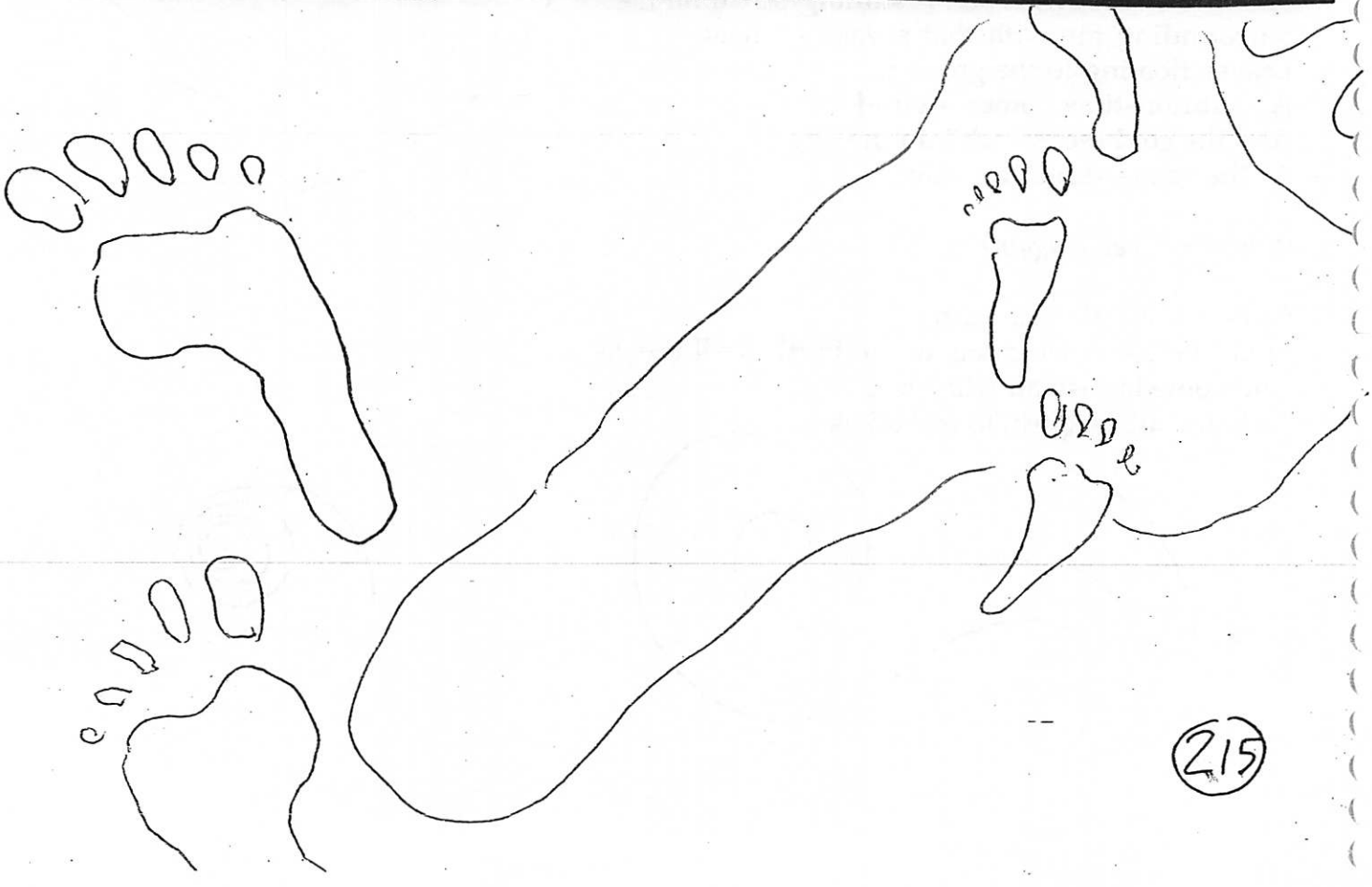
Step by step the longest march
Can be won, can be won

Many stones to form an arch
Singly, none. Singly, none.

And by union what we will
Can be accomplished still

Drops of water turn the mill
Singly, none. Singly, none.

(The folk process: make your own versions, or play with variations such as:
"Has begun" instead of "Can be won"
OR
Stone by stone we form an arch
Work begun, work begun
OR
Drops of water turn the mill (or wheel)
Long may we run, long may we run)



SUBVERT
By Lake/Wood/Portar
(Performed by Zounds. Rap this out. This version excerpted—and slightly changed—from issue #5 of "On the Fiddle," a Levellers 'zine.)

If you got a job
You can be an
Agent
You can work
For revolution
In your place of
Employment
If you work in a
Factory
Throw a spanner
In the works
Internal
Sabotage
Hit 'em where
It hurts
Subvert
If you got a job
Where they
Treat you like a
Slave
Where they
Treat you like a
Zombie
In a corporate
Grave
If you work in
The office
Making tea for
The bosses
While they're
Getting richer
On ten times
Your pay
They may think
You're stupid
But you're
Working
Undercover
You got the
Potential to
Disobey
Subvert
If you got a job
'Cos there's
Nothin' else to
Do
Where they
Think they
Got you trapped
In the boxes
That they
Choose
If you got a job
You can be an
Agent
If you work in a
Kitchen you can
Redistribute
Food
If you are a
Policeman
Ordered to
Arrest me
You don't have
To do it
You can refuse
Subvert

TAMPON
By La La

Em C B7
That pink, plastic, petal-soft applicator glide
May look harmless, but take a look inside
There's an ingredient in tampons, it's easily disguised
It makes you bleed longer—it's formaldehyde

If you've ever wondered why tampons are so white
It's the bleach in the rayon that gets 'em so bright
And the cotton that they make 'em with is sprayed with DDT
The world's most deadly toxin in our bodies?

CHORUS:
Em C B7
Tampon, tamp on and on *(line x3)*
C B7 Em
They might tamp you up permanently

Now lots of feminine hygiene gots deodorant
'Cause some people don't like the smell of cunt (or the word)
You'll upset your pH balance with those perfume chemicals
And your yeast infection increase will be astronomical

CH

Now tampons are just garbage, a throw-away fling
Like disposable diapers and the trouble that they bring
Sanitary napkins are pretty much the same
Chokin' our landfills, ain't it a shame

CH

So just let those tampons gather dust on the shelf
You can soak up the flow without pollutin' yourself (or the Earth)
Just get a little sea sponge, make a pull-cord with a string
Or home-made flannel pads will soak up everything
Why do you think they call it on the rag?

TEAR UP THE MOUNTAIN
Through Tofu ~ INTRO: E-F#m-A-E
A-E-C-D-E

E F#m
Quarter moon rising
A E
The sky shines red
G#m C#m
And I ride on my bicycle
G#m
The Earth below me is dead
A E
And I did not ask for this
B C#m
But this is what I got, I think
A E
To myself and pass another
C D E
Old abandoned lot

CHORUS:
C E
'Cause they tore up the mountain
D E
To make this road
C E
And they bind it together with their
D B
Hot black gold
A E
So I may move swiftly
B C#m
Where ever I want to go
A E
But I just want some trees back
C D E
To nourish my soul

I ride through the city
And the country-side too
And I ride along the river
Muddy brown not blue
And I ride up the ridgetop
But all I can see
Is a cancer of roads
Sprawling out before me

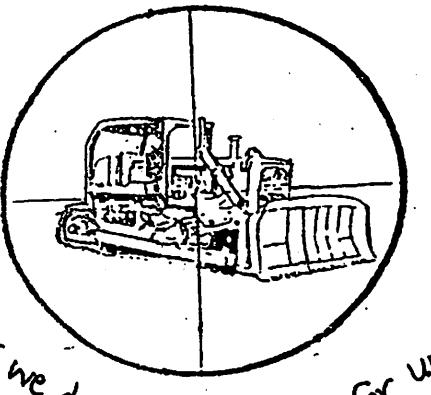
CH (...So we may move swiftly, wherever we want to go...)

Now I go to the pavement
With a pickaxe in my hand
Gonna breathe some life
Into this suffocated land
Gonna tear up that old mountain
One last time
We'll watch the Wild Earth return
Under the full moon shine

LAST CH:
And we'll tear up the mountain
Where they made this road
And we'll plant some food here
And we will watch it grow
Though we may move slowly
Wherever we need to go
Just like the trees that we plant here
To nourish our souls

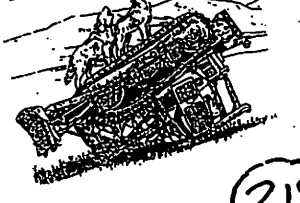
(Repeat last 4 lines w/ chords: C-E-B-C#m-A-E-C-D-E)

If you ask a European or an Asian for the symbol of North America, the person would perhaps offer the Skyscraper, or Disneyland™, but it is also the bulldozer.

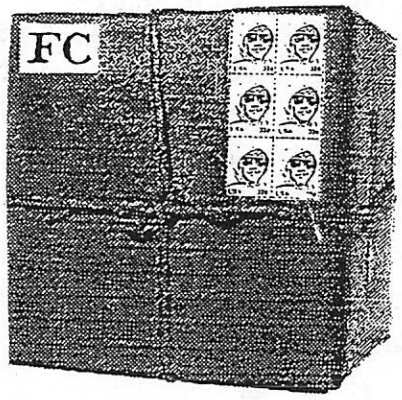


Just as we denude the land for urban development, so we clear out whole sections of the city for urban renewal or freeways. With the exception of the nuclear warhead, there is no greater machine of aggression against the land, the city, and our fellow humans than the BULLDOZER

RESISTANCE



TEDDY DON'T WRITE LETTERS ANYMORE
By Margin Walker



C G C G
Teddy was a quiet boy, he always loved to write
C F C F
Played outside by himself and he liked to ride his bike
F G C
But Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy got a little older and he went off to school
Learned a lot about mathematics, and he thought his colleagues fools
And Teddy don't write letters anymore

So, Teddy moved off to a place, a place deep in the woods/
Where he could work on writing letters,
And he could do the earth some good/
Teddy can't write letters anymore

Teddy learned a bit of chemistry, and got some typewriters too
Sent a long letter to the newspapers, a letter full of clues
Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy lived in the forest, for 25 years he stayed
The letters he sent were famous and the destroyers were afraid
Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy loved our mother Earth, he couldn't bear to watch her fry
So he wrote some powerful letters, to those who want the Earth to die
Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy was wanted by the F-B-I so his brother turned him in
Now it's our turn to write those letters, so let the fun begin
'Cause Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy went off to prison, and we know he won't be back
But he stuck a wedge in society and now we must spread the crack
'Cause Teddy don't write letters anymore

Teddy forgot some targets, I know one he missed
So let's write an explosive letter, and send it off to Charlie Hurwitz!
Cause Teddy don't write letters anymore

F C F C F
Teddy dont write letters, no, he can't write letters, no Teddy don't
C G
Write letters anymore

(Shout) Free Ted Kaczynski!!!

TESTIMONY
By Ferron
(Fingerpicking)

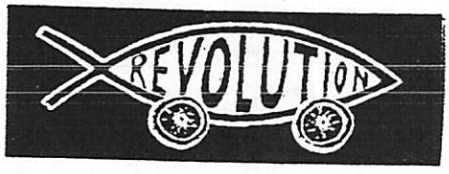
Am
There's god-like and war-like
D
And strong like only some show,
F Am
There's sad-like and mad-like
F G
And had like we know

CHORUS#1:
Am G F
But by my life be I spirit
Am G F
And by my heart be I woman
Am G F
And by my eyes be I open
Am G F
And by my hands be I whole

They say slowly brings the least shock
But no matter how slow I walk
There are traces, empty spaces
And doors and doors of locks

CHORUS#1

You young ones, you're the next ones
And I hope you choose it well
Though you try hard, you may fall prey
To the jaded jewel



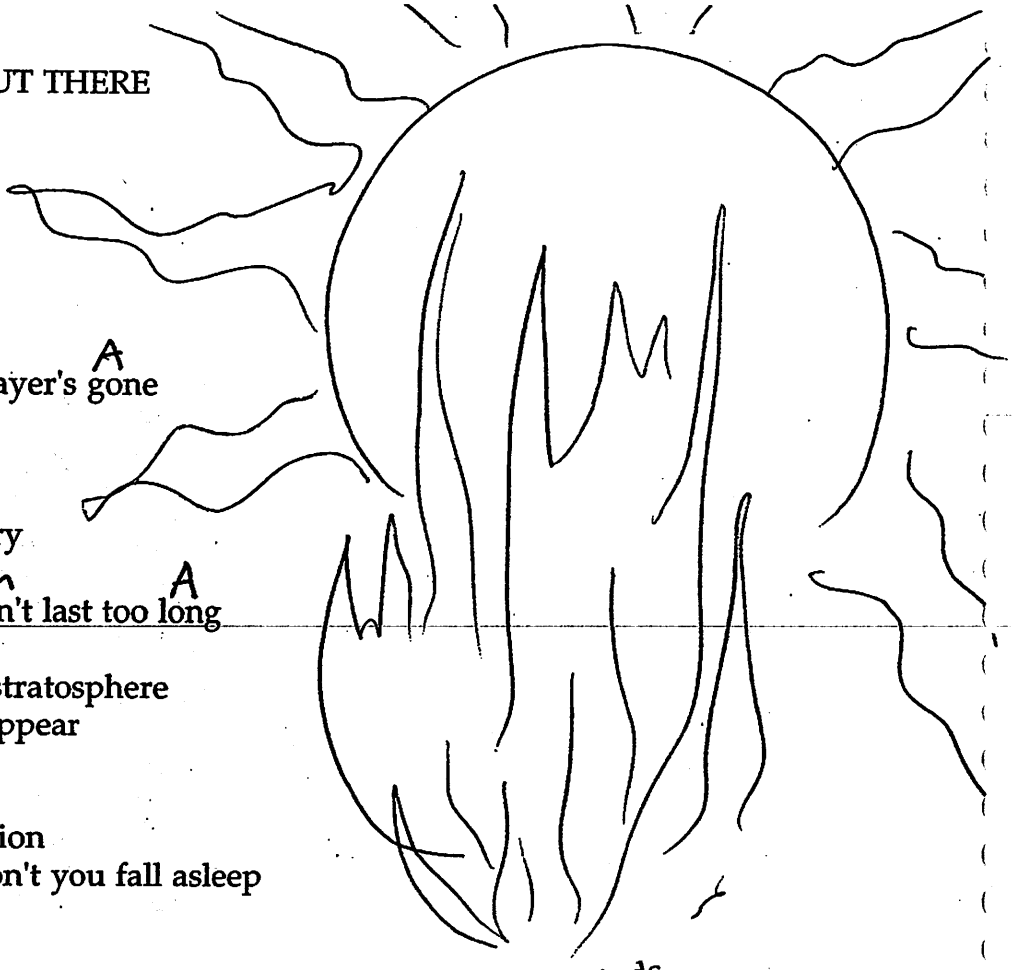
CHORUS#2:
But by your lives be you spirit
And by your hearts be you women
And by your eyes be you open
And by your hands be you whole

Listen, there are waters, hidden from us
In the maze we find them still
We'll take you to them, you take your young ones
May they take their own in turn

CHORUS#2 (no "but" at the beginning)

THERE REALLY IS A FIRE OUT THERE

By Darryl Cherney



Bm
I read the news the other day
D
About what NASA had to say
A Bm A
Twenty percent of the ozone layer's gone
Bm
We lost it all to CFC s
D
Better living through chemistry
A Bm A
Seemed good at first but it didn't last too long

Now thirty miles high in the stratosphere
Our fragile shield starts to disappear
Letting in those deadly UVB s
So if you go out to the ocean
Bring your 45 block suntan lotion
And for goodness sake now don't you fall asleep

CHORUS:

D
The ozone layer's torn apart
A
When will the revolution start
Bm
Will radiation suits be what we wear?
D
I'm screaming fire in a crowded theatre
A Bm A Bm A
There really is a fire out there

Now back in Wilmington, Delaware
The Dupont Board sits in their easy chairs
Cashing in on the highway to hell
They'll tell you that you'll sure look cute
In their new designer radiation suits
With the Dupont logo right on the lapel

Now the Duponts go back centuries
Selling gunpowder to our enemies
They were royalty who owned slaves in this land
And it's with these men we trust our lives
We've given them the power should the Earth survive
While we just sit here with a cold beer in our hand

CH

So now we must make up our minds
Will we say goodbye to all of humankind
While we leave behind a scorched and barren land
Or will we all rise up my friends
Take the bastards on to the bitter end
There ain't much time left for us to make our stand

So turn off your A/C and your Fridgidaire
Open up your window take a breath of air
And prepare yourself for the battle that's to come
Don't tell me you don't know what to do
Let me tell you something it's just me and you
Will the fire in your heart burn like the sun?

CH

THEY SURE DON'T MAKE EARTH FIRST!ERS LIKE THEY USED TO

By Avocado & Blueberry, music by Darryl Cherney

(A parody of "They Sure Don't Make Hippies Like They Used To" by Darryl Cherney.)

G C
Once there were Earth First!ers, livin' 'mongst the trees
G D G
Flattening tires, pounding spikes, radical as you please
G C
Then one day they woke up to the Cointelpro game
G D G
So they dropped effective tactics and proceeded to be lame

CHORUS:

C G
Oh, they sure don't make Earth First!ers like they used to
D G
They once were course and crass, but now they're kissin' ass
C G
No, they sure don't make Earth First!ers like they used to
D G
Ecotopia does not spike trees anymore

Now one fine day in Carlotta, they had five thousand people there
And they really could have fucked shit up if only they had dared
But instead of wrenching publicly, overt and in daylight
They all just crossed a line and went to jail without a fight

CH *(Second line is:* They once were spikin' trees, now they smile and just say please)

Now there's a logging thug named Ammons, one day he went and flipped his lid
He swore he would kill Gypsy and then he promptly went and did
And the courtroom sent this killer free, once more to run amok
And no one burned his house down, or even wrenched his truck

CH (They'd fight to win the day, now they just hold hands and pray)

Now there's a guy named Darryl Cherney, he used to practice what he preached
And he'd smile big when the crankcase of a 'dozer had been breached
But when the flames rose up at the Vail lodge, he got a bad case of the blues
And he bitched out the EF! Journal for reporting it as news

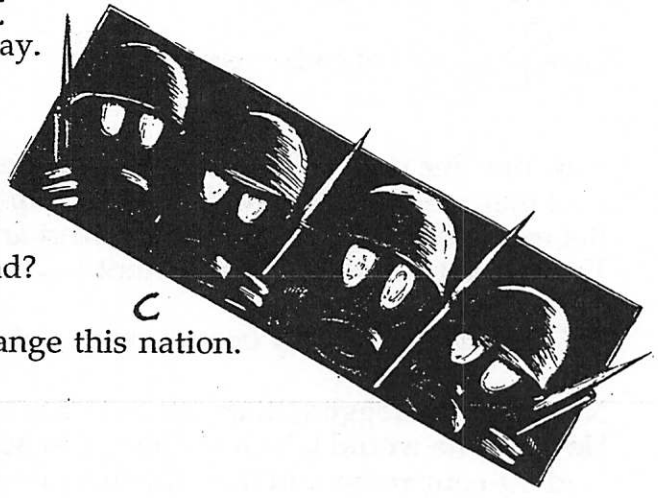
CH (The crooks once shook with fear, now they just laugh when we come near)

Now if you go down to Arcata, they're gonna make you sign a form
It says you will not damage property and you'll quietly conform
But I believe in revolution with every tool that is around
So I say, "no dice! I'll wrench and spike, and I'm California-bound"

CH:
Yeah, they still make some
Earth First!ers like they used to
Some still are wild and free,
from thirteen to ninety-three
Yeah, they still make some
Earth First!ers like they used to
Ecotopia may not spike trees
but we do

THIS IS OUR STAND
By Dan Fortson
(Key of C. Dedicated to the memory of Harold Edlund, William Kaarte, and Paul Lampella, murdered by police in the bloody repression of the Great Lumber Strike of 1935, Humboldt County, California, and to the survivors of the Humboldt Pepper Spray Offensive of 1997 and beyond. May their courage live on in each of us and their names never be forgotten.)

C F C
There was a time in Humboldt County, so the old timers say,
C G7
When workers never dared to speak their mind.
F C
When thirty five cents an hour, was all the boss would pay,
C F C G7 C
And not a penny more for overtime.
Am C
But the Supreme Court gave its ruling in nineteen thirty five,
Am C
That unions would be accepted and the workers could organize.
Am C
They would strike for worker safety, and de-mand an eight hour day,
C F C G7 C
And they would stand, side by side, to win their way.



CHORUS:
Am C
No more silence! This is our stand.
Am D7 G7
No more violence! Won't you lend a helping hand?
C C F C C C F C
We must fight the corporations if we're gonna change this nation.
C F C G7 C
Sons and daughters of this land this is our stand!
Sons and daughters of this land this is our stand!

So the workers of this county went out on general strike.
And the boys at Holmes-Eureka fell in line.
The big boss tried to knock them down, but the workers held their ground.
'Cause they'd come too far to turn around this time.

But then Joe Rouch called A. B. Hammond
And Ricks gave his okay.
Chief Littlefield said "We'll stop them. Our guns will lead the way."
And when the big boss gave the order they fired into the crowd.
And twenty men lay bleeding on the ground.

CH

Now the worker's voice is silent and his gains are fadin' fast.
But Earth First! sends its challenge to the world;

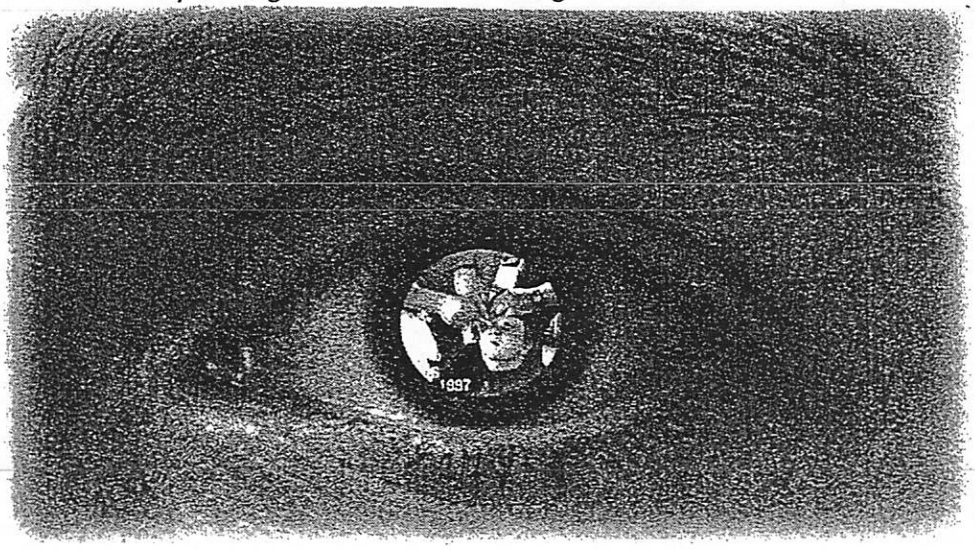
We will stand upon the shoulders of these heroes of the past
As we fight for the workers and the Earth.

But then John Campbell calls Chief Milsap,
And Riggs gives his okay.
Dennis Lewis says ìWe'll stop them, with a can of pepper spray.î
But the people stand united 'cause we've seen it all before,
And we're just not gonna take it any more.

CH#2:
No more silence!
We're not afraid.
Of your violence
Or your can of pepper spray
We will fight the corporations
And we're gonna change this nation
And drive Hurwitz from this land,this is our stand!
Drive Charlie Hurwitz from this land,this is our stand!
Sons and daughters of this land,this is our stand!

(Who's who:
Joe Rouch- a salesman who visited Humboldt County in 1935 to sell tear gas.
A. B. Hammond- owner of Hammond Lumber, famous for corruption and union busting.
Ricks- Hammond's lawyer, the worst of his breed.
George Littlefield- Chief of Eureka Police Dept.

John Campbell- current President of Pacific Lumber.
Arnie Milsap-current chief of Eureka P.D.
Frank Riggs- U.S. congressman 1994-1998 known to be in the pocket of Pacific Lumber.
Riggs' Eureka office was the scene of one of the pepper spray incidents in 1997.
Dennis Lewis- Sheriff of Humboldt County who authorized the use of pepper spray on non-violent demonstrators sparking a national outrage.)



Frederick Douglas wisely said, "power concedes nothing without a demand."--

TIMEBOMB
By Chumbawamba
(Inspired by the IRA)

CHORUS:
D A E
Stop now, what's that sound? Everybody look what's going down
D A E
Stop now, what's that sound? . . .

BRIDGE:
D A E
I am a timebomb, a ticking ticking ticking timebomb *(x2)*

E D
Unattended on the railway station
A E
In the litter at the dancehall
E D
Sitting pretty near the fast-food counter
A E
In the backseat of a Vauxhall

BRIDGE

CH

BRIDGE

Hear the ticking of your heartbeat beating
Hear the breaking of their promises
Hear the smashing of your expectations
Hear the shattering of half-rhymes

BRIDGE

CH

BRIDGE

And all the timebombs
They're all dancing to the same song
In a world full of no ones
I am a someone

BRIDGE

CH:
Stop now, what's that sound? Everybody look what's going down *(line x3)*
Stop now, what's that sound? London Bridge is falling down

'TIS OF THEE
By Ani DiFranco

G D Em C
They caught the last poor man on a poor man's vacation /
G D
They cuffed him and they confiscated his stuff
Em C
And they dragged his black ass down to the station /
G D
And said "ok the streets are safe now
Em C
All your pretty white children can come out to see Spot run"/
G D Em
And they came out of their houses and they looked around
C
But they didn't see no one/

CHORUS:
And my country 'tis of thee
To take swings at each other on talk show TV /
Why don't you just go ahead and turn off the sun
'Cause we'll never live long enough to
Undo everything they've done to you
Undo everything they've done to you

And above 96th street,
They're handing out smallpox blankets
So people don't freeze /
The new dogs they got an old trick
It's called criminalize the symptoms
While you spread the disease /
I hold on hard to something
Between my teeth when i'm sleeping /
And i wake up and my jaw aches
And the Earth is full of earthquakes

CH

They caught the last poor man
Flying away in a shiny red cape /
And they brought him down to the station
And they said "boy you should know better
Than to try and escape" /
And I ran away with the circus
'Cause there's still some honest work left for bearded ladies/
But it's not the same goin' town to town
Since they put everyone in jail except
The Cleavers and the Brady s

CH

THE TREE
By Dana Lyons

Am
There's a river flowin' near me
F G Am
And I've watched that river change and grow
F G Am
For 800 years I have lived here
G E Am
Through the wind, the fire and the snow

I see salmon return every summer
And I've watched young owls learn to fly
I have felt the claws of the grizzly
And I have heard the lone wolf's cry

I have seen great glaciers melting
I've met lightning eye to eye
But now I hear bulldozers coming
And I know that I am soon to die

Who will house the owl?
And who will hold that river shore?
And who will take refuge in my shadow
When my shadow falls no more?

(Headwaters verse--thanks to Sarah Nelson and Ellen Fred)
An island of redwoods surrounds me
The last ancient grove on the Earth
The murrelet, the coho and the coyote
Stand our ground for all we are worth
Stand our ground for all we are worth

TUCSON
By Desert Rat

G D C G
Earth shakes in the gully and the skip loader rumbles and the tires all churn
G D
I ask them what the hell are they going to build
G D C G
It's one more goddamn shopping center and I'm prayin' that I live just to see it burn
G D G
I must confess I love this valley still

CHORUS:
G D C G
So I sing, Tucson, Tucson, city that I love
G D
Your streets once more shall echo calls of the coyote and the cactus wren
G D C G
And I sing, Tucson, Tucson, city that I love
G C-G D G
My city will make a fine ruin when the Santa Cruz runs again

Broken glass in the gully and the blacktop melts in the noon-day sun
Couple stoners walkin' down to the Circle K
Someday those gas pumps will be broken, the windows shattered and the river will run
But they won't sell Fritos there upon that day

CH

I've worked the nightshifts in your bakeries baggin' bread until the break of day
For restaurants where I can't afford to eat
And I've camped atop your dry-wash islands and I've seen the squat fires laid
In the myriad culverts underneath your feet

I've watched your town from the mountain canyons where there's water in the rocky pools
And by night I've marked the cop cars by their flash
And I've watched the monsoon lightning streak the sky above those glimmering fools
But when daylight came my city still just looked like trash

CH

I like to piss upon your golf course where the yuppies and the snowbirds play at ball
One hundred and sixty-eight of them in this town
And now the mighty Colorado doesn't run to the sea anymore and the aquifer's gettin' small

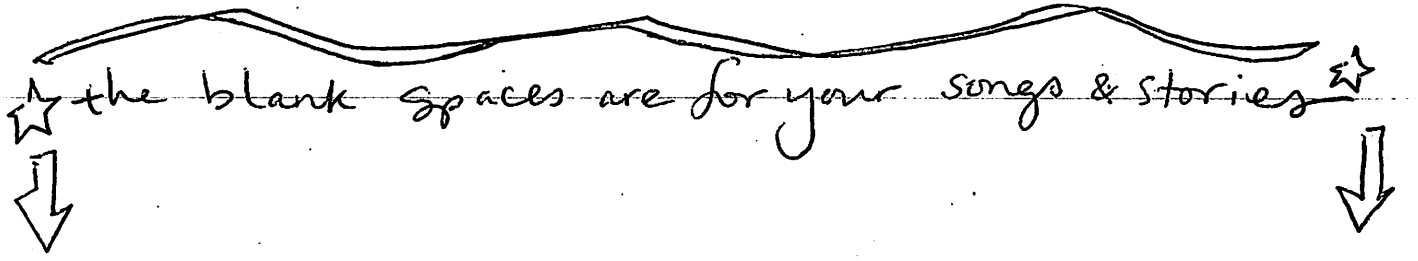
But someday those greens will turn to lovely brown

CH

I wish I'd seen that mesquite forest growin' from the river to the mountainside
And I pray that when my life is at an end
My ghost will walk with Father Keno through that valley where my father died
And we'll bring the lush tropical wilderness back again

CH

G C-G D C—G
My city will make a fine ruin when the Santa Cruz runs again



TURN OF THE WRENCH

By Dana Lyons

(One of the movement's classic sabotage songs from a very fine song-spinner.)

Em A
John Svenson was a farmer, he grew the Minnesota wheat
C Bm D
He rode there with his daughter high upon the thresher's seat
Em A
They broke down on the hillside, the radiator spitting steam
C Bm D
Went back to get the toolbox so they could fix the old machine
Em A
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
C Bm
We can fix the tractor, we can make it like new

But that day they got a letter that said the power lines would come
Right across their farm land, right across the setting sun
So they gathered all the family and talked late into the night
We cannot let them do this, we've got to put up one hell of a fight
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
We'll apply a little pressure and we'll see what that will do

So they phoned 100 farmers and drove to the Twin Cities
Met there with the Governor, and they sued the Utility
But after writing all the letters and paying all the legal costs
To the power of the city, once again the farmers lost

CHORUS:

D C D Em
And in the still of the evening the wind is all you hear
C D Em
I watch the waves on the wheat fields alone
C D Em
I walk the furrows of Earth I plant year after year
C D Em
This is our land, this is our home
C D Em
This is our land, this is our home

So they met there at the tavern but there wasn't much to say
The powerlines may come but they will not stay
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
What was once put together, we can easily undo

With bandanas on their faces, careful not to make a sound
They loosened all the bolts that held the towers to the ground
And several weeks later, with nobody around

CH
The Minnesota wind blew tower after tower after tower down
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
What was once put together, we can easily undo
With a turn of the wrench, and a twist of the screw
What was once put together, we can easily undo

THE UNWELCOME GUEST

By Woody Guthrie (lyrics, 1940) and Billy Bragg (music, 1996).

(Appears on "Mermaid Avenue," a wonderful album of Guthrie's little-known lyrics put to music by current-day musicians.)

C Am F C
To the rich man's bright lodges I ride in this wind
C Am D G
On my good horse, I call you my shiny Black Bess
C Am F C
To the playhouse of fortune to take the bright silver
C Am F C
And gold you have taken from somebody else

And as we go riding in the damp foggy midnight
You snort, my good pony, and you give me your best
For you know, and I know, good horse, 'mongst the rich ones
How oftimes we go there an unwelcome guest

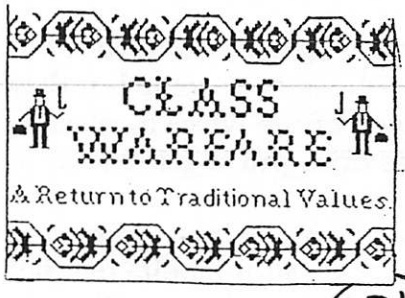
I've never took food from the widows and orphans
And never a hard working man I oppressed
So take your pace easy, for home soon like lightning
We soon will be riding, my shiny black Bess

No fat rich man's pony can ever overtake you
And there's not a rider from the east to the west
Could hold you a light in this dark mist and midnight
When the potbellied thieves chase the unwelcome guest

I don't know good horse, as we trot in this dark here
That robbing the rich is for worse or for best
They take it by stealing and lying and gambling
And I take it my way, my shiny Black Bess

I treat horses good and I'm friendly to strangers
I ride and your running makes my guns talk the best
And the rangers and deputies are hired by the rich man
To catch me and hang me, my shiny Black Bess

Yes, they'll catch me napping one day and they'll kill me
And then I'll be gone but that won't be my end
For my guns and my saddle will always be filled
By unwelcome travellers and other brave men



And they'll take the money and spread it out equal
Just like the bible and the prophets suggest
But the men that go riding to help these poor workers
The rich will cut down like an unwelcome guest

VILLAGE
By Ashley Ironwood

D Am C G
In this valley was a village
D Am C Am
Many years ago
D Am C G
People proudly worked together
D Am C G
Learning how to make things grow
D Am C G
All this magic they did know
D Am C Am
All this magic they did know

Then one day a young man traveling
With his carnival show
Tried to sell the village people
Little boxes all aglow
He said "with this magic you will know,
With this magic you will know"

Am Em Am
And they all believed what the man had told them
Am Em Am
All believed what the man had said
All bought what the man had sold them
All bought what the man had said

Full of wonder and desire to understand and know
Village people stopped their work and
Watched the boxes all aglow
Thinking then that they would know
Thinking then that they would know

And the box showed them the warring people
It told them of fear and hate
With pictures of dying people
The box told them it was their fate

Meanwhile all the crops were dying
Water wells ran dry
Village people fought each other
Never understanding why
Never understanding why
Never understanding why

They lost the desire to work together
Lost years of knowing how
Life in harmony gone forever
Life of war was with them now

THE VINE
By Laurel Luddite

(This song is a requiem for the native cultures, lumped together as "Pomo," that lived with the land that is now called the wine country in northern California's Sonoma, Napa, Mendocino and Lake counties. The last verse refers to the Stone and Kelsey massacre at Bloody Island, which used to be in Clear Lake, and is now surrounded by "reclaimed" agriculture land and vineyards...Okay, the key to understanding the way I creatively named some of the chords: A is A with the third finger on G string, third fret. Em* is with third finger on A string, third fret. –Em*– is the whole Em* thing slid up two frets. "2" is a bar chord: low E open, A first finger first fret, rest of strings barred at third fret.)*

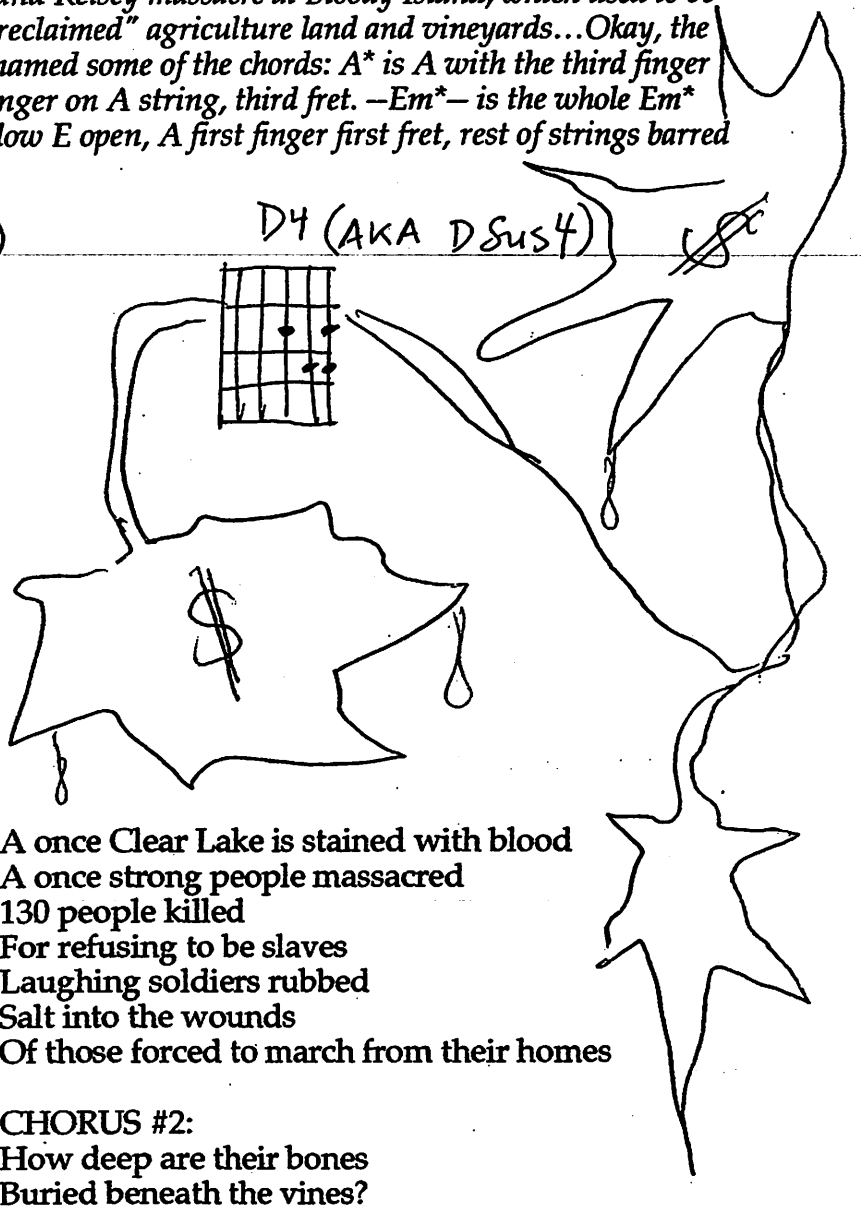
A(add9) A* A(add9)
Weekend tourists drive their cars
Em Em* Em
Past monoculture vineyards
A(add9) A* A(add9)
With barbed wire fences
Em Em* Em
To keep out the deer
D D4 D
A landscape of production
A(add9)
Destruction of the land
Em Em* –Em*– Em
No sign of the ones who came before

CHORUS:
A(add9) A* 2
Now across the valley
Em Em*–Em*–
Spread the roots of the vine
A(add9) A* 2
The fruit of genocide
Em Em*–Em*– Em
Makes blood red wine

Quala–asha, Brodia ea bulb,*
The acorn and the deer
Buckeye-time, no-travel-time,
The dreamer and the bear
The People of the Red Earth,
Autonomous and free
10,000 years

CH

JAM: *Rock out solo based on verse chords*



A once Clear Lake is stained with blood
A once strong people massacred
130 people killed
For refusing to be slaves
Laughing soldiers rubbed
Salt into the wounds
Of those forced to march from their homes

CHORUS #2:
How deep are their bones
Buried beneath the vines?
How much of their blood
Was spilled for wine?
Now across the valley
Spread the roots of the vine
The fruit of genocide
Makes blood red wine

*Kashya Pomo word for mugwort, & a Latin name for a yummy root.

VOICE OF GIDEON
By Tom Burris
(Tom plays this with harmonica in the intro and jam spots. Sounds real good that way, so find yerself a blues harp!)

INTRO: C-Em-F-C-G-C-F-C-G

C
Once I was a farmer on an Iowa farm
Em
The cornfields as wide as my open arms
F C
With a wife and four children countin' on me
D F
To keep them from harm

My great, great grandfather homesteaded that land
And is it so hard to understand
I buried my father in that very same soil
With these very same hands

JAM: Same as Intro chords

Struggling with forces beyond my control
Working that crop everyday 'til I dropped
Took a hard toll on what had always
Been a sad soul

But that corn wasn't worth a field of stones
The market stayed down for six years in a row
The FMHA repossessed on my loan and I
Lost all I owned

JAM

We'd long since stopped buying our things from the store
The kids looked like refugees from a civil war
There's more than it seems to this gap in between
The rich and the poor

Aw, you bankers, you congressmen, save your speech
There are some places even your words don't reach
I am a man who no longer believes in the
Sermons you preach

Yeah well tell me that one where Mathew describes
That the Pharisees wanted Jesus to die
The wealthy and powerful had him crucified 'cause
He stood by the poor

JAM (x2)

Something just snapped on that terrible day
My wife took the kids to her parents' place
So at least they'd be spared the sight of their father

Being dragged away

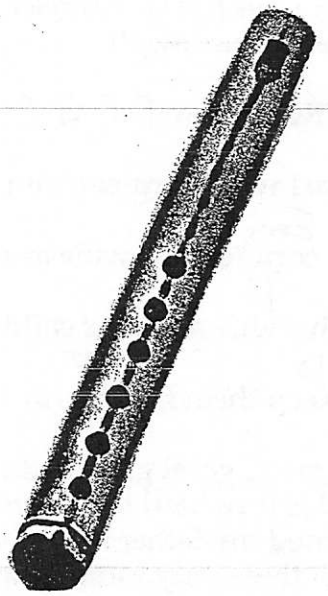
I went into town with a gun in my hand
I did not know what I was doing
Should I shoot that bank man in his comfort and wealth

Or point that shotgun at my...self...

JAM

WALKING IN POWER
By Danny Dollinger

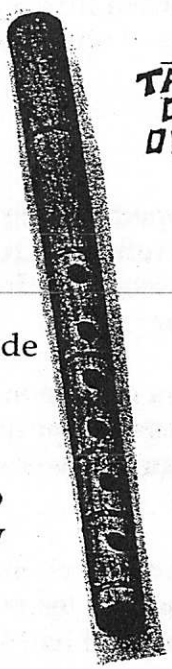
INTRO/CHORUS: E-Esus-E*1-E*2 (x2)



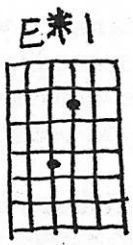
E Esus
Something pulls you out of bed and puts you in your day
E*1 E*2
And introduces you to everything you need along the way
E Esus
It puts your finger to the flame and teaches you the burning
E*1 E*2
And you become a ripple in the river of our learning
C#m B
It locks you at the gateway of your dreams until the hour
A B
You recognize you've always had the key and
E-Esus-E*1-E*2
You are walking in power

Most folks can't see power unless it is in motion
I see fire in your eyes to move the tide across the ocean
There's a purpose in your passion, there's a reason for your tears
Yet you dissipate your power when you ground it in your fears
You will step into destiny and you can do it now
Or stumble blindly down your path like you don't know that
You are walking in power

BRIDGE:
C#m B
You are a light now, I am here to remind you
A
When you take your path you light the way



For those who come behind you
C#m B
There's more to your future than the choices you have made
A B
So don't be afraid, don't.... be.... afraid *(hold)*



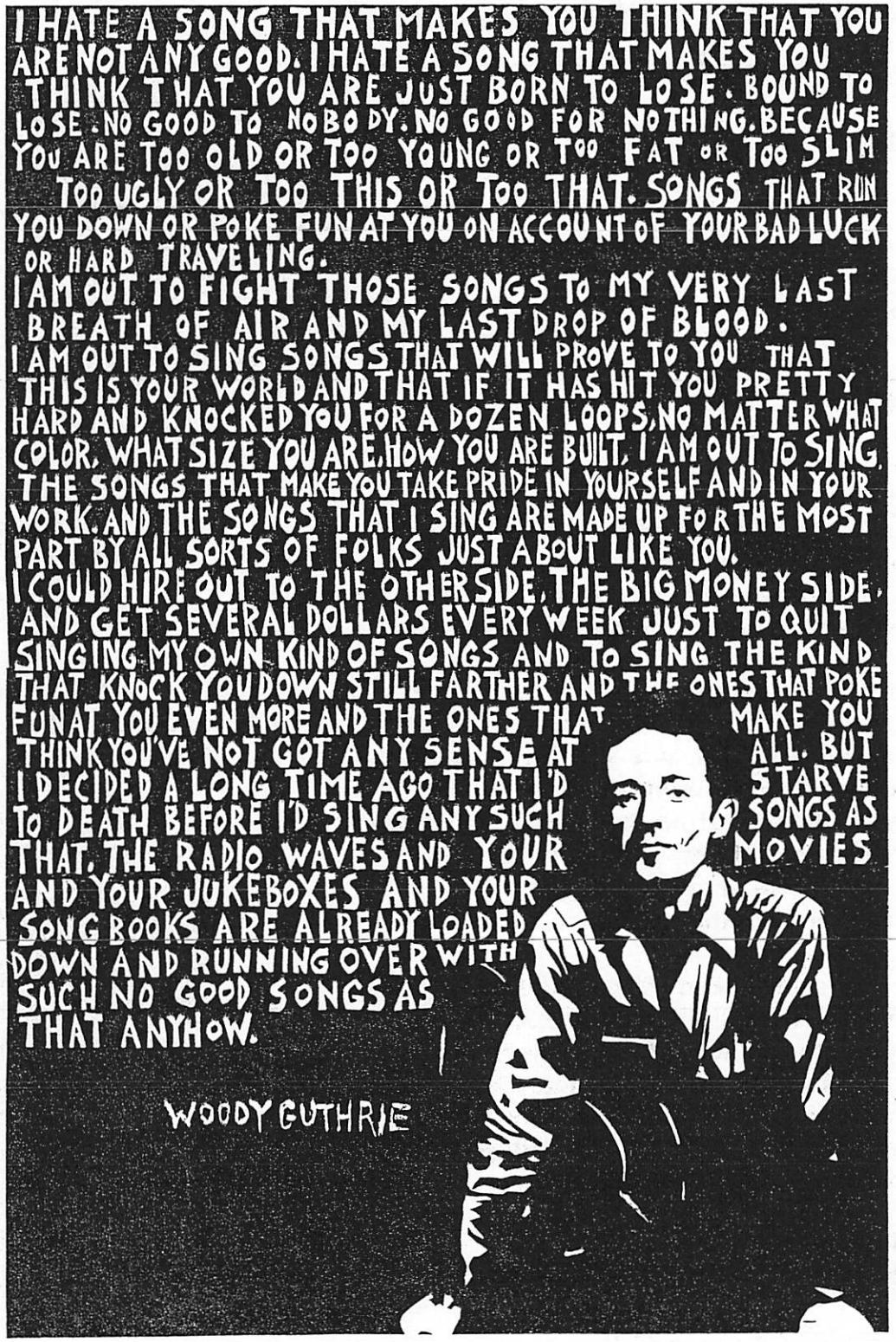
There is power when you stay, there is power when you go
There is power in the people who are not aware they know
Do not give your power to the cynics who would bind you
If you do it's you, and you alone, who has confined you
Some would try to steal away the light that lets you flower
But you are always safe when you're aware that
You are walking in power

When you accept your light you are never in the dark

There is guidance for the asking if you listen with your heart
And this will bring you to the very things you want the most
But if you want to sing with angels, you've gotta dance with ghosts
Show compassion for the people who still tremble and cower
It was not so long ago you didn't know that
You are walking in power

E - Esus - E*1 - E*2 (x2), end on E

Walking in power...


I HATE A SONG THAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT YOU ARE NOT ANY GOOD. I HATE A SONG THAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT YOU ARE JUST BORN TO LOSE. BOUND TO LOSE. NO GOOD TO NOBODY. NO GOOD FOR NOTHING. BECAUSE YOU ARE TOO OLD OR TOO YOUNG OR TOO FAT OR TOO SLIM TOO UGLY OR TOO THIS OR TOO THAT. SONGS THAT RUN YOU DOWN OR POKE FUN AT YOU ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR BAD LUCK OR HARD TRAVELING.
I AM OUT TO FIGHT THOSE SONGS TO MY VERY LAST BREATH OF AIR AND MY LAST DROP OF BLOOD.
I AM OUT TO SING SONGS THAT WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT THIS IS YOUR WORLD AND THAT IF IT HAS HIT YOU PRETTY HARD AND KNOCKED YOU FOR A DOZEN LOOPS, NO MATTER WHAT COLOR, WHAT SIZE YOU ARE, HOW YOU ARE BUILT, I AM OUT TO SING THE SONGS THAT MAKE YOU TAKE PRIDE IN YOURSELF AND IN YOUR WORK. AND THE SONGS THAT I SING ARE MADE UP FOR THE MOST PART BY ALL SORTS OF FOLKS JUST ABOUT LIKE YOU.
I COULD HIRE OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE, THE BIG MONEY SIDE, AND GET SEVERAL DOLLARS EVERY WEEK JUST TO QUIT SINGING MY OWN KIND OF SONGS AND TO SING THE KIND THAT KNOCK YOU DOWN STILL FARTHER AND THE ONES THAT POKE FUN AT YOU EVEN MORE AND THE ONES THAT MAKE YOU THINK YOU'VE NOT GOT ANY SENSE AT ALL. BUT I DECIDED A LONG TIME AGO THAT I'D STARVE TO DEATH BEFORE I'D SING ANY SUCH SONGS AS THAT. THE RADIO WAVES AND YOUR MOVIES AND YOUR JUKEBOXES AND YOUR SONG BOOKS ARE ALREADY LOADED DOWN AND RUNNING OVER WITH SUCH NO GOOD SONGS AS THAT ANYHOW.
WOODY GUTHRIE

WALTZING WITH THE MOUNTAINS

By Rodney Webb

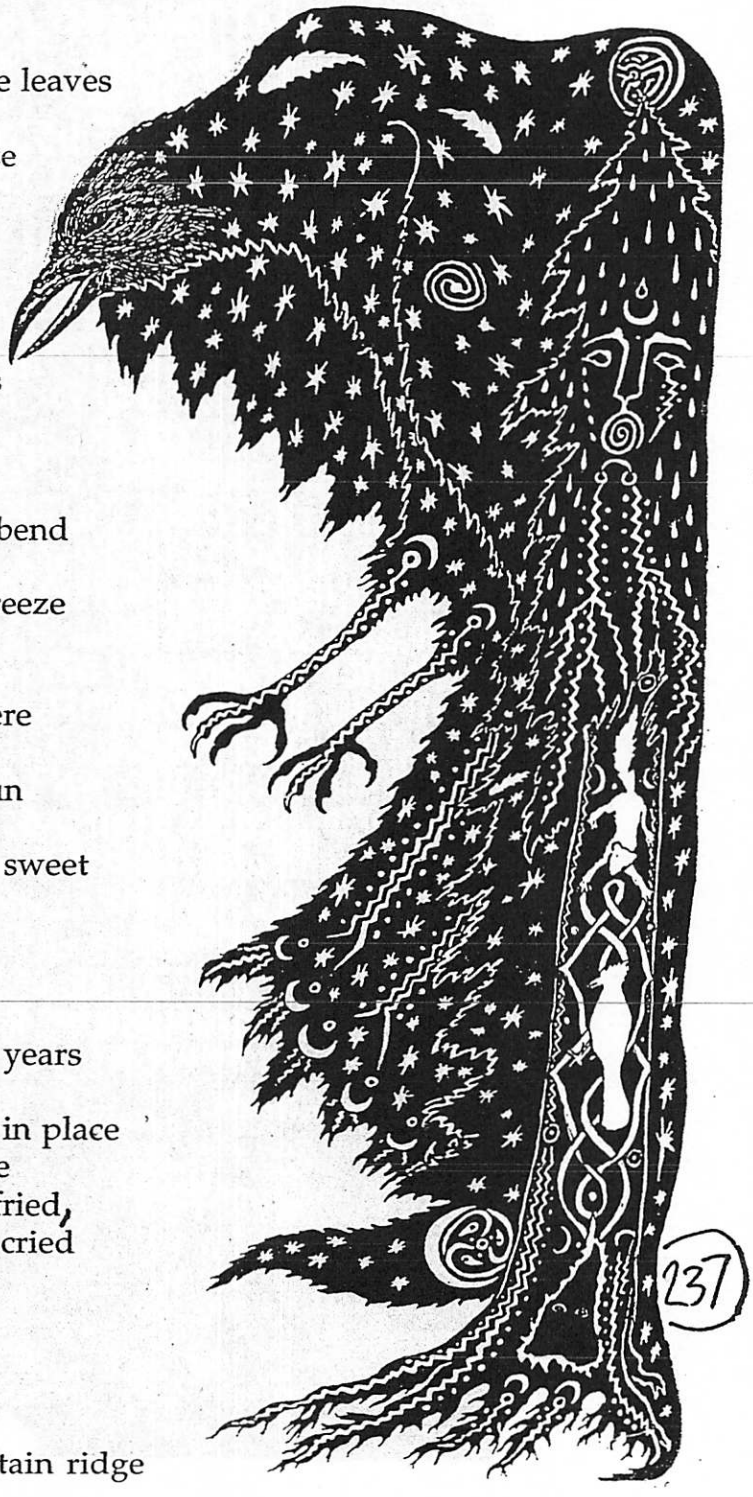
G
There is a mountain stream so pure
C G
It's purer than any heart
G
Where rains from clouds come pouring down
C G
It's where the ocean starts
C G
It falls through the trees and slides down the leaves
D G
Trickles and splatters and glides in the breeze
C G
The Water so clean it flows like a dream
D C G
And loses itself with the greatest of ease

Well the trees are so high so the legend goes
They go all the way to the sky
They were here before you were born
And they'll be here the day that you die
They dance in the wind, they swirl and they bend
Curtsy and bow and do it again
They toss their leaves in the cool autumn breeze
Whispering secrets to the birds, their friends

Well the wildflowers grow in every color here
And bloom in every imaginable hue
They rise with the dawn and set with the sun
And drink up the cool morning dew
They wink at the butterflies, their nectar's so sweet
Waving their petals, they tickle bees' feet
For a few short days they soak up the rays,
Make love in the wind and then go to seed

Well the rocks have been here a billion plus years
And they'll be here a billion plus more
Like a grandfather's face with every wrinkle in place
They've crinkled and cracked till they're sore
In the ice they've frozen in the sun they've fried,
Crumbled in sorrow and in the rain they've cried
They're the bones of these mountains
They're the skeleton inside
Like a ghost in the window
Under history they hide

Well the sunlight pours over that old mountain ridge
And the shadows soak it up like a sieve

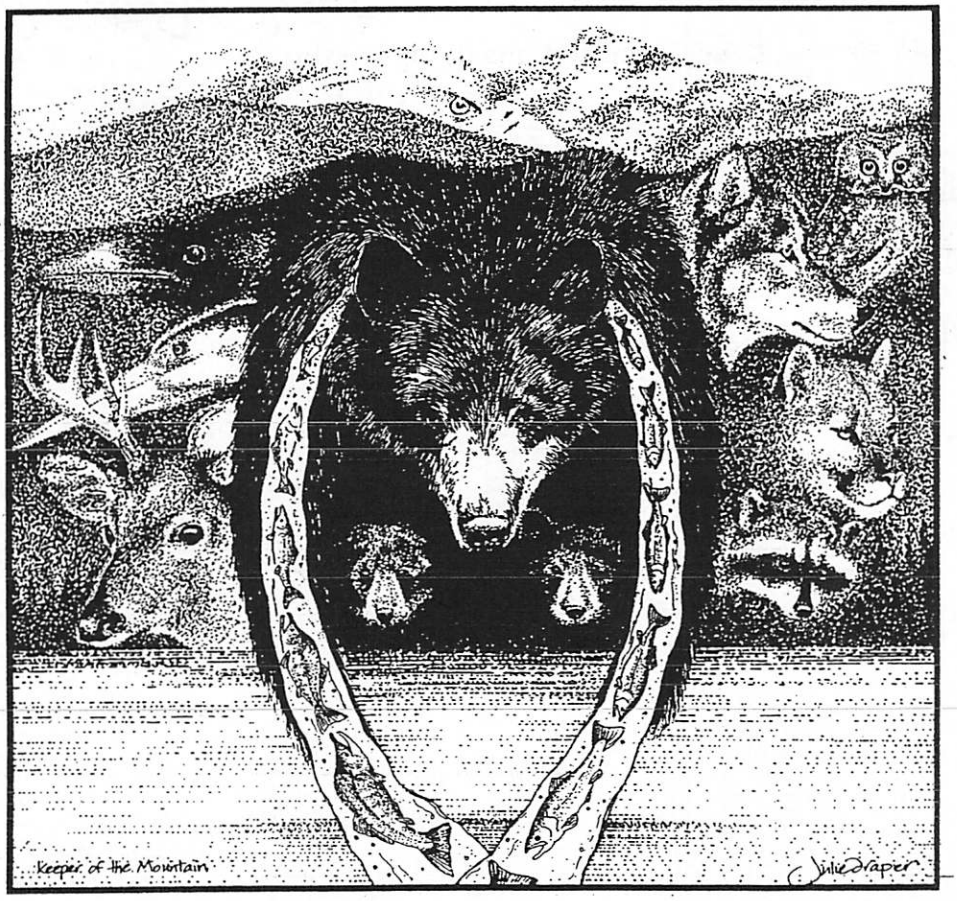


And it burns there all day till the stars come out and play
Then the moon takes all it's got to give
And the rain in the stream, like the love in a dream
They flow down the river in a grandiose scheme
Feel the heat of the light in the dark of the night
Fulfilling like destinies, breathing in life

Well love, they say, once grew from this place
And sometimes it can still be found
But a heart's got to be true to itself
And true to the Earth's sacred ground
For the music of these mountains has a magical ring
In summer and autumn and winter and spring

Oh come with me, you pretty young thing
Hug me and kiss me, then let's dance and sing
Oh come with me, you pretty young thing
Hug me and kiss me, then let's dance and sing

For the music of these mountains has a magical ring
In summer and autumn and winter and spring
For the music of these mountains has a magical ring
In summer and autumn and winter and spring



WARRIOR OF THE EARTH
By Cecelia Ostrow

G C D C
I came alive in the Cascade Mountains
G C D C
They taught me how to sing my song
G C D C
I know the sound of the rippling water
G C D C
I know the feel of live ground

But when they come to cut the forest
They cut my heart, they cut my flesh
I don't know how to hold my sorrow
I hold the memory...

CHORUS:
G D
I know the forest in the dawn, I know the silver river's song
D G
Though they cut the forest down and I may have to walk alone
G D
Still the Earth will be my power, for I know where I belong
D G-C-D, G-C-D-C
I am a warrior of the Earth, I have the mountains in my heart...

I have become a warrior of the Earth
My heart is pledged to heal her
I walk the mountains and the cities
Teaching people to hear her

(Sing second verse)

CH

WASTELAND OF THE FREE
By Iris DeMent
(Country that kicks corporate ass. Yeehaw!)

INTRO:

C G C
Livin' in the wasteland of the free...

C G C
We got preachers dealin' in politics and diamond mines
C G C
And their speech is growing increasingly unkind
Am
They say they are Christ's disciples
F
But they don't look like Jesus to me
C G C
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

We got politicians runnin' races on corporate cash
Now don't tell me they don't turn around and kiss them people's ass
Now you may call me old-fashioned
But that don't fit my picture of a true democracy
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

We got CEOs makin' two hundred times the workers' pay
But they'll fight like hell against raisin' the minimum wage
And if you don't like it, mister
They'll ship your job to some third world country 'cross the sea
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

CHORUS:
F G C
Livin' in the wasteland of the free
E Am
Where the poor have now become the enemy
F C
Let's blame our troubles on the weak ones
E Am F
Sounds like some kind of Hitler remedy
G C
Livin' in the wasteland of the free

We got little kids with guns fightin' inner city wars
So what do we do, we put these little kids behind prison doors
And we call ourselves the advanced civilization
But that sounds like crap to me
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

We got high school kids runnin' 'round in Calvin Klein and Guess
Who cannot pass a sixth grade reading test
But if you ask them they can tell you
The name of every crotch on MTV
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

We kill for oil, then we throw a party when we win
Some guy refuses to fight and we call that the sin
But he's standin' up for what he believes in
And that seems perty damned American to me
And it feels like I'm livin' in the wasteland of the free

CH

F C
While we sit gloating in our greatness
E Am
Justice is sinking to the bottom of the sea
F G C
Livin' in the wasteland of the free *(line x3)*

WHEN THE TEAR GAS FILLS THE SKY
By Desert Rat, with last two verses by Brad
(Acapella, to a marching beat. This song was inspired by a washing machine. You know how a washing machine when it's running has a certain rhythm to it? The reason I was listening to this washing machine was that I was washing the tear gas out of my clothes after the WTO ministerial in Seattle.—D.R.)

I've seen the lands beyond these borders where the corporations rule
And they spin their lies and they globalize and the working man's their tool
And the streams are so polluted that their banks are bleak and bare
And the babies all are born deformed and the smog is everywhere
And the workers' wages dropped thirty percent in just one year
Now the greedy bastards want to bring that situation here

CHORUS:
And you called upon me brother and you asked what could I do
And I told the truth, dear brother, when I spoke these words to you:
"I will stand beside your shoulder when the tear gas fills the sky
And if a national guardsman shoots me down I'll be lookin' him in the eye
And I will wash their pepper from your face and go with you to jail
And if you don't make it through this fight I swear I'll tell your tale
And I will stay with you in the prison cell in solidarity
And I will not leave that cursed room 'til you walk out with me
For we the people fight for freedom while the cops just fight for pay
And as long as truth is in our hearts we're sure to win some day
I will not falter when the iron fist comes out of the velvet glove
I will stand beside you brother and defend this land I love

I've heard tales from conquered islands where the sweatshop barons rule
Recruiting girls from the Asian slums to be the rich man's tool
And they're promised lives of luxury in the golden U.S.A.
And then they're stranded on these islands with their passports stripped away
And their aging fingers toil and bleed year after grueling year
Now the greedy bastards want to bring those same conditions here

CH *(sister in place of brother)*

I've walked the tall misty forests, a pulsing vein from ancient time
And they'll cut the heart out of a mountain to kill the oldest things alive
Now the rainforest dwellers smell a burning, and the 'dozers are close behind
Replaced with plantations and cattle, plowing under whatever they find
With the rain comes a raging mudslide, where the land was stripped and cleared
Now the greedy bastards want to bring those same conditions here

I've watched the oceans rolling, schools of fish running under the tide
Working fishermen grounding their boats, starving on a hook and line
While the industrial fishers haul in their nets, scouring the deep ocean floor
Dolphin and sea turtle snagged in those nets will ride those waves no more
They rip the heart out of the deep blue sea, their boats increase every year
Now the greedy bastards want to push their bloody products here

CH *(last line twice)*

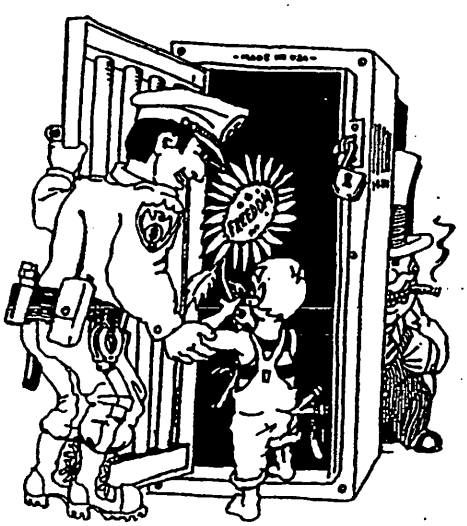
WHERE THERE'S FEAR THERE IS POWER
By The Reclaiming Collective of San Francisco
(Chant. We sing this for Gypsy a lot.)

Where there's fear there is power,
Passion is the healer,
Desire cracks open the gate,
If you're ready it'll take you through...

And nothing lasts forever
Time is the destroyer
The wheel turns again and again
Watch out! It'll take you through...

And nothing dies forever,
Nature is the renewer,
The wheel turns again and again
When you're ready it'll take you through.
When you're ready it'll take you through,
When you're ready it'll take you...through...

WHICH IS CRIMINAL
By: Alicia Littletree
(Acapella)



"We better keep that in a safe place"

Every morning he bang on my door
Got to get up, don't know what for
Another day locked up, locked down, nothing more

Got nothing to do 'cept do my time
Cold concrete is so unkind
What am I supposed to do with my mind

I think of the hands while I stare at the wall
That laid these bricks six stories tall
And I think of the day it's all gonna crumble and fall

In the evening it's time to sleep
I don't even see the sky in my dreams
Tell me which is criminal, this bright cold hell or me?

Tell me which is criminal, this bright cold hell...
That clock on the wall...
Those guards who lock us in...
Or me?
Or me?
Or me?

WHISTLES AND STEAM
By Zak Borden
(Capo second fret. All G chords should be played with your pointer finger lifted off. Experiment with hammering it on and off too.)

G Em C G
So late Sunday evenin', I boarded a train
D C
I started to dream in whistles and steam
G D C — G
Roll me, roll me on through the rain

I dreamt you came to me in the form of a swan
So quickly you flew and somehow I knew
Forever, forever your sweet love is gone

CHORUS:
Am-C G
I cling to my pillow...there I can hide...
G D—C G
And weep like a willow...pretending it's you by my side

TURN-AROUND *(Instrumental jam with the intro chord progression.)*

So many wish they were wanted the way that I want you
And I'd toe the line, just show me a sign
And tell me, tell me that you want me too
'Cause I can't seem to find my home but I know where I've been
And my roots were strong but now they are gone
And I'm rollin', rollin' around in the wind

CH

TURN-AROUND

So now the big train, it rumbles, across the mountain so steep
(Slowly) And though I wish I could die, my seat is warm and dry
And it cradles, cradles my poor heart to sleep
G D C
Please pray, pray my soul...to keep
G D C — G
And it cradles, cradles my poor heart to sleep

WHITE WATER
By Phil Wilhide

Dm F C Dm
In the Appalachian mountains there grows a great tree
F C
It's part in North Carolina and it's part in Tennessee
F C
And it's been growing on now some fifty million years
F C Dm
Running wild and free with white water

It came down from the mountains swelled by mountain snow
From the lofty summits to the flatlands below
Wild and unrestricted flowing fast and free
The forest drew its life from white water

For years it ran unfettered, → then man came along
And with his ingenuity he stopped the river's song
He damned it up and flumed it to fill his own needs
And sucked all the life from white water

We're rushing to destruction ... oh tell me you can't see
In our suicidal mad race to our final destiny
Consumed by our addictions by our own selfish greed
And now there is no more white water
And now there is no more white water

One day the damns will crumble and we will all go down
When this overfed society and old TVA ain't around
The rivers will spring back to life and break their rusty chains
'Cause nothing can stop white water
Oh nothing can stop white water

WHY HAVE ALL THE YUPPIES COME?

By Lu Seedhead, with last line by some sneaky kids, music by Pete Seeger

(To the tune of Pete Seeger's "Where have all the flowers gone?" The only difference in melody between the two is that I play D7 on the second line [instead of D] because it sounds more sarcastic. One day while stuck in Boulder, CO busking, some 50-year old liberal walked by and said, "Hey, you weren't even born when that song was written! Hey! Those aren't the right words!")

G Em C D
Why have all the yuppies come, short time passing
G Em C D7
Why have all the yuppies come, short time ago
G Em C D
Why have all the yuppies come, they're in SUVs, every one, oh...
C C D G
When will we ever learn...when will we ever learn?

Why do subdivisions grow, short time passing
Why do subdivisions grow, short time to grow
Why do subdivisions grow, cardboard houses don't you know, oh...
When will we ever learn...when will we ever learn?

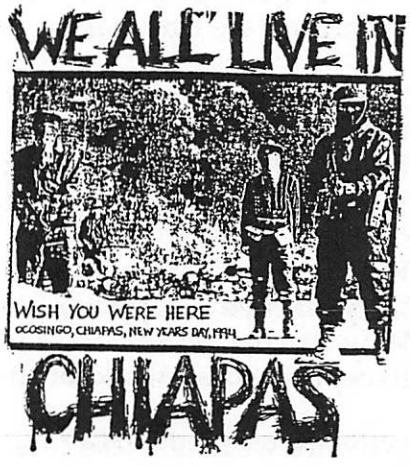
Why will this new Wal-Mart stay, short time passing
Why will this new Wal-Mart stay, short time ago
Why will this new Wal-Mart stay, we lower our standards every day, oh...
When will we ever learn...when will we ever learn?

Why do cops beat up my friends, short time passing
Why do cops beat up my friends, time and time again
Why do cops beat up my friends, 'cause yuppies don't like Mexicans...
Except when we work for them...except when we work for them

Why are we in all these ruts, short time passing
Why are we in all these ruts, from then until now
Why are we in all these ruts, we won't stand up, we've got no guts, oh...
When will we ever learn...when will we learn to burn?

WILDFIRE
By Anne Arcky
(This song was inspired by the mosaic burns at Warner Creek, Oregon, and by the people of the Earth who refuse to serve the empire.)

Am G
On dry mountain ridges where the forest lies broken
Am C G
Flames of renewal begin,
Am G
But the boys of big timber with the laws in their pockets
Am C G
Are up to their old tricks again..
Am G
And they're hellbent on takin' out the trees
They say fire is a dangerous threat,
But the danger is the business of manipulating nature
And in the end they'll get what they'll get what they'll get
Am C G Am-C-G
In the end they'll get what they'll get what they'll get
Am-C-G
What they'll get...



CHORUS:
Am G Am
And it's a wildfire they can't put out
Am C G
It's a power that can't be controlled
Am G Am
It's a surge of the living soul of the Earth
Am C G Am
Creating the new while destroying the old
Am C G Am-C-G
Creating the new while destroying the old

In wet mountain canyons of the Lacandon jungle
A defiant people draw the line
Manifest destiny has taken enough
And they're not moving over this time
The corporate world order is beating down the door
While the Mexican elite paves the way,
But what goes around always comes back around
They might hide from the truth, but they can't run away
They may hide from the truth but they can't run away...

We are born of fire
Into a world ablaze with change
While we fight their crumbling empire
We are learning to rearrange
This dream of
Liberation

Can be fueled by our desire...
This global economy threatens autonomy
And only our vision can fuel the fire
Only our vision can fuel the fire
Fuel the fire...

CH:
And it's a wildfire they can't put out,
It's a power that cannot be named,
It's the flames of resistance in the eyes of the people
And just like the forest, we will not be tamed,
Just like the forest we will not be tamed

WILL THE FETUS BE ABORTED?
By Darryl Cherney & Judi Bari
(Religious tune: Will the Circle be Unbroken?)

G
Betty Lou she got pregnant
C G
But was addicted to 15 drugs

She went down to the abortion clinic
D G
And was accosted by right wing thugs

CHORUS:
Oh will the fetus be aborted
By and by Lord, by and by
There's a better home a-waitin'
In the sky, Lord, in the sky

Little Mary was just 11
And she was raped by her own dad
Danny Quayle said have that baby
But another choice she had

Annie's pregnancy would kill her
The doctor's warning gave her strife
Fundamentalists said "Jesus take her"
She said I want my right to life

Brigit had two kids already
And an abortion is what she chose
Christians showed her a bloody fetus
She said "That's fine, I'll have one of those!"

CH

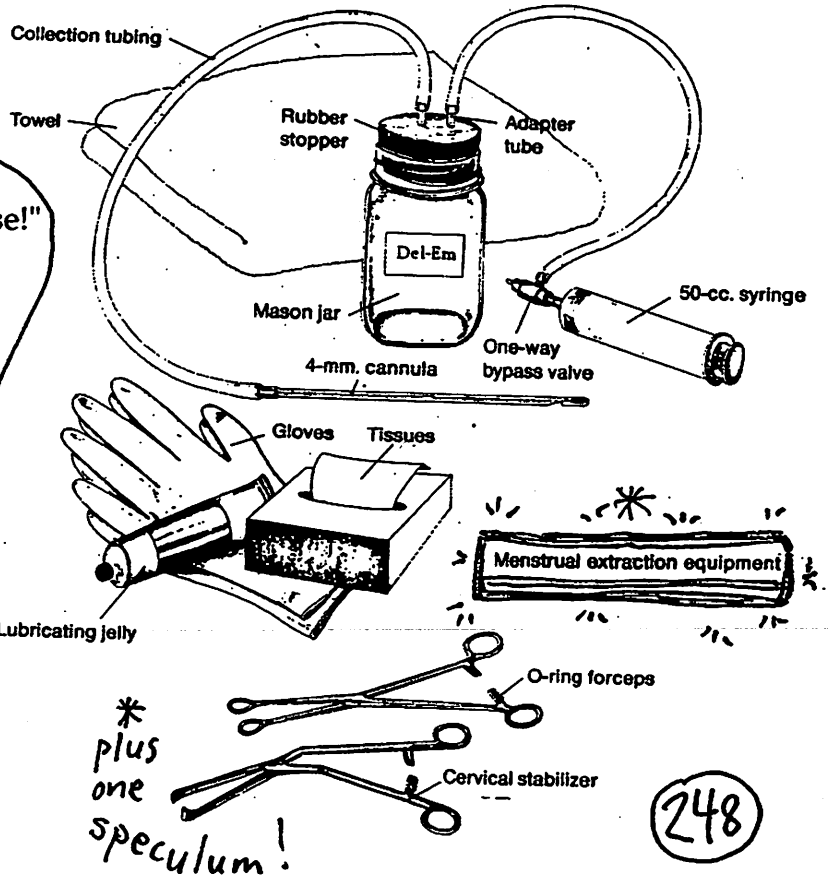
Tanya lived for revolution
Wanted to overthrow the state
She had 15 commie babies
Phyllis Schlaffley, ain't that great

Randall Terry hated abortion
But for a peaceful end he searched
He said "we'll never bomb your clinic"
We said "we'll never bomb your church"

CH

There's so many starving children
And living in the streets is tough
There's 5 billion of us already
Don't you think that it's enough?

CH



WILLIE SAYS
By Dana Lyons

C G
Willie Says
Am F C G
Here's a story that you may not comprehend
Am F C G
But the parking lots will crack and bloom again
Am F C G
There's a world beneath the pavement that will never end
Am F C G
Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end

Willie says
If you listen you can hear the sound of birds
Hear their song above the chaos, hear their words
Listen to their love song, it will never end
Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end
Am F
If you listen you may hear...

CHORUS:
C G C F
And the old one sits with me above the city
C G F G
While I watch the madness of the world below
C G C F
And she laughs and tells me that it's temporary
C G F G
Underneath the wild garden waits to grow

Willie says
When you say you are afraid I understand
In a place where one can rarely smell the land
But the ocean breeze still blows here, that will never end
Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end

Willie says
If you listen to this tree you'll hear its song
It's the music that my people pass along
It's a dream that keeps returning that will never end
Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end
If you listen you may hear...

CH

Willie says
Here's a story that you may not comprehend
But the forest here will rise and bloom again
There's a world beneath the pavement that will never end

Seeds are lying dormant, that will never end
Am F C G
Listen to their love song, it will never end
Am F C G
It's a dream that keeps returning that will never end
Am F C G
Never end, never end, never end
C - Am - F - G
Willie says
C - Am - F - G
Willie says
C
Willie says

WINDFALL
By Jay Farrar (Son Volt)
(Capo on the second fret)

G
Now and then it keeps you running
D
It never seems to die
Bm
Trails spin with fear
C
Not enough living on the outside
G
Never seem to get far enough
D
Staying in between the lines
Bm
Hold on to what you can
C G C
Waiting for the end, not knowing when

CHORUS:
G
May the wind take your troubles away
D
May the wind take your troubles away
C
Both feet on the floor
G
Two hands on the wheel
D G
May the wind take your troubles away

BRIDGE:
D
Trying to make it far enough
C G
To the next time zone
D
Few and far between past the midnight hour
C G
Never feel alone
Em
You're really not alone

Switching it over to A.M.
Searching for a truer sound
Can't recall the call letters
Steel guitar and settle down
Catchin' an all-night station

Somewhere in Louisiana,
Sounds like 1963
But for now...sounds like heaven

CH

END:
G Em
May the wind take your troubles away
C
May the wind
G
Take your troubles away

WOOD, STONE, FEATHER AND BONE
By Joules Graves
(*Acapella chant*)

Wood, stone, feather and bone
Roaring of the ocean guide us home (*section x2*)

CHORUS:
Angels, singin', angels, singin',
In my soul, in my soul
In my soul, in my soul

River sea redwood tree (ancient tree)
Howling of the wind gonna set us free (*section x2*)

CH

WORD IS GETTING OUT
By The Artist Formerly...Aw, hell! By Squid, alright?

INTRO: D-D11-D-A-A7 x2

D D11-D
Word is getting out that the people aren't as
Bm A
Happy as they would seem, if you
D D11-D
Believed all actors in the
Bm A
Movies and on TV, and if you
D D11-D
Trusted all the models in the
Bm A
Trendy magazines, if you
D D11-D
Trusted the anorexic women in the
Bm A
Calvin Klein jeans, and

G A
Everyone, can feel an emptiness swelling up in-
G A
Side, and it's eating them up a-
G A
Live, and they can't quite seem to figure out why

But the word is getting out
That the people are not quite content
Despite the great entertainment
Provided by the internet
And despite the many miracles
Of modern medicine
Despite the growing numbers of prescriptions
For anti-depressants

And everyone can feel an emptiness swelling up inside
And it's eating them up alive
But they still can't seem to figure out why

But the word is getting out
That the people aren't as stupid as they may seem
And they no longer believe in lies
Like the American Dream
And they are skeptical of institutions
And bureaucracy
And they don't respect any representatives
Of authority

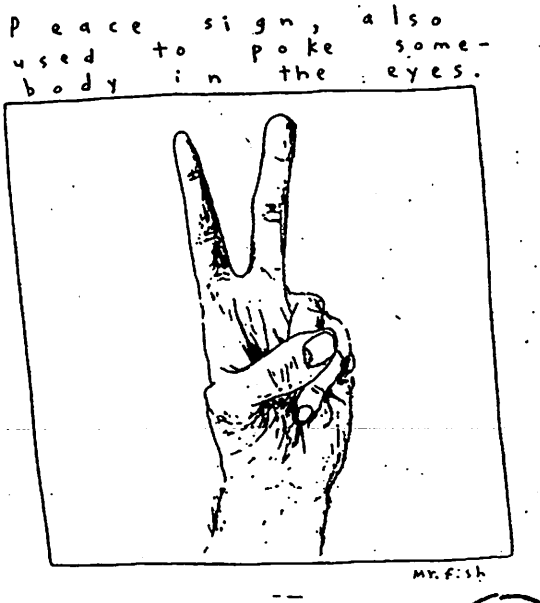
And I can feel a spark starting to set fire
It's being fueled by a growing desire
For a world much more meaningful

And the word is getting out
That the people aren't as idle as they may seem
To those struggling to maintain control
Of this dying regime
And to those who only view the world
From inside their SUVs
To those in denial of
Forthcoming calamities

And I can feel a spark starting to start fire
It's being fueled by a growing desire
To see this whole world burn to the ground

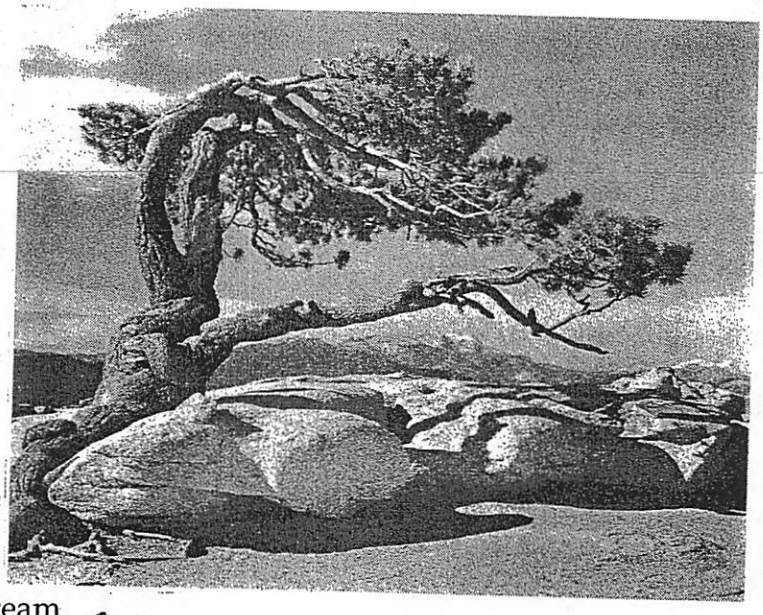
Bm A G
So lets add some fuel to the flames!
Bm A G
Let's dance 'round the fire and proclaim, that
Bm A G
We're taking our lives back today, and
Bm A G
No one else can take that away!

END *(same as intro)*
(slow down on last chords)



WORLD FALLS
By Indigo Girls
(Capo on 3rd fret sounds good. Each chord is half a measure, except as noted in the bridge.)

D C
I'm coming home with a stone, strapped onto my back
D C9 (C works too)
I'm coming home with a burning hope, turning all my blues to black
D C9
I'm looking for a sacred hand, to carve into my stone
D
A ghost of comfort, angels breath
C
To keep this life inside my chest



CHORUS:
D G
This world falls on me
D G
Hopes of immortality
D G
Everywhere I turn
D G
All the beauty just keeps shaking me

Now I woke up in the middle of a dream
Scared the world was too much for me
Sejarez said, "don't let go
Just plant the seeds and watch them grow"
I've slept in rainy canyon lands
cold drenched to my skin
I always wake to find a face
To calm these troubled lands

CH#2:
Ah this world falls on me
With dreams of immortality
Everywhere I turn
All the beauty just keeps shaking me

BRIDGE:
A G D A
Now I'm running to the end of the Earth
A G D A
And I'm swimming to the edge of the sea
A GD A
And I'm laughing I'm under a starry sky
G D
This world was meant for me don't bury me

I wish I once a nomad, an Indian or a Saint
The edge of death would disappear, leave me nothing left to faint
I wish I was a nomad, an Indian or a Saint
Give me walking shoes, feathered arms, and a key to Heaven's gate

CH

BRIDGE & last line:
I've got hopes of immortality

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN (The Diggers Song)
By Leon Rossleson
(This song has been passed around many a campfire, fueling modern day land occupations in Europe and North America. Check out Dick Gaughan's or Billy Bragg's versions. For more information about the Diggers, check out Britain's "The Land is Ours" movement: http://www.oneworld.org/tlio/index.html)

C Dm
In 1649, to St. George's hill
F C
A ragged band they called the Diggers came to show the peoples' will
C Dm
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws
F C G C
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

CHORUS:
"We come in peace" they said, "to dig and sow
We come to work the land in common and make the wastelands grow
This Earth divided we will make whole
So it will be a common treasury for all

"The sin of property, we do disdain
No one has any right to buy or sell the Earth for private gain
By theft and murder, they stole the land
Now everywhere the walls rise up at their command

"They make the laws, to serve them well
Their clergy dazzles us with heaven or they damn us into hell
We will not worship, the god they serve
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folks starve

"We work we eat together, we need no swords
We will not bow to the masters or pay rent unto the lords
We are free people, though we are poor
You Diggers all stand up for freedom stand up now"

From the men of property, the orders came
They sent their hired men and troopers to wipe out the Diggers' claims
Tore down their cottages, destroyed their corn
They were dispersed, but still the vision lingers on

"You poor take courage, you rich take care
This Earth was made a common treasury for everyone to share
All things in common, all beings one."
They came in peace, the orders came to cut them down

CH *(last line two times)*

YOU SUCK
By Yeastie Girls & Consolidated
(Rap this one to drum beats, a trap set, clanging pots, whatever's on hand.)

I know you're really proud 'cause you think you're well-hung
But I think it's time you learn how to use your tongue
You say you want things to be even and you want things to be fair
But you're afraid to get your teeth caught in my pubic hair
If you're lying there expecting me to suck your dick
You're going to have to give me more than just a token lick
Well you may not like it but you better learn how
'CAUSE IT'S YOUR TURN NOW!

CHORUS:
Now YOU SUCK
Suck it hard
Go down
Baby YOU SUCK
Lick it hard
And move your tongue around

Well I know you think it's a real drag
To suck my cunt when I'm on the rag
Quit making up stories, yeah give me a break
'Cause I really don't believe that you got a headache
You tell me it's gross to suck my yeast infection
How do you think I feel when I gag on your erection?
You're wasting your tongue with lame excuses and lies
GET YOUR FACE BETWEEN MY THIGHS!

CH *(very good)*

If you're worried about babies you can lower your risk
By giving me that special cunnilingus kiss
It's on your face that I'm gonna sit
You can wiggle, you can jiggle your tongue on my clit
Don't worry about making me have an orgasm
Just take your time and do it with enthusiasm
I can tell it's making you scared just thinking of it
BUT YOU BETTER LEARN TO LOVE IT!

CH *(Follow previous instructions)*

When you hear safe sex you snicker under your breath
We got to take cover, we're flirting with death
AIDS is our problem, we've got to talk
Break out your dental dam and your latex sock
I'm your latex lover wrapped like a gift
Got my microwave plastic wrap heating up my clit
Dinner's on, get busy with my booty
Got a couple of flavors, sweet licorice and fruity
I know you're sad, luscious pussy with a cover
I'm aching too, we can't taste each other
But there's no slacking off with an unprotected stroke
'CAUSE THIS AIN'T NO JOKE!

CH

YOUR RULES
By Robert Hoyt
(After all, if you don't riot, you can't complain!)

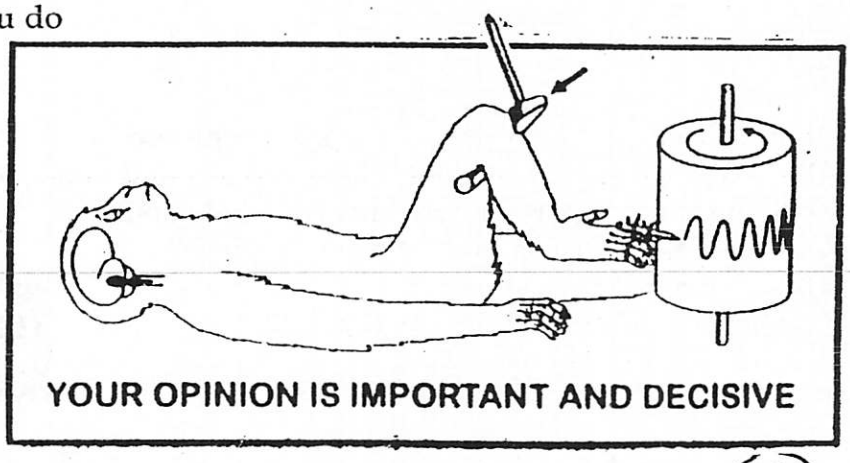
G C
We prayed for your collapse
G C
And we accepted your table scraps
G C D
Hoping beyond hope you'd drop the ball
G C
But it's a fixed game
G C
Played in your court of shame
G D G
Consider this your wakeup call

CHORUS:
Em C G
'Cause we aren't playing by your rules anymore
Em
You set up the hoops for us to jump through
A
Then you set up some more
C G
What do you take us for, fools?
C G
We're gonna use all our tools
C D G
And we aren't playing by your rules anymore

The letters that we wrote
And we never forgot to vote
We lobbied 'til our faces turned blue
We worked in our spare time
And we never made a dime
While you got paid well for what you do

CH

If You Don't
RIOT
Then You Can't
COMPLAIN

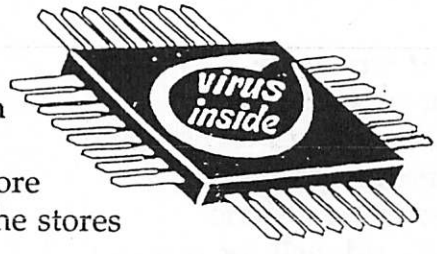


Y2K
By Darryl Cherney, additional lyrics by Bill Weinberg
(Just as we know there's no "techno fix" for our environmental and social problems, we learned (unfortunately) that there's no "techno glitch." We all had beautiful dreams of post-y2k primitivism (evidenced by the bottomless millet stash--ugh) but it turns out it's up to us to bring it about, just like everything else we fight for. Atleast yawn2k proves yet again that technology is good-fer-nothin (not even for a good ol' sab of the machine)! Actualize industrial collapse! -ed.)

A
Now the guys who built computers were really smart
E A
They could make an IBM out of old spare parts
A
Then they could forecast the weather, do incredible math
E A
They could track the cosmos on a million year path
D
Now do you think computer geeks were so dumb
E
That they could not foresee the millennium

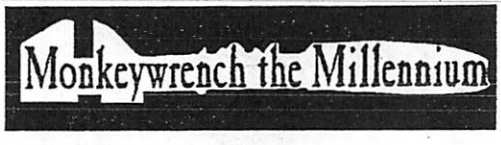
CHORUS:
A
Y2K Y2K
E
Where will you be on that fateful day ?
A E
Y2K

Now the moment that the year 2000 strikes
Computers gonna do any thing they like
They can back up the sewers, shut the power down
Send a nuclear warhead to your home town
And you won't get your food at the Safeway no more
'Cause the hoarders and the looters have emptied the stores



CH

Now will you be on the farm just tilling the sod
Or will you join a street gang where you kill and you rob
Will you hide in your condo with your kids and wife
Or be stuck in a prison for the rest of your life
This here is 1999
Its the last year that things are gonna be fine



CH

Will you be in New York City eating pigeons and rats
Or holed up in a cave eating bugs and bats

Will you be meditating at the Pyramids
Or in your Idaho bunker just flipping your lid
I wanna know what you're gonna do
'Cause I might just wanna follow you

CH

Now the wizards who created this computer crash
Are selling the solutions for piles of cash
Did you think the corporations were giving an inch
What do you think the army will do in a pinch
Could it be a little computer flaw
Is their excuse for instituting martial law

CH

Will you be in Jerusalem waiting for Christ
But his website is down, so forget it, no dice
Will you be on 42nd Street at old Times Square
Where the ball that falls is stuck in the air
Will you be on the space shuttle afraid to land
'Cause even all of its computers are jammed

CH

Orders Orders Orders Orders

An Hootenanny Editor hard at work...

DO-IT-YOURSELF MUSIC THEORY

no groans allowed just yet...

IDEAS FOR RADICAL MUSIC

Music, like industrial sabotage, is fun. It becomes more fun the more you practice and understand it. The following pages contain a very brief look at some simple and complex ideas to help you keep playing and listening. Whether you're just picking up a guitar for the first time or you happen to be a diehard fiddlin' punkrocker, some of this will be of interest, hopefully!

Most of the songs in this ol' songbook follow basic western/European music theory guidelines, the same that most classical music follows. Thus, we'll be covering this style of music in the following music theory discussion. We regrettably don't (yet!) have the skill (or page space) to do justice to musical styles from other rich cultures.

However, western music has recognizable patterns that sound pretty good, which is why us folkies often use its patterns and concepts as guidelines. Getting to know musical patterns can help you jam and improvise with musicians at hootenannies, as well as help you write and play your own music.

For practical purposes, guitar is the focus instrument in the following pages. We also talk about the piano and cover singing, scales and basic theory. A lot of the info here will apply broadly.
If you find the following introductory look at music theory interesting, dive in with further reading and study.

Now remember, don't stress about music theory guidelines. All music arises from instinct, and everyone's body can create music, from handclaps to singing to programming drum machines. Don't be shy about music. Don't keep yourself from playing just because you don't sound like Alice DiMicele. Give yourself time to fuck around and feel it out. Maybe you're a bass player, maybe you're a singing carpenter. Play music everyday, even if only for a few minutes. This more than anything is vital for beginning and advanced musicians alike. It should become habit. Undoubtedly, if you play with your ears and listen with your hands, you'll do a lot to raise the spirits of you and your comrades.

WARMING UP

Music sounds better when you warm up. It's like stretching before the eight-mile backwoods hike to re-supply the treesit. Start warming up your voice by humming almost inaudibly. Focus on a sustained breath and constant, steady pitch (but don't obsess over it). Then expand into singing notes up and down the high/low spectrum as if your voice was on a roller coaster, softly, then loudly.

Warm up your hands by shaking your wrists and wriggling your fingers. Then make fists and roll your wrists approximately eleven times in each direction. Do this again with fingers extended. You'll think up other stuff like this that works for you. If your throat or hands hurt while playing, stop and drink some licorice root tea or stretch some more.

SINGING

Like Pete Seeger and Joan Baez, we believe everyone can and should sing. Can you imagine a chorus of CEOs belting out *Grandmother's Back*?

If you want to practice singing, find a place where no one will hear you. Creeks or rivers are best; showers work too. Try chanting. Belt out the notes. There are probably societal blocks in you that need to be sung out.

For practice in hitting notes, take out your guitar or any instrument (piano's good if you have access). Choose any chord and hit each note individually. Try to sing that note with your voice. If you're straining for the note, it may be too high or low for right now (you will expand your vocal range as time goes on), so pick another chord or note that's easier.

Listen to your guitar and voice together. There shouldn't be any wavering dissonance. Sound waves are such that you can tell if you are in tune with the note you plucked when you can't hear separateness in the tones. If you hear separate wobbling, it's time to adjust your voice.

While playing guitar, you've got a guide right there with you, in the chords you're playing. The chord's notes are the notes, or at least the complimentary notes, you can sing. Knowing this can help you stay in tune. For instance, before you start a song, play the first chord and hum your starting note to yourself. If you can't find your starting note, you can often find it by plucking the individual strings of the chord you're playing, or by playing through the song until you catch the tune.

For a better listen on how your voice sounds, sing a little ditty with your hand cupped from your mouth round to your ear and you'll channel a lot of the escaping sound right back to yourself. This is painfully honest sometimes, but because of that it helps!

When singing, use the muscles of your belly to push out the notes. Imagine that your throat allows the air pushed from your belly to become music. Practice articulating the lyrics very precisely, then slurring. Practice with a hard edge to your voice, then make it gravelly, then breathy. Know that your vocal chords will strengthen as time goes on, improving your accuracy and control, as well as widening your singing range. A song that is difficult for you to sing right now will be a piece of cake down the road—it's uncanny! (More on singing range in the transposing section.)

HARMONIZE THIS!

Think barbershop quartet.

The melody of song is its main tune. If someone asked you how a certain song goes, you'd sing her a bit of the melody. You harmonize when you sing different but complimentary notes at the same time as a pal of yours sings the melody. Though harmony usually doesn't have main stage like the melody, it is just as important, and often makes a song much more vibrant.

Harmonizing is truly one of the most fun parts about singing. For some people who have never done it before, it can be very frustrating. For others, especially if they've sung in a choir at some point, it comes naturally.

Let's say a song's melody is too low for you. Sing a higher harmony part. If you're teaming up with a singing friend, harmonizing will make the duet more interesting. Make it up as you go, or stick with a simple, obvious harmony.

Experiment. But be careful not to sing too loud if you are just experimenting with things, 'cause you can make it harder for

the person singing the melody. And don't overdue your harmony. Sometimes it's easy to get carried away and start singing harmony all over the place, but often harmonies sound best just on certain lines or only on the choruses.

When you read the scales and chords sections below, think how this relates to harmony. Knowing music theory helps you find the pattern in which notes sound harmonious together.

GUITAR PLAYING

Here are some basic guitar hints stolen from an unknown guitar teacher (the folk evolutionary-appropriation process!):

—Most of the guitar pick (a.k.a. plectrum) is handle. Use only the tip to make contact with the strings.
—Hold the pick firmly. This produces more string sound and less pick noise.
—Remember that you move the wrist when strumming, rarely the elbow.
—Although the hand is constantly moving, you don't have to always be hitting notes or strums. Put in some rests so you don't have constant sound. Your hand is like a metronome rhythm keeper.
—Strum like a piston (hey, we are not machines!), up and down in a variety of patterns and combos, rather than down, down, down.
—Tap your foot with every downbeat. This brings the music into your entire body.
—Use the smallest amount of pressure in making the chord shapes, just as much as you need to make them sound good and clear.
—Don't crank your chord wrist (left hand usually). Keep your wrist bent as little as possible. To reach all kinds of chord shapes, move your arm so your hand has easy access.
—Relax, then relax some more. Don't hold your breath.
—Notice the emotional difference in chords strummed beginning with up or down strums.
—Experiment with dynamics. Don't always play loud, or always soft. Try playing softer when you sing, or when someone else is singing or jamming a solo. Also, think of what you're saying in the song and maybe get quiet if it's sad, then louder and stronger for crescendo effect. Playing dynamically is often the simple secret to fancy-sounding playing.

THE TUNING SONG

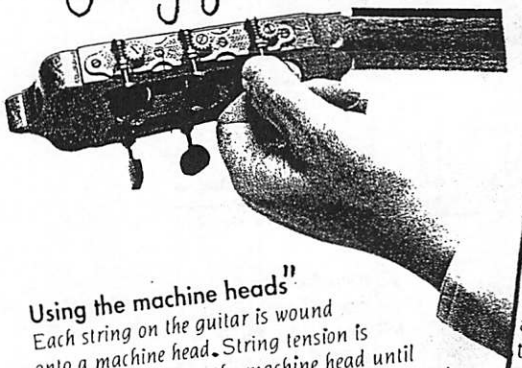
As with singing, you listen for sound wave dissonance as you tune your strings. No wobble! Sometimes it takes forever to get yer axe in tune, and if anybody's waiting on you, much less a crowd at the bar, that embarrassing tuning blush is sure to come on. To get out of this nasty situation, call it *The Tuning Song* and yell "sod off!" to any impatient ones.

Tuning may take awhile if your strings are old, the guitar's tuning pegs are slipping, or global warming is hitting and your guitar doesn't like the changing temperatures. But just as likely tuning's slow 'cause your ear isn't trained. It can take awhile to get an ear for whether a string is slightly sharp or flat, but make yourself tune-up even if there's a really good guitarist there who will do it for you. You'll learn more quickly doing it yourself.

Likewise, beware the electric tuner! Use a tuning fork or pitch pipe instead, and practice tuning your strings in relation to each other. It's about

tuning the guitar as a whole, rather than each isolated string. You can be tuned to "true" notes (true E is often used) with the help of the aforementioned fork or pipe or you can just tune the guitar to itself, especially if you're playing solo. Here's some stuff we stole from various books on tuning:

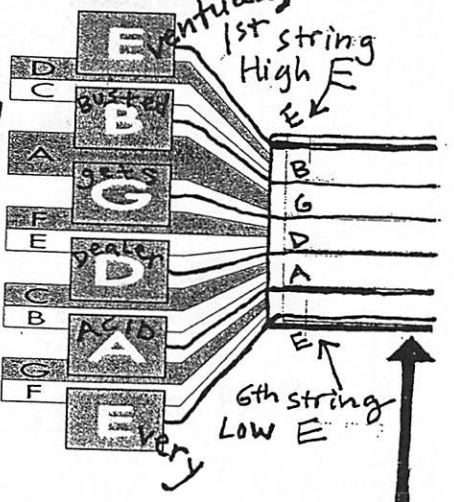
★Before any piece of music can be played, the guitar must be tuned correctly. Each of the open strings should be adjusted so that it is in with all the others. If the strings are tuned to "true" E or A as a reference point, the guitar can be played with other instruments. Discord → Accurate tuning is vitally important. When the open strings are not perfectly in tune, the guitar produces an unpleasantly discordant effect & chords & scales sound wrong. This can be discouraging for beginning guitarists. Don't worry – keep crackin'... ★



Using the machine heads"
Each string on the guitar is wound onto a machine head. String tension is adjusted by turning the machine head until the string is in tune. Turning the machine head counterclockwise increases string tension and raises the pitch of the string. Guitar strings may go out of tune because of age, string slippage, changes in temperature, or simply as a result of playing.

OPEN-STRING INTERVALS

The fixed series of pitches that run from the lowest to the highest strings are tuned in an ascending order of musical *intervals*. Intervals between notes have a numeric value based on the relationships of those notes within a scale. Each of the open strings is also designated a letter name from the series A to G. The 6th string (E) and the 5th string (A) are separated by an interval of a fourth. This is because there are four tones running from the notes E to A (E-F-G-A). The remaining strings are also tuned in intervals of fourths, except the 3rd (G) and 2nd (B) strings, where there is an interval of a *third* (the three notes G, A, and B).



★ TUNING to a REFERENCE POINT: – piano – electric tuner – tuning fork – pitch pipe etc.!

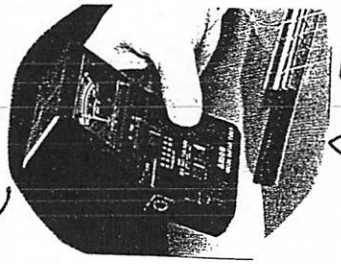
The guitar is frequently tuned by selecting a reference point, a single note, and then tune a string to that note! Then that in-tune string can be the reference note for all the other strings. You can just start with a string's note & tune the guitar to itself if you don't have a "true" note from another reference point.

TUNING WITH A KEYBOARD

The first step in learning to tune the guitar is to find a source for reference tones. Using a piano or other keyboard, the strings on a guitar can be tuned to six keys on the keyboard. The diagram on the right shows the relationship between the keys on the piano and the open strings of the guitar.

HIT THE FORK AGAINST YOUR KNEE & THEN PRESS IT AGAINST THE GUITAR BODY.

Pitch pipe

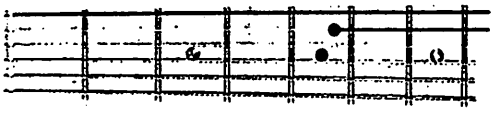


Electric tuners

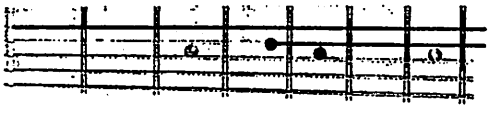
BASIC TUNING METHOD *

Once the 1st string is in tune, it can be used as a reference point for tuning the 2nd string. Play E on the 2nd string 5th fret, and leave the note to ring. Sound E on the open 1st string so that it rings at the same time, then adjust the 2nd-string machine head until the two strings are in tune. This technique of matching adjacent strings can be used right across the fingerboard.

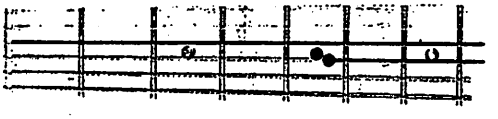
1 *Play E on the 5th fret of the 2nd string, then the open 1st string. Adjust the 2nd string until it is in tune with the 1st string.*

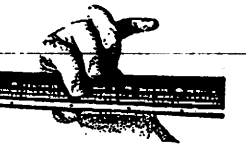


2 *Play the note B on the 4th fret of the 3rd string, closely followed by B on the open 2nd string. Adjust the 3rd string.*

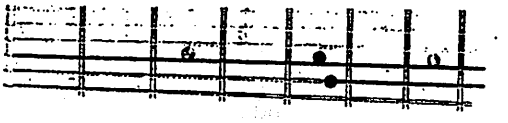


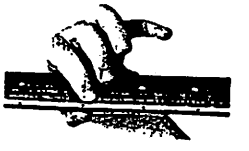
3 *Play the note G on the 5th fret of the 4th string, then the G on the open 3rd string. Adjust the 4th string.*



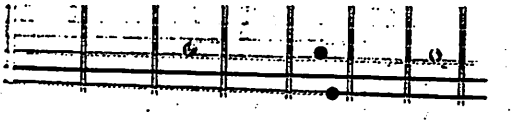


4 *Play the note D on the 5th fret of the 5th string, then D from the open 4th string. Adjust the 5th string.*





5 *Play A on the 5th fret of the 6th string, followed by A from the open 5th string. Adjust the 6th string.*



* you can also tune using octaves, or using harmonics

HAMMERING

Hammering is fairly easy once you get the knack, and it nicely spices up normal chords. It's a handy (pun intended) stepping stone to actually soloing during the musical breaks in your songs. The concept is that a finger that's part of making a chord shape is lifted off a string and placed down again relatively quickly, causing a change in notes: a between-strums hammer sound.

What's crucial is the between-strums part. If your finger is lifted off in the same timing as your strumming, you'll get a different note, but not the sought-after hammer sound. You must lift and lower the finger in a different timing than your strumming. This means picking up your finger right before the down strum happens, playing the down strum, and then quickly placing the finger back down (into the chord shape from whence it came). The replacing of your finger should happen directly after the down strum passes the string that you're hammering. Like so, you get two notes in quick succession and this sounds oh so cool.

Try this out: Play a C chord. Now pick up your middle finger from the D string and put it back down as you strum. You just went from playing a D note on that string to playing an E note, and back to D. The C chord gets hammered a lot. Alicia Littletree's song *A Woman Walks* uses this exact hammer pattern. Continue experimenting hammering other chords and fingers. It seems to work best on the second and third frets.

FINGERPICKING

Fingerpicking, plucking individual strings in a pattern while changing chords, takes patience. Give yourself a couple years to get good at it. Fingerpicking will be a valuable tool in your musical toolbox. It's a nice change of pace to pick a song instead of strum.

Some people use finger picks and others grow their nails long and file them. But fancy picks and manicures don't really work when you're on the wander-roam. Nylon string "classical" guitars are nice for bare fingerpicking, but if you're playing a steel-string, your fingers can get really sore and it may not be very loud.

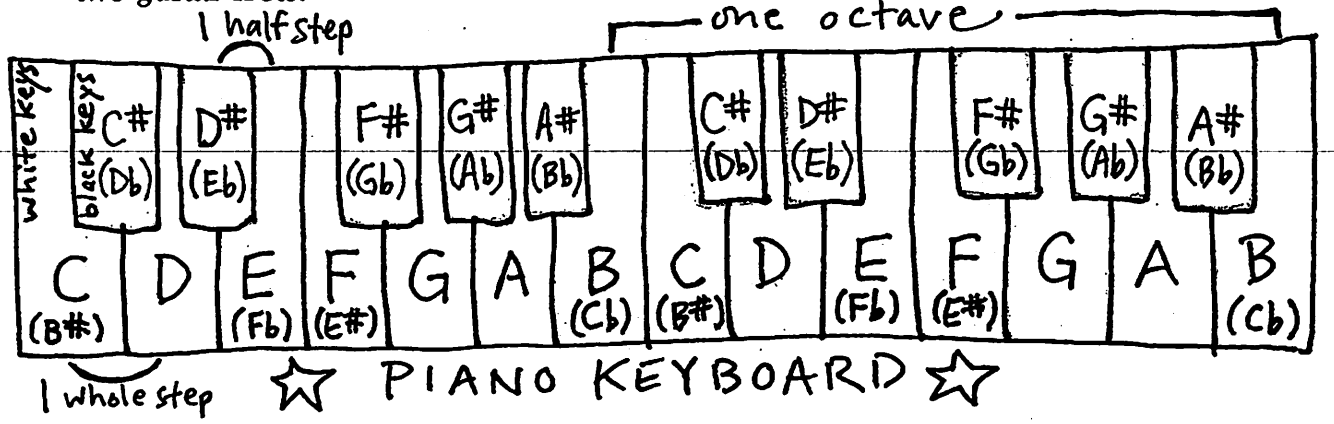
The most difficult thing about fingerpicking is making all the notes ring out the same. You can practice even timing by drumming your fingers on tabletops or books. Also try out assorted picking patterns to strengthen your fingers in different ways: pluck with the thumb, then the index finger, then the middle; or thumb, middle, index; or thumb, ring, index, middle. It's a good exercise to try to have a consistency of certain fingers plucking certain strings, but do what sounds best to you. Make it up as you go (that's how we're doing it with this music theory !).

MUSIC THEORY FOR THE MASSES

First, some background: When western Europeans first started naming notes, they divided the space between what we now call an octave into five separate notes. Then it was divided into eight notes, and eventually into the twelve notes (or "half steps") that we have today. Other cultures divide the octave even further. In Indian music, the note between C and C# is called a semi-tone. Western music doesn't name these semi-tones and only uses them when the music slides, as with slide guitar or trombone.

The notes between octaves are grouped together in various ways to form scales. Scales are the groups of notes from which melodies and chords are derived. A scale is named after it's first note, called the root, or tonic, note. Often, the tunes we hear are in the major scale.

The major scale is a specific pattern of note intervals. The basic interval in western music is the half step, which is the space, or variation, between two piano keys that are next to each other, like C and C# (look to the sketch of the piano keys as we discuss this stuff). The frets on a guitar are also half steps. A whole step (two half steps) is the variation between the piano keys C and D, or two guitar frets.

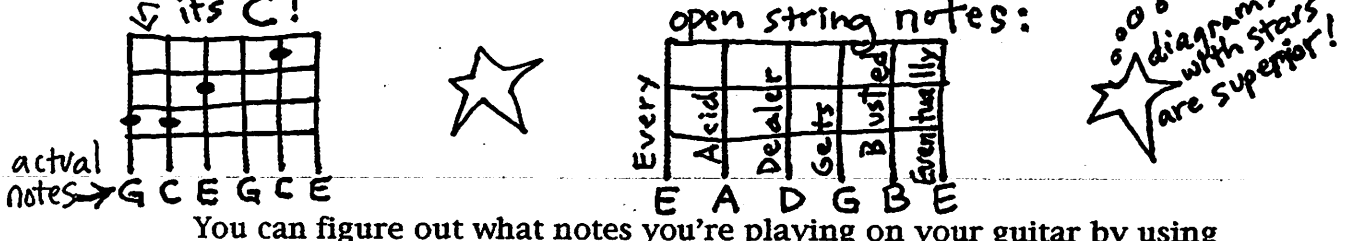


A major scale in the key of C (A.K.A. the C major scale) is made up of the notes C, D, E, F, G, A, B and C. This scale is a combination of half and whole steps. You can see this by counting the "step" intervals between C and C one octave apart on the piano. The interval pattern is: Whole (from C to D), whole (D to E), half (E to F...), whole, whole, whole and half.

The notes for the E major scale are E, F#, G#, A, B, C#, D#, E. You'll notice on the piano keys that G# can also be called A*b*. It's not called A*b* in this scale because each letter name for a note in a major scale is in alphabetical order. You'll never have two of the same note names in a major scale; E*b* to E is written as D# to E. Also, major scales will not mix flats and sharps.

CHORDS

They're the shapes your fingers make as you press down on the strings of your guitar (or piano, bass, etc.). The simple guitar chords in this book are derived from the first, third and fifth notes in a scale. These three notes, making up the spine of a chord, are called a triad. In the key of C the triad is C, E and G (go back to the notes of the C major scale above and see that the first, third and fifth notes are in fact C, E and G). On the guitar, a C chord sings these notes from its six strings in the pattern (low to high) of G, C, E, G, C, E.


it's C!
actual notes → G C E G C E
open string notes:
Every Acid Dealer Gets Busted Eventually
E A D G B E
diagrams with stars are superior!

You can figure out what notes you're playing on your guitar by using the names of the strings (Every Acid Dealer, etc., see above), which refer to the notes that sound when the strings are played open (without a finger

pressed down). With your finger pressed down on the third fret of the A string, count three half steps from A: A#, B, C. C is the note you're playing. To figure out the notes that makeup a certain chord, count up the frets (one half step per fret) for each finger to figure out each note in the chord.

Major and minor chords are the most common. When a chord is written as just a capital letter, it is major. A capital letter followed by a lower case "m" denotes a minor chord. A major chord could perhaps be described as "happy," rounded and complete. Minor chords generally sound sad, haunting and unresolved.

The difference between major and minor chords is the intervals between the triads. A major chord has four half steps between the first and third notes of the scale, and three half steps between the third and fifth notes. A minor chord has three half steps between the first and third notes; four between the third and fifth. It can be written like this (see also interval lines drawn on piano sketch):

Major chord: (1st note)-half-half-half-half-(3rd note)-half-half-half-(5th note). For example, the C chord: (C)-C#-D-D#-(E)-F-F#-(G).

Minor chord: (1st)-half-half-half-(3rd)-half-half-half-half-(5th). For example, the Cm chord: (C)-C#-D-(E*b*)-E-F-F#-(G).

Notice that the third note is the difference between a C chord and a Cm. With this third note changing from E to E*b*, that changes the number of half steps between the first, third and fifth notes. This little change completely alters the sound and mood of the C. Looking at other examples, the difference between E and Em is the G# lowering to G. The difference between A and Am is the C# lowering to C. We find this pattern: Lower the third note of a major chord one half step (making that third note a flat of the original note), and now you have that chord's minor form.

Why are some chords major and some minor? Lots of different kinds of chords are found in any given scale. When we play a song in a major scale, the major chords are often those that have their first note starting on the scale's first note (this would be chord I), fourth note (chord IV) and fifth note (chord V). They are written as capitalized roman numerals (Incidentally, songs that use just these three chords are often called "one, four, five" songs. Blues songs almost always deal with just the one, four and five.). The minor chords of a major scale usually start on the second, third and sixth notes of the scale, and are written as lower case roman numerals—ii, iii and vi respectively.

You can use these patterns to figure out what key you are in. Often, the first chord of a song tells you what key it's in. For *Dancing on the Ruins*, the chords are G, C and D. All three are major chords. G is I, so C and D are IV and V (count this out on the piano keyboard). The key of a song is usually named after the I chord. Take a look at *Black Boys on Mopeds*. The chords are D, G and A. Notice how G and A are right next to each other, just like C and D in *Dancing on the Ruins*. When two major chords are next to each other, they are usually the IV and V of the key. That puts *Black Boys on Mopeds* in the key of D (I). After awhile, these patterns will become very clear.

There are certain instances in which two major chords next to each other are not IV and V. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* is in the key of D, with G being IV and A, V. But in the chorus there is a C. How does this fit in? It just so happens that the chord that begins a whole step below the I, in this case C, tends to sound good and funky. That's because, like radicals, musicians break rules—and when you break the rules it can sound stellar.

Now for some info on minor scales: The Am scale is based on the intervals of the white keys between A and A, just as major scales are based on the intervals of the white keys between C and C. Am is vi in the key of C (A is the sixth note in the C scale). If a scale starts on the vi of a major scale, it is a minor scale, and is called the "relative minor." It's a relative because it shares the exact same notes, it's scale just starts on a different note. So, Am is the relative minor to C. Em is the relative minor to G, and so on. A helpful hint: Instead of counting forward six whole steps, you can also find the relative minor by counting back three half steps from the root (I). The song *All the Way Out There* is in the key of Em, but it can be understood to be in the key of G, even though there is no G chord in the song.

Let's explore the chord structures of a few different songs. *Like a River*, by Kate Wolf, is in the key of G. Where do its Em and Am chords fit in? If you count from G, Am is two (ii) and Em is the six (vi). As you play this song, try and notice the different feel that each chord gives, and where it wants to resolve to.

With *Hillbilly Hippie*, the A chord is major, but the song is in G. A is second in the G scale, which would usually make it Am, but not in this song. This is one of those quirky exceptions to a musical rule. Typically, the ii being major (II) in any key gives the song an old ragtimey feel, i.e. *Boxcar Betty*.

Some songs, like *A Mighty Love*, change key in the middle. This is called modulation. In *Professional Protester*, each verse modulates up a half step. Raising the key of a song is a really good way to build momentum and energy and move the song forward.

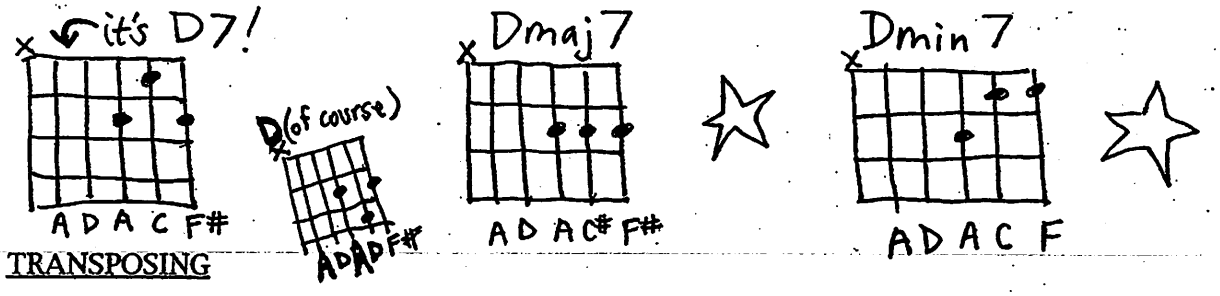
You'll find some songs that are all over the place (*Anger in Motion* anyone?). Damn anarchists!

We've explored why a chord is major or minor. Now let's have a look at seventh chords and beyond.

A chord written as a note with a seven attached (D7, C7, etc.) is a triad (1^{st}, 3^{rd}, 5^{th}) with a flatted seventh note of the scale added: 1^{st}, 3^{rd}, 5^{th}, $\flat 7^{th}$. For a D7chord, the notes are D, F#, A and C. See that the C note is a flatted seventh because it is a half step below the seventh note in the D scale (C#).

There are two other common structures for seventh chords. A major seventh chord (Dmaj7, Cmaj7, etc.) uses the actual seventh note of the scale instead of the flatted seventh. Thus, the Dmaj7 has a C# note instead of the C. A minor seventh chord has a flatted seventh *and* a flatted third note. So, Dm7 has the makeup of a D7 chord, but with the F# lowered to F. See the chord sketches below.

A D9 or D11 means that the ninth or eleventh notes of a scale are added to the original triad.



TRANSPOSING

Now that you know how to figure out what key a song is in, you can learn to change the key, without a capo. This is called transposing. Let's go back to *Dancing on the Ruins*. Remember the chords are G (I), C (IV) and D (V).

If you want to play it in the key of C (as it was recorded, in fact), the G would become C (I). Knowing that C is I, you can figure out the IV and V chords by counting up the piano keyboard in your head. In this example, F becomes IV and G, V.

The other way to transpose a song (and this is the way to go if you can't figure out the key) is to raise or lower all the chords the same amount of half steps, making sure to start with the first chord of the song. You can often do this in your head lickety-split. Going back to *Dancing on the Ruins*: From G, count the half steps until you get to C, your new starting chord. There are five half steps (this is one of the times when having memorized the intervals from C to C on a keyboard helps tremendously). Raise all the other chords in the song five half steps.

Be forewarned: It isn't always easy to count in your head like this when you're dealing with a Dm7, for example. Remember to always count alphabetically. Don't forget that there's only one half step between B and C (meaning, C could also be called B#), and between E and F. Keep a drawing of a piano keyboard handy and practice, practice, practice!

Why would you transpose a song? Your voice is able to soar in a certain range. The key of a particular song may be out of your range, especially if you're a woman singing a song written by a man, or vice versa. Transpose the key, and you may find that you're able to sing the melody much louder and clearer than before.

The song chords in this book are usually those the author originally wrote for the song. But some chords listed are those of a different key based on our personal preference (usually the key that's better for a woman's voice because, hey, we're biased!) or due to the folk process—figuring songs out by ear or memory and passing them along in different forms. So there's nothin' stoppin' ya if you find that your voice doesn't always suit the particular key of the songs within—transpose away! Please also take to heart that your vocal range will widen if you sing a lot, and if you practice singing on the edges of your range.

Some beginning guitarists may wish to transpose a song if it has difficult barre chords in it: One can sometimes find a key without barres (or at least fewer than the original key). For example, the first song in our book, and a popular one a lot of people know, is Kate Wolf's *Across the Great Divide*. Since it's key (A) has a barre chord in it (F#m), you can choose instead to put it in the key of G (moving it back one whole step) and play it starting on the G chord. Then switch to C, back to G, and then to Em on the second line and so on (notice Em is one whole step back from F#m. That might not seem obvious counting in your head—why isn't it E#m?—but remembering the piano keyboard's intervals will help with situations like this).

If you want to play these easier G, C, Em chord shapes for *Across the great Divide*, but keep it in the key of A (for when playing with others who know the song in A), use a capo on the second fret. You're starting with the G shape, but the capo has raised things two frets, or a whole step: count a whole step from the G you're playing and you get the key you're in, A (more on figuring out what chords are sounding when playing with a capo in the next section). We've just gone through transposing *and* capo-use in this one song example. Whew! Now, just 'cause you know how to avoid barre chords doesn't mean you should! Tackle 'em!

Other examples of transposing's applicability to real life? Laying out your set list for the open mic night may reveal that all your songs are in the key of G. Eep! That's gonna make for a less interesting sound than if you were to take a moment and transpose some of those tunes into other keys.

Additionally, people often transpose songs when jamming together so the key is good for everybody's voices and instruments, or simply because people might have learned the same song in a different key and then need to adapt when they play it together.

FUN WITH CAPOS

Slap on a capo. Capos are helpful for singers who find the traditional tuning of the guitar uncomfortable to sing along with. How do capos relate to the work of transposing songs? Capos allow you to raise the key of a song without taking the time to transpose it. You can play the same chord shapes, and the capo changes the key by clamping down on the strings and shortening them, thereby shortening the neck of the guitar and raising the pitch. It's fast and easy.

If the song is too low for your voice, just put a capo on the third fret or in some cases even the seventh or eighth (experiment to get it just right for you). The higher the fret, the higher the key and therefore the higher your singing will be—unless you drop your voice down to a lower octave. If you are a male singing a high song, putting the capo on around the fifth, seventh, or eighth fret will allow you to sing it in an octave lower. As we touched on before, having a female range (even if your voice is fairly low) makes it hard to sing a heck of a lot of songs the way male singers do. Our hope is that if this is the case for you, you will learn the melody well, even if you can't sing it very well, and then use your capo (or transpose the song) and experiment to see what we're talking about.

We specifically put the section on transposing before the capo section because we think people should understand what a capo does and know how to get by without one (If you buy one in a store, it can be pricey for what is just a little plastic and metal clamp. Lotsa folks make their own DIY capos, to varying degrees of quality. A pencil and a really tight rubber band can work short term, or you can get fancier.). If you find yourself jamming with a capo-using guitarist, you can use the knowledge of the guitar and the music theories on transposing discussed here to help you figure out what actual chords they are playing.

For instance, if someone is playing *Dancing on the Ruins* with a capo on the second fret, you would play A (I), D (IV) and E (V). Here, counting a half step per fret from G gets A, and then you can figure out the rest of the chords in relation to that first chord. But if a person is playing *A Woman Walks* capoed on the third fret, find a capo or you'll probably need to sit that one out. Otherwise, you're playing barre chords all over the place (Attempting to match the chords that are sounding with the help of a capo can sometimes be an exercise in contortion. Depending on the chords and where the capo's placed, you'll find that certain capoed frets translate into easy, open, common chords (like GCD) and others don't at all (like flatted sharped mystery barre chords). You'll maybe wanna haggle with yer fellow-jammer to move the capo up or down to an easier fret for you.). In this book, we suggest *Oregon Landslide* be played capoed on the second fret. Though the chord shapes to play are C, F, etc., the capo on the second fret means you are actually playing in the key of D. Try transposing each chord. You get: D, G, D, A, Bm, G, D, A, Bm and so on. Nifty!

So use your capo happily, it can give you sounds and effects you can't achieve otherwise, but make sure to practice transposing without a capo. It's

good exercise for your head (DO NOT be co-dependant with your capo. There are groups for people like you.).

FINAL TIDBITS AND WELL-WISHES

—Hunt out every music jam you can and get 'em happening regularly in your community. They're the best places to progress in your musical skills. Improvisation keeps ya flexible. Play along with songs on the radio, too, even if you just mute the strings and strum in time. Try to figure out the chords and riffs to songs by experimenting while you're listening.
—Knowledge of scales is not only good for understanding chord makeup, it helps you play lead solos when jamming. Learn how to play scales on the guitar (or whatever your instrument is) and play them regularly for practice. Then you'll be able to solo by playing the notes in the scale of the key your song is in.
—Think octaves. If you play a C chord, the C note on the A string is a different octave than the C note played on the B string.
—The notes in chords are like people. Some get along with each other better than others.
—Not all guitars are created equal.
—Don't just play guitar. Learn percussion, flute, tuba, anything to make you a musician.
—Some things we didn't mention: 1) How to read music. This songbook gets by okay without written music because many of its songs are well-known, recorded or passed along orally. However, it's a good idea to learn how to write and read music...and when you do, please contact the Hootenanny Collective so you can start writing out the melodies to these songs for our next edition! 2) Alternate tuning! The EADGBE traditional tuning for the guitar is not the only way to tune a guitar, of course. You can tune each string to any note you want, and see what chord shapes sound good in that tuning. A lot of songs are composed in alternate tuning but can be converted for easier playing into chords in traditional tuning (we did this with *Faces in Stone*). A common tuning for Celtic songs is (low to high string) D, A, D, G, A, D. Dick Gaughan does his version of *The World Turned Upside Down* in DADGAD. 3) Musical modes! There are different modes of music. We just covered theory within one of the more common modes. Find out more on your own if you're intrigued.
—If you're feeling adrift at sea with all this theory (we feel that way just typing the stuff into the dreadful computer), go back to good ol' action, the antidote to despair! Flip back to the songs section of the book and play music instead. The most important learning is instinctual anyway!
—Remember the KISS rule: Keep It Simple, Stupid.
—Learn songs that you know and like to sing. You'll stick with music much more if you enjoy it. Yeeeehawwww, and good luck!

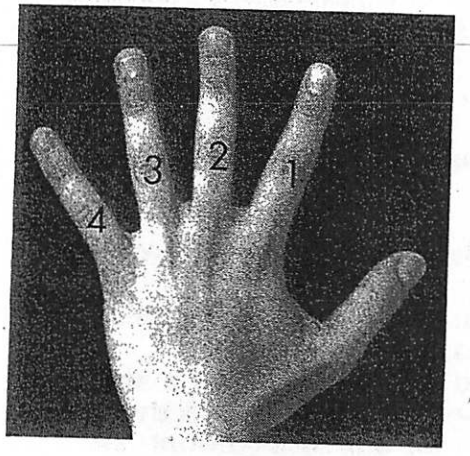
CHORD CHART & how to read it:
I learned guitar by grabbing a songbook like this & learning chords from the chord chart & playing along. And big-time, of course, from jamming with folks too. So here's most of the chords in the book plus a random few ya may like to know ~ and how to read the chord chart... ~>

your fingers will hurt at first · don't worry - they'll toughen!

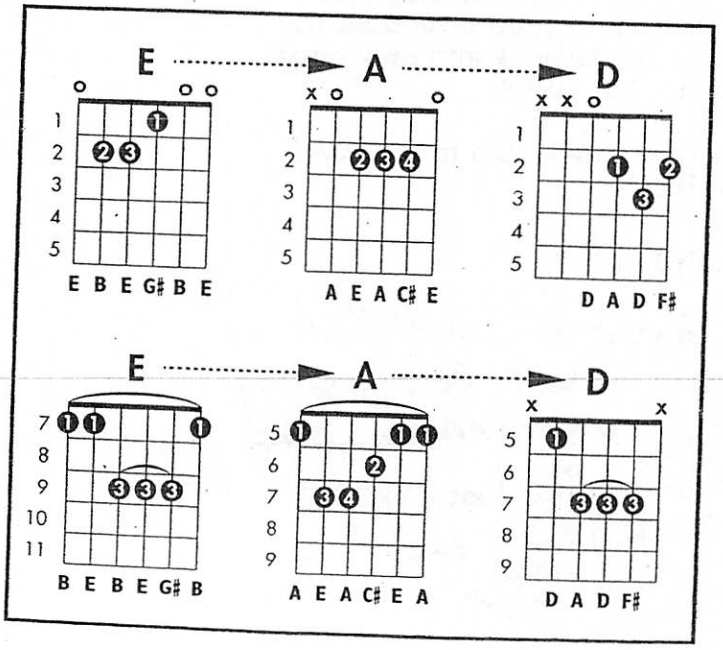
Chord Frames

READING CHORDS

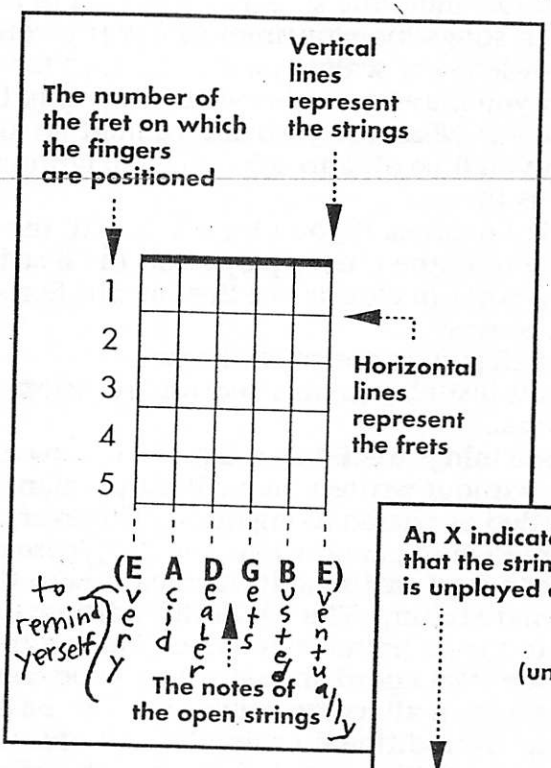
Guitar chord frames are diagrams that contain all the information necessary to play a particular chord. The fingerings, note names and position of the chord on the neck are all provided on the chord frame (see next page). The photograph below shows which finger number corresponds to which finger.

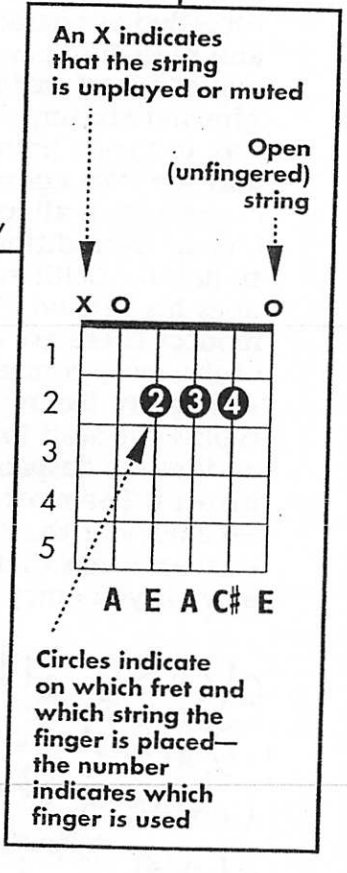


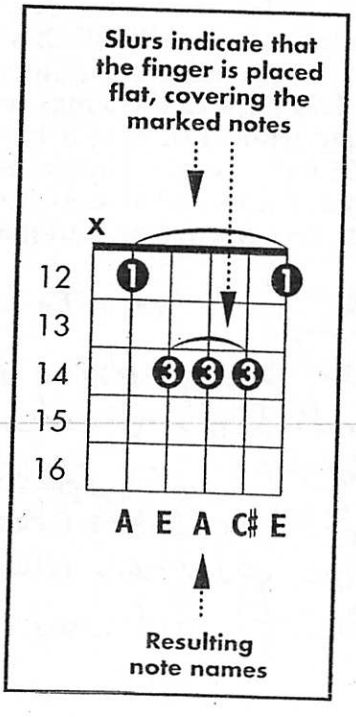
Choose chord positions that require the least motion from one chord to the next; select fingerings that are in approximately the same location on the guitar neck. This will provide smoother and more comfortable transitions between chords in a progression.



The following examples explain the various chord frame symbols.

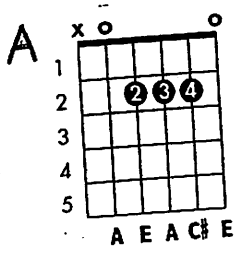


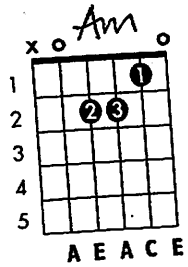

An X indicates that the string is unplayed or muted
Open (unfingered) string
A E A C# E
Circles indicate on which fret and which string the finger is placed—the number indicates which finger is used

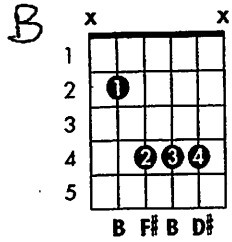


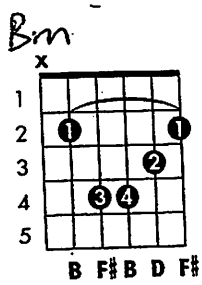
CHORDS

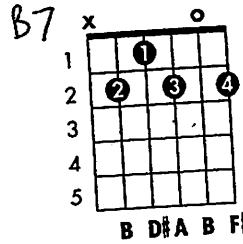
(some chords in songs that aren't here are explained on that song's page)

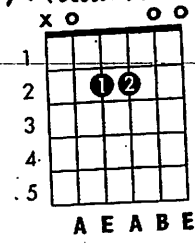


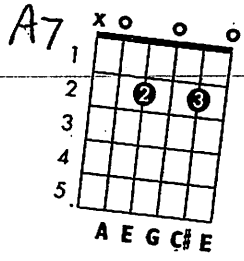


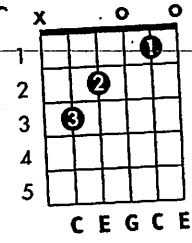


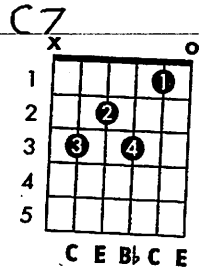


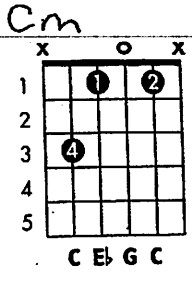


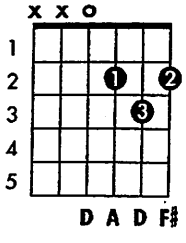


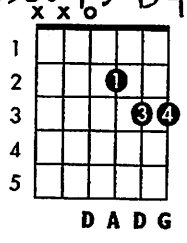


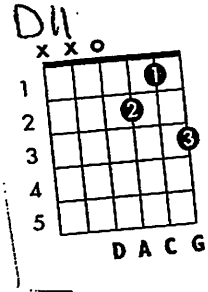


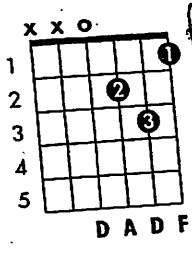


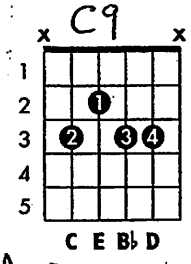


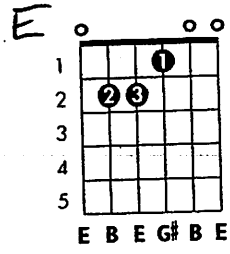


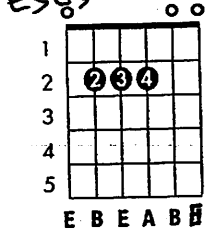


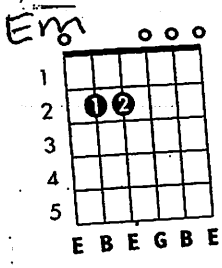


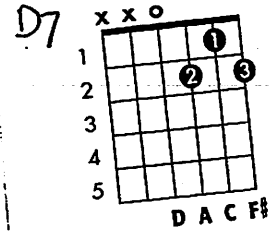


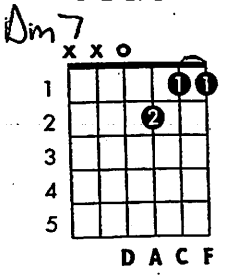


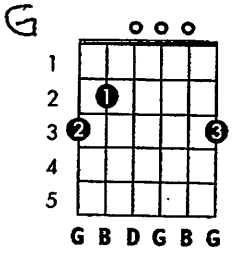


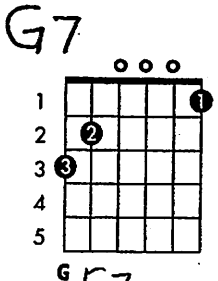


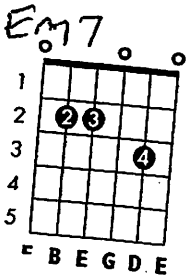


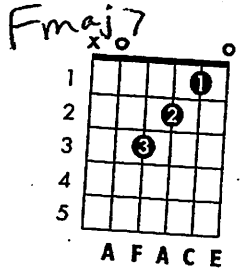


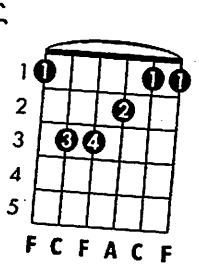


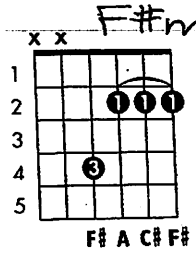


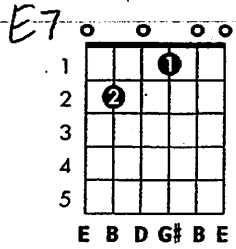


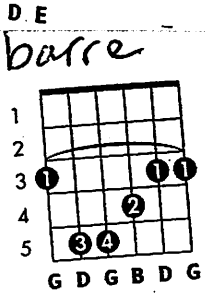


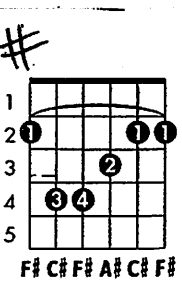












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Your Trusty Hootenanny

LEXICON (noun): an evolving vocabulary arsenal

Hootenanny: An informal, improvisational music jam or hoedown of toe-tappin' minstrels. A musical riot.
Acapella: Just singing, no other instruments.
Anarchoustic: No leaders. Only the jams. (What about Bruce?)
Barre chord: Any chord where your index finger presses down all six strings at once, acting like a capo. It takes a while to get the hang of it. You can move a barre chord up and down the fretboard to make punk or metal chords (sometimes called "power chords").
Capo: That weird little metal thing that you clamp onto the neck of the guitar (or any stringed instrument) at a particular fret, depending on the key you want to sing in. It raises the key your guitar is tuned in, one half step for each fret.
Chord: Two or more notes of individual pitch played simultaneously, usually built on the first, third and fifth notes of a scale. On the guitar, each placement of a finger is a different note, and when you strum across the strings, you hear all the notes of the chord. See also Triad, and Major, Minor, Diminished, Barre and Inversion Chord entries.
Diminished chord: A chord with three half steps between the first and third notes, and between the third and fifth notes of the scale.
Down strum/Up strum: Just how it sounds. Strumming "down" (low to high) on the strings or strumming "up" (high to low).
Ecofolk: Freaks who love the wild fall in with the good ol' GCD ballads. Not synonymous with Egofolk, yet there's always a few in every bunch.
Flat: a half step lower in pitch, represented by the symbol: *b*
Folk process: Take a song, trainhop with it strapped to your back, whisper it into a hole in the ground, throw it in a blender with assorted fruit and pour. Fear not the specter of copyright infringement!
Fret: The space between the metal bars on the neck (fretboard) of the guitar. If you make a chord with your fingers, and then slide that formation up or down one fret, that changes the chord a half step.
Half step: The space from one piano key to the next adjacent key, or from one fret to the next on the guitar.
Harmony: The musical part that is supposed to sound real cool alongside the melody, but when sung (or played) alone, you might not recognize the song. All the notes in a chord harmonize together (they don't make you cringe), just as a harmony part sung should not sound "off" from the melody, but complimentary.
Interval: The space between notes, usually a half or whole step.
Inversion Chord: A chord made up of its typical notes, but with those notes placed in a different order. For example, a C chord with the G note on the bottom (high) string of the guitar instead of the top.
Jam: A particular solo riff in a song, as in a jam interlude (good etiquette sez folks should pass turns to jam to each other). Also, in the larger sense, a fun hootenanny of song swapping.
Key: Dictionary says, "a system of related notes based on a keynote

and forming a given scale". A key is the name given to a particular scale, usually the scale's first note. A song "in the key of D" involves a fixed set of notes, those of the D scale.

Major chord: A chord that has four half steps between the first and third notes, and three half steps between the third and fifth notes. Something being major generally gives it a "happy" sound, or perhaps better described as rounded and complete.

Major/Minor scales: A major scale is based on the following pattern of intervals: Whole, whole, half, whole, whole, whole, half. A minor scale uses a different interval pattern, giving it a different sound. A relative minor scale has the same notes as a major scale, but begins on the sixth note of the major scale.

Melody: The part you sing or hum when someone asks you how a song goes.

Minor chord: A major chord with the third note dropped a half step to a flat. Generally sad-sounding, haunting, unresolved.

Octave: The space between two notes of the same name: twelve half steps. The octave can also be thought of as the pitch you want to sing or play in, like you did in choir when you sang the tenor, alto, or soprano. Say you are singing a B note. You can sing a low B, middle B, or high B.

Perfectionistic pot never boiling: A description of the protracted timeframe for the publishing of the Hootenanny Songbook.

Riff: Playing a riff means to play a certain lead melody (Some hair thrashing, picking with the teeth and playing behind the back is usually in order. Hell, get that WaWa peddle in there too.).

Root note: The first note of a chord or scale, and usually the name of the chord or scale. AKA the "tonic."

Scale: A string of notes (usually eight) based on a specific pattern of intervals; a series of notes that rises or falls in pitch according to prescribed intervals. Like Do-Re-Mi, etc.

Sharp: a half step higher in pitch, represented by the symbol: #

Tradical: Traditional music with a radical edge: Zakky B. and his mighty fine mando.

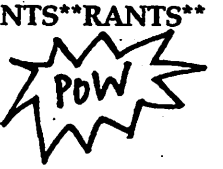
Transposing: Changing the key of a song by playing different chords that have the same ratio of intervals between them as the original chords.

Triad: A three note chord.

Whole step: Two half steps.

RANTSRANTS**RANTS**RANTS**RANTS**RANTS**RANTS**

MUSIC IS OUR BOMB



By Hoot Owl

You are sitting around a crackling campfire with the heat pulsing off your face. Your gaze alternates between the liquid gold-orange and blue of the wood's flames and the other lit-up faces around the circle. The star-filled bowl of the sky arches. Songs are being sung; the logging road occupation's lock-down chain around your wrist is your percussive contribution. And at this moment you're really living it. You grin at the cliche but feel it anyway. You're living the resistance.

Your face is pressed against a metal bench. It's wide enough to lie down and close your burning eyes, catch a wink, but it's skinny enough to push you off onto the concrete floor when the twitches of deep sleep approach. Yeah. Prison. The cop chase scrolls around and around in your head, like the verses of the chant you shout-sing. You belt it out. Cells have great acoustics.

You pop the tape in. Not expecting it, time-travel ensues. That tingly vertigo of deja vu that only an old familiar tune brings. The flood of memory: that job in the bottle factory where people laughed a lot anyway, places you hiked and lost, the loves and sex, a burned bridge, the taste of sauerkraut (for this moment, things aren't about making sense).

Music is the heartbeat of our lives, whatever story we live out. When songs combine with struggle, power crackles in the air. Even in the most insidiously revisionist his-story books, we can strain and hear revolutionary music's melody through time. Where there's a fight, there's a soundtrack. Not Hollywood's drivel, but sound that tracks our course.

In American colonial times through the end of the (more overt) plantations-of-slavery days, African songs not only helped sing through the hard work of the fields, but were also utilized as a means of subversive communication—one the white "masters" could not understand. This is the essence of music as resistance, and no matter the time or place we study, we will find it humming along. Music is a language older than words.

"There was a time in American history where the guerrillas of African-American culture were jazz musicians. They fought using their instruments; they connected our minds, our spirits, our souls, through instrumentation, through improvisation, through the musicality of what they were doing," Rogerio Botter Maio jams out in the song 'So Isso'.

The bands Tera-13 and Fun'da'mental describe the subversive potential in modern-day hiphop music similarly: "Guerrillas are those who know their power to make something out of nothing. The type of people that when the tables are turned against them, they create turn-tables, you know, and spin back history, cut it up, redefine it...Hiphop has the power to effect consciousness, to change the way people think. All that's necessary is for an MC to realize their power within the artform. To realize that once you say something over a break beat it has the power to enter people in ways that have been unimaginable in the past. Hiphop has the power to be the most powerful guerrilla warfare imaginable."

If You Think You Can't Sing

Folk troubadour Woody Guthrie proclaimed, "I hate a song that makes you think that you are not any good. I am out to fight those songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood. I am out to sing songs that will prove to you that this is your world, songs that make you take pride in yourself and in your work."

Music and fighting for life go hand in hand. The impulse to sing is the same that liberates a caged animal. Likewise, both resistance and instrumentation give us the confidence to believe in ourselves and the strength to live our lives out, not to mention a foot-tappin' goshdarn good ol' time.

The vocal chord is a muscle, and for what's ahead of us in defending the Earth and freedom itself, we will need to train. To tone. If you think you can't sing, can you charge through a line of police or build a house?

We can't just sing away oppression. No, it's gonna take much more than that, and it's gonna be cacophonous and bloody. It already is. But song surely resonates as one of the tools available to us, a vital expression of our love and rage.

So make funny and embarrassing noises to yourself in an alone place. There is no such thing as "out of tune." Stretch your throat and sing as high as you can go, now as deep and low. Find your voice. Watch the growth of one day, a week, a lifetime.

The FBI may have stolen Judi Bari's fiddle as "evidence" after a car bomb ripped through her, but they could never get the songs in her head and heart. We always have our songs, even if our instruments are broken or seized.

You, me, our co-conspirators around the world—we are part of something brewing, and it's been a long time coming. The chorus of our voices is a song that makes the eardrums of authority burst. We really will be singing when we're winning.

As Judi sang in the bluesy 'The FBI Stole My Fiddle,' "They said my strings was fuses. My bow it was the light. Down inside my fiddle hole, I stashed my dynamite. So when I stroke my fuse strings with my fiddle bow, you'd better run for cover because the fiddle might just blow."

Music is our bomb.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick...

**Note: The quotes from Rogerio Botter Maio, Tera-13 and Fun'da'mental can be found on the album* Global Guerillas, *available with* Blu Magazine *issue #10.* Blu *is listed in the resources section.*

¿¿What is Retrogression???

From the editors of the indy punk/hardcore 'zine *Retrogression*

Retrogression (noun) – the return to a former and less complex level of development or organization.

There was a time when most music was made by people, for people. There was a time when music was something that brought people together on their front porches or backyards. There was a time when music was a cornerstone of community, when it was part of most people's daily lives along with working, loving, living and just struggling to survive. There was a time when music was something you learned how to play because all the neighbors gathered together on a Saturday night to talk, play and sing. There was a time when people taught each other every song they knew, when "ownership" of a song was not given a thought. There was a time when music, played by people for people as part of joining in a community celebration, reflected the lives and cares of those people. Sure, there were some songs about finding love or having fun, but there were also songs about joining a union, the injustice of landlords, freeing your country, freeing the slaves, freeing yourself. From "Wearing of the green" to "We shall overcome" to "Sit down, sit down" people have used music to express their frustrations, communicate with others, and inspire struggles for a better world.

That was when music was created by people. Throughout history there has also been music created for reasons other than to express the feelings of the people. Religious leaders commissioned works meant to espouse religion, later nobles and wealthy patrons supported musicians, writers and artists whose goals were to glorify and entertain them. Today, most of the music—in fact, most of the "communication"—is not by people for people, it is by corporations for profit. A corporation does not care about expression, about art, even about quality or sound. A corporation cares about one thing and one thing only, the value of its stock.

Thus, corporations and their musician-employees will produce music that reflects the feelings not of the people as a whole, but only of the people who will be willing and able to dish out wads of disposable income in trade for a few digitally-encoded plastic discs. Songs about love, friendship and teen angst will do well in corporate-owned media, because it appeals to the group of people most likely to buy several CDs this quarter, and therefore these songs stand a good chance of boosting the profits of whichever corporation produces them. Songs about the inability to send your sick child to the doctor, or not being able to get a cab because of your skin

color, or scraping by paycheck to paycheck—these songs may appeal to a good chunk of the people in this world (the same people who a hundred years ago would have written such songs themselves). But today those people do not have the extra cash lying around to buy CDs, so their concerns are not recognized as valid by corporate-dominated media.

One could, of course, point to "Gangsta Rap," Anarchy™ t-shirts or other manifestations of the growing "discontent industry." But these are still corporate-dominated products intended only to boost a company's quarterly earnings, by once again marketing to middle class youth with disposable income. In reality they are little more than costumes, cathartic releases and surface changes that may seem radical but in reality are about as threatening as Nerf. The fact that the same corporations sell the "clean kid" image and the "bad kid" image leaves one with about as much freedom of choice as deciding between Coke and Pepsi, between the old "dance music" of Vanilla Ice and the new "metal-rap" of Ice man.

It is not surprising that this corporate control of music that has stifled expression coincided with corporate control over television, book publishing, magazines and newspapers. A hundred years ago most cities had several different newspapers, all of which had radically diverse perspectives. Now most cities only have one paper, and that paper, like the music industry, is aimed at the affluent audience that can actually afford to buy the products it advertises. Newspapers that appealed to the people (but not to the "right" people), soon went out of business, as did those who managed to piss off their corporate sponsors. And what remains, through this "natural selection" of the market, are papers that are predisposed to give a corporate-friendly view of the world to a bunch of wealthy consumers. Yet, because they are the only game in town, they can claim to be unbiased. After all, how can you prove bias without contrast? When most news media is biased in the same direction, it does not seem biased at all.

Thus, the corporate takeover of music that has sucked the soul out of it is directly related to the corporate takeover of all other forms of communication. And it is also directly related to the declining wages (during a period of skyrocketing shareholder value and CEO pay), raising rents, increased poverty and decreased opportunity for the majority of Americans who no longer have a voice.

Retrogression is a return to an earlier state. We wish to return to a time when diverse opinions were offered in various forms of communication. We wish to return to a time when all peoples' creativity was valid, when music was something that brought people together and built and strengthened community, as opposed to the current situation where music divides those on stage from those not on stage, and invalidates the views of those not on stage, especially invalidating the views of those who can not afford CDs. We wish to return to a time when music was a part of life rather than a distraction from it. We wish to return to a time when music was an inspiration for struggle rather than a champion of the status-quo. We wish to retrogress to a time when music was made by people, for people.

The Power of Song

By David Rovics

There are so many important roles for people to play in building a coherent social movement. It is understood, for example, that to put together a good conference or demonstration, it is necessary to have good organizers, speakers and alternative press to spread the news. We know we need scholars to expose the constant barrage of corporate lies, and progressive teachers and students to truly educate the young and old. We know the value of people willing to risk arrest to make their voices heard, the value of people who engage in many forms of direct action, from breaking the travel ban to Iraq or Cuba to taking the streets of downtown Philadelphia to locking down to a bulldozer.

One of the vital roles that is too often under-valued is the role of music and musicians. As a movement musician, I have a certain slanted opinion on this subject, so I'm a bit hesitant to seem like I'm just being self-promotional. But as a movement musician, I may also have a deeper understanding of the importance of music.

In the years that I have been a full-time movement musician, playing on campuses, at conferences, protests, etc., I have run into a wide range of opinion on the role of music in various

activities. Many people place great value on music as part of their program, but many do not. I have often been told by conference organizers that they have too many speakers for the weekend, and no time for music (not just for me, but any music). People organizing protests have often told me that the protest was meant to be a "serious event," thus music would be inappropriate.

Good music certainly reaches that part of your brain that may not be accessed by a good speech or magazine article, regardless of whether the music is political. But a song that addresses a contemporary issue, or a song that is meant to inspire us to action, can be effective in a unique, visceral way. I meet countless people who say that they were first politicized by their parents' Phil Ochs records, or by their exposure to the punk rock or rap scene, to the Dead Kennedys or Public Enemy. Music—political music especially—can foster a sense of community, of togetherness, as well as educate on a more gut level.

And isn't inspiring people to action what we are trying to do? If so, is there anything more inspiring than feeling like you're part of something, part of a community that's striving to make the world a better place? If so, how can we foster that sense of community? I would say we can do that by treating people as whole beings, recognizing that we all have hearts as well as minds (And stomachs, too! But I'll save my perspective on the importance of good food for another essay.).

Those hearts must be fed, and music (and art, theater, dance, etc.) has been a vital part of all human societies for a long, long time. In fact, all large-scale social movements of which I am aware have involved music in a central way. Everybody joining the Wobblies back in the day was given a *Little Red Songbook* containing "Songs to Fan the Flames of Discontent." The movement against the war in Vietnam employed the "anti-war coffeehouses" as a primary organizing method, with anti-war musicians and speakers holding educational and entertaining events in military towns throughout the country. During the civil rights movement, people sang as they marched towards the police lines equipped with attack dogs, clubs and fire hoses. Many people have said that if not for the songs, they would surely have turned and ran.

In the Earth First! movement today, music plays a pivotal role in keeping people going, from professional singer-songwriters like Dana Lyons or Casey Neill travelling around the country, playing the movement "circuit," to the many grassroots activists prolifically putting their thoughts to music wherever there are people struggling to save a forest from being logged or stop a road being built. Even the corporate rulers of society are well aware of the power of music—they use music to sell every product they make!

People are going to seek out community, one way or another, just as they will seek out dinner (OK, I'm getting into the food thing a little here). If they don't find these things (I'm talking about community as well as dinner) at a conference, a protest or any number of other events, they will ultimately look for them elsewhere. And if this community exists within the movement, it will attract people from outside the movement, and they will find not only the community that they seek, but the kind of purpose that another community, say a fraternity, sorority or the army, will not provide.

So I say, let us keep up the good work, but let us focus as much on inspiring people as on educating them. Let us use music to its fullest potential. Let us put as much thought and resources into making musicians a part of our events as we do for speakers. Let us remember the words of the Wobbly minstrel Joe Hill, who said, "A pamphlet, no matter how well-written, is read once and then thrown away—but a song lasts forever."

No revolutionary movement is complete without its poetic expression. If such a movement has caught hold of the masses, they will seek a vent in song for the aspirations, fears and hopes, the loves and hatreds engendered by the struggle. Until the movement is marked by THE JOYOUS SINGING OF REVOLUTIONARY SONGS, it lacks one of the most distinctive marks of a popular revolutionary movement. It is the dogma of the few and not the faith of the multitude. —James Connolly, 1907

RESOURCES musical & beyond

Contact Hootenanny's Minstrels

Here's contact info for some of the musicians in the book. These folks have recordings available, and gig schedules which you'll want to keep in mind, so give 'em a holler and support their musical resistance! Contact info is for the U$A unless otherwise stated. Albums of some of these artists and many others can also be obtained through the Earth First! Journal (listed below) as a benefit to the paper. The more elusive musicians can often be spied around campfires and at protests. If you want to find out more about a minstrel not listed here, write us and we'll rustle ya up something.

ALICE DI MICELE: Alice Otter Music, POB 1109, Ashland, OR 97520; 541-488-1047; email: ottermusic@amp.org web: www.alicedimicele.com

ALICIA LITTLETREE: POB 126, Ukiah, CA 95482; email: littletree@pacific.net

ASHLEY IRONWOOD: c/o Sequatchie Valley Institute & Media Rights at Moonshadow, Route One Box 304, Whitwell, TN 37397; 423-949-5922; email: mediarights@bledsoe.net
***Also: Music for the Active Heart compilation tapes 1 & 2 (featuring many of the book's musicians) available through Moonshadow!**

BLACKFIRE: POB 1492, Flagstaff, AZ 86002; email: blackfire_net@hotmail.com web: www.blackfire.net

BOXCAR BERTHA: Larkin & Nego, 336-275-2330; L's email: palletjack@hotmail.com N's email: shorty6string@juno.com

CASEY NEILL: POB 18028, Portland, OR 97218; email: jlks@speakeasy.org web: www.caseyneill.org

CITIZENS BAND: 1103 W. 6th, Olympia, WA 98502; 360-956-9256; email: baldharry@juno.com

COPPER WIMMIN: Here's a site that offers their music: www.musicwomen.com/CopperWimmin.htm

DANA LYONS: Reigning Records, POB 2627, Bellingham, WA 98227; 1-888-878-COWS; email: bovine@cowswithguns.com web: www.cowswithguns.com

DANNY DOLINGER: email: dannydolinger@yahoo.com web: http://wakeup.to/danny

DARRYL CHERNEY: POB 34, Garberville, CA 95542; email: ensopro@asis.com web: www.darrylcherney.com

DAVID ROVICS: POB 995, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130; 617-747-4460; email: Drovics@aol.com web: www.davidrovics.com

THE DEPAVERS: c/o Sustainable Energy Institute & Auto-Free Times magazine, POB 4347, Arcata, CA 95518; 1-888-ACT-4-APM; email: alliance@tidepool.com web: www.lesscars.org

DESERT RAT: POB 2532, Tucson, AZ 85702

FLYING FOLK ARMY: 604-255-6967 in Vancouver, British Columbia, CANADA; email: flyingfolk@tao.ca web: www.flyingfolk.ca

FRANCINE ALLEN: POB 1282, Redway, CA 95560; 707-269-5941; email: franny30@aol.com web: www.francineallen.com

INFERNAL NOISE BRIGADE: www.infernalnoise.org (or .com/..net) lotsa'Tchkung! folks are in the INB

JIM PAGE: Greenwood POB 30198, Seattle, WA 98103; email: folkpunch@aol.com, web: www.jimpage.net

JOANNE RAND: POB 235, Graton, CA 95444; 206-903-9459; email: jr@joannerand.com web: www.joannerand.com

JOHN SEED: Rainforest Information Centre, Box 368 Lismore 2480, AUSTRALIA; 61 (0)2 66213294; email: johnseed@ozemail.com.au web: www.rainforestjukebox.org

JOULES GRAVES: c/o Rabble Rouser Records, 1050 Larrabee Ave., Suite 104, PMB 318, Bellingham, WA 98225-7367; web: www.joulesgraves.com

JUDI BARI (R.I.F.P.: Rest In Feisty Peace): web: www.judibari.org

KATYA CHOROVER: POB 31773, Seattle, WA 98103; 206-654-6693; email: katya@katyachorover.com web: www.katyahorover.com

LARKIN: See Boxcar Bertha

LAUREL LUDDITE: email: yerbachica@yahoo.com

LEON ROSSELSON: web: www.fishdesign.com/rosselson/leon.html ENGLAND

LU SEEDHEAD: 2000 Brown Rd. SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105; may not have albums yet, but check out his 'zine *Seedhead* (it's the DIY revolution at its finest!)

NEGO: See Boxcar Bertha
PAUL GILL: email: billposters_@hotmail.com ENGLAND
PETER WILDE: 442 Almaden, Eugene, OR 97402; email: peter@efn.org web: www.peterwilde.com
ROBERT HOYT: c/o Red Mud Records, P.O. Box 2355, Decatur GA 30031; 404-373-8289; email: redmud@roberthoyt.com web: www.roberthoyt.com
SAMSARA: 238 putnam street SF CA 94110; 415-642-9099; email: samsara@hypocrisy.org; web: www.bushgore.org (lyrics and recordings of their political parodies)
SEIZE THE DAY: POB 23, 5 High Street, Glastonbury, Somerset BA6 9DP, ENGLAND; email: seizetheday@thismoment.freeserve.co.uk web: www.siezetheday.org
SETH!: PO Box 3223, Running Springs, CA 92382; email: sethproject@yahoo.com web: www.mp3.com/SETH
SOLSTICE: email: solsticesmurf@lycos.com
***Also: Trees and Water compilation tape** (with Solstice and many others) available through the EF! Journal (listed below).
SQUID: c/o Mutual Aid Portland, POB 7328, Portland, ME 04112; email: landoflawn@yahoo.com
STEPHAN SMITH: web: www.stephansmith.com
!TCHKUNG!: 1122 E. Pike, #949, Seattle WA, 98122; web: www.tchkung.com
TIMOTHY HULL: 6296 South Brighton Beach Rd., Clinton, WA 98236; 360-341-4601; email: tinker@whidbey.com web: www2.whidbey.net/tinker
THE WYRD SISTERS: Box 26062 at 116 Sherbrook St. Post Office, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 4K9, CANADA; email: kimbar@autobahn.mb.ca web: www.escape.ca/~wyrds
ZAK BORDEN: Tradical Productions, PMB 280, 4110 NE Hawthorne Blvd., Portland, OR 97214; 503-735-4199; email: zak@zakborden.com web: www.zakborden.com
***More movement minstrels' contact info**: www.efmedia.org/minstrels.html

Other Songbooks, etc...

**Other People's Songs*: POB 4934, Berkeley, CA 94704; 510-496-1269 ext. 0302; email: othersongs@onebox.com
*A Casey Neill songbook is coming out very soon (probably out by the time you read these words), available by contacting him (info above).
****Rise Up Singing*** songbook **/ *Sing Out! Magazine*** and more: POB 5460, Bethlehem, PA 18015; 1-888SING-OUT; email: info@singout.org web: www.singout.org
*A good book/CD combo: ***SOUNDING OFF! Music as Subversion/Resistance/Revolution*** and accompanying music CD of same title, edited by Ron Sakolsky and Fred Wei-han Ho, published by Autonomedia, PO Box 568, Williamsburgh Station, Brooklyn, NY 11211
*Blu Magazine (a good deal, comes with a music CD every time): POB 903, Rifton, NY 12471; 1-800-778-8461; web: www.blumag.com

Acoustic Guitar & Folk Music Websites

Here are some sites on the web (ugh, computers!) with info on guitar techniques and maintenance, music's history, search engine capabilities and chords to a whole marshy slough of songs.

*Find *Hootenanny* on the web, the songs that couldn't fit in the book, plus other radical music projects on this new and evolving website: http://radicalmusic.tao.ca
*The travelling musicians' union! www.local1000.com
*Musicians United to Sustain the Environment: www.musemusic.org
*To find a particular musician on the web (or find ANYTHING really), use a search engine like www.google.com or www.metacrawler.com and type the artist's name in. For chords to their songs type their name and the word "tabs" or "songs." When you're done with that, type in a corporation's name and see what you get!
*Music theory & guitar maintenance: guitar.about.com/musicperform/guitar/cs/acoustic/index.htm

*Resources for women's folk music: www.creativefolk.com/folk.html
*Chords and lyrics to all the country and folk you can eat: www.insurgentcountry.com
*Harmony Central: www.harmony-central.com/Guitar/tab.html
*Olga (Online Guitar Archive): www.olga.net
*Folk Music Index of recorded folk resources: folkindex.mse.jhu.edu/index.htm
*Smithsonian Folkways: www.si.edu/folkways/start.htm
*Folk Music Community (has a link to the history of folk music from 1900-1950): www.coe.ufl.edu/courses/EdTech/Vault/Folk/Home.htm
*This Land is Your Land, This Land is My Land: Folk Music, Communism, and the Red Scare as a Part of the American Landscape: www.loyno.edu/~history/journal/1996-7/Spivey.html
*Devil Music: Race, Class and Rock 'N Roll: www.capital.net/~jbulmer/devil.htm
*Bureau of Public Secrets: Some Thoughts on Jazz as Music, as Revolt, as Mystique by Ken Rexroth: www.slip.net/~knabb/rexroth/jazz.htm
*Radical Folk: A conversation with Ani DiFranco and Utah Phillips, kindred spirits and collaborators on joint albums: members.tripod.com/~Dykeland/acoustic.html

Inspiration for Action

Groups, reading materials, various and sundry subversion...

*The Earth First! Journal has articles and art about defending the Earth, international contact info for tons of EF! groups and musicians' albums (and they distribute *Hootenanny*): POB 3023, Tucson, AZ 85702; 502-620-6900; email: collective@earthfirstjournal.org web: www.earthfirstjournal.org
*The Fund for Wild Nature gives grants to grassroots groups (they gave one to us, even!): POB 86151, Portland, OR 97286; 503-232-1286; email: fwn@fundwildnature.org web: www.fundwildnature.org
*Bioengineering Action Network—Join the movement to protect the fabric of life! POB 11331, Eugene, OR 97440; 541-302-5020; email: ban@tao.ca web: www.tao.ca/~ban
*Biblioteca Social Reconstruir, Morelos 45, Desp. 206, Col Centro, CP06006, Mexico 1DF, MEXICO; tel. 01525-512-0886
*Earth Liberation Front (ELF) & Animal Liberation Front (ALF): www.earthliberationfont.com and www.envirolink.org/ALF
*Tao Communications (email, list serves, projects and groups--rad rad rad!): www.tao.ca
*Write to political prisoners!!!!
North American Earth Liberation Prisoners Support Network, POB 11331, Eugene, OR 97440; email: naelpsn@yahoo.com
APLAN (Anarchist Prisoners' Legal Aid Network), 818 SW 3rd Ave., PMB 354, Portland OR 97204; email: aplan69@hotmail.com
*Warrior Poets Society: POB 14501, Berkeley, CA 94712; email: warriorpoets@yahoogroups.com
*Hobos from Hell: POB 2497, Santa Cruz, CA 95063; 831-515-4483 ext. 1217
*Feral Press (loads of great published material): POB 1212, Tucson, AZ 85702; 520-740-0810
*British EF! and connected assorted eco-freaks: www.eco-action.org
*Do or Die, an annual British book of action and analysis: www.eco-action.org/dod/index.html
*A piece on Cointelpro, the war at home: MediaFilter.org/MFF/USDomCovOps1.html
*Evil Twin Publications: POB 1318, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276; web: www.eviltwinpublications.com
*Slingshot Collective (Infoshop, magazine and more): 3124 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705; 510-540-0751; email: slingshot@tao.ca web: www.tao.ca/~slingshot
*OFF! Magazine: OCC/SUNY Binghamton, Binghamton, NY 13902; email: offeditor@hotmail.com
*Art & Revolution Collective: 1002 1/2 Delores St., San Francisco, CA 94110; 415-339-7801
*Pirate Radio: www.radio4all.org

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